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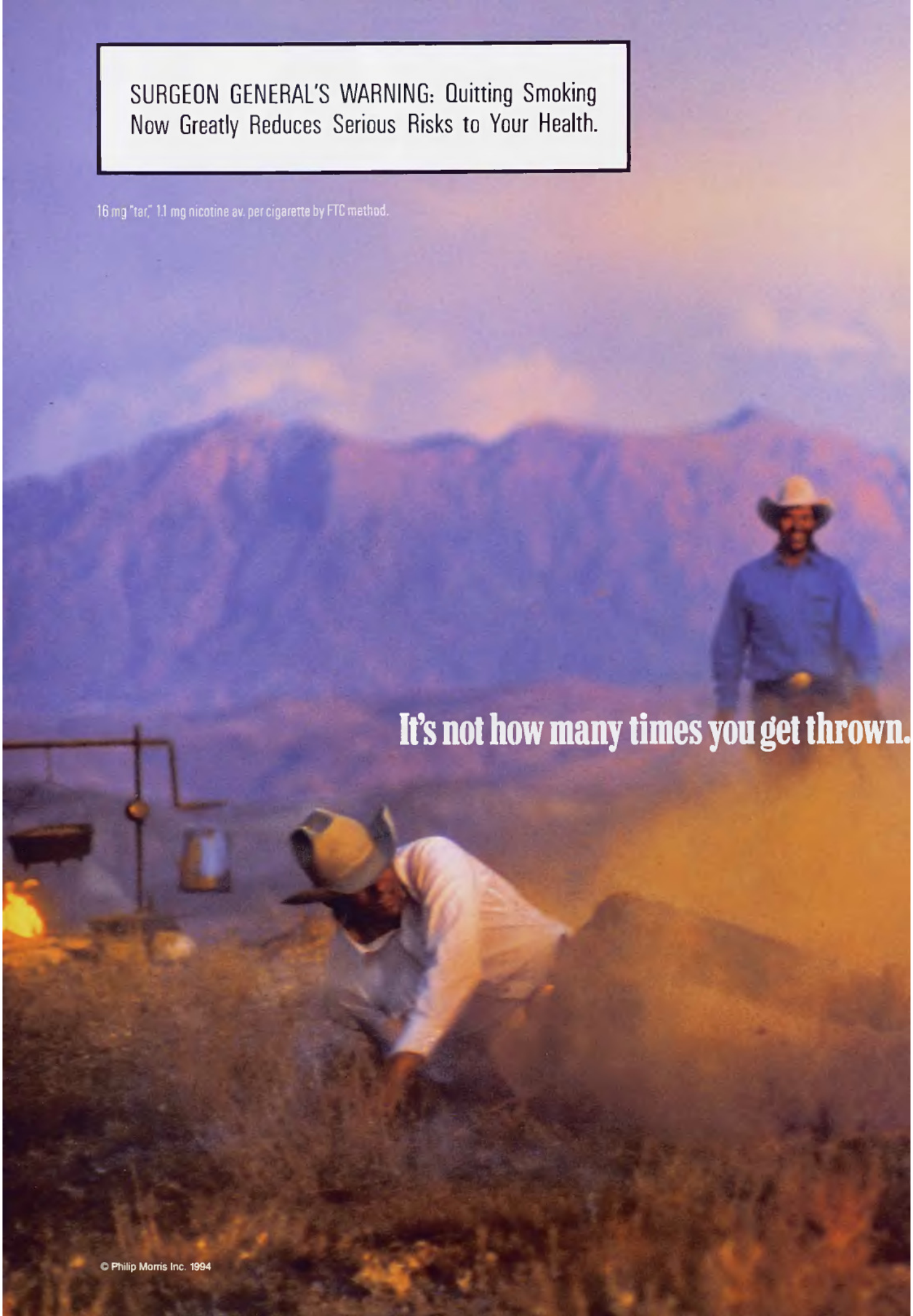
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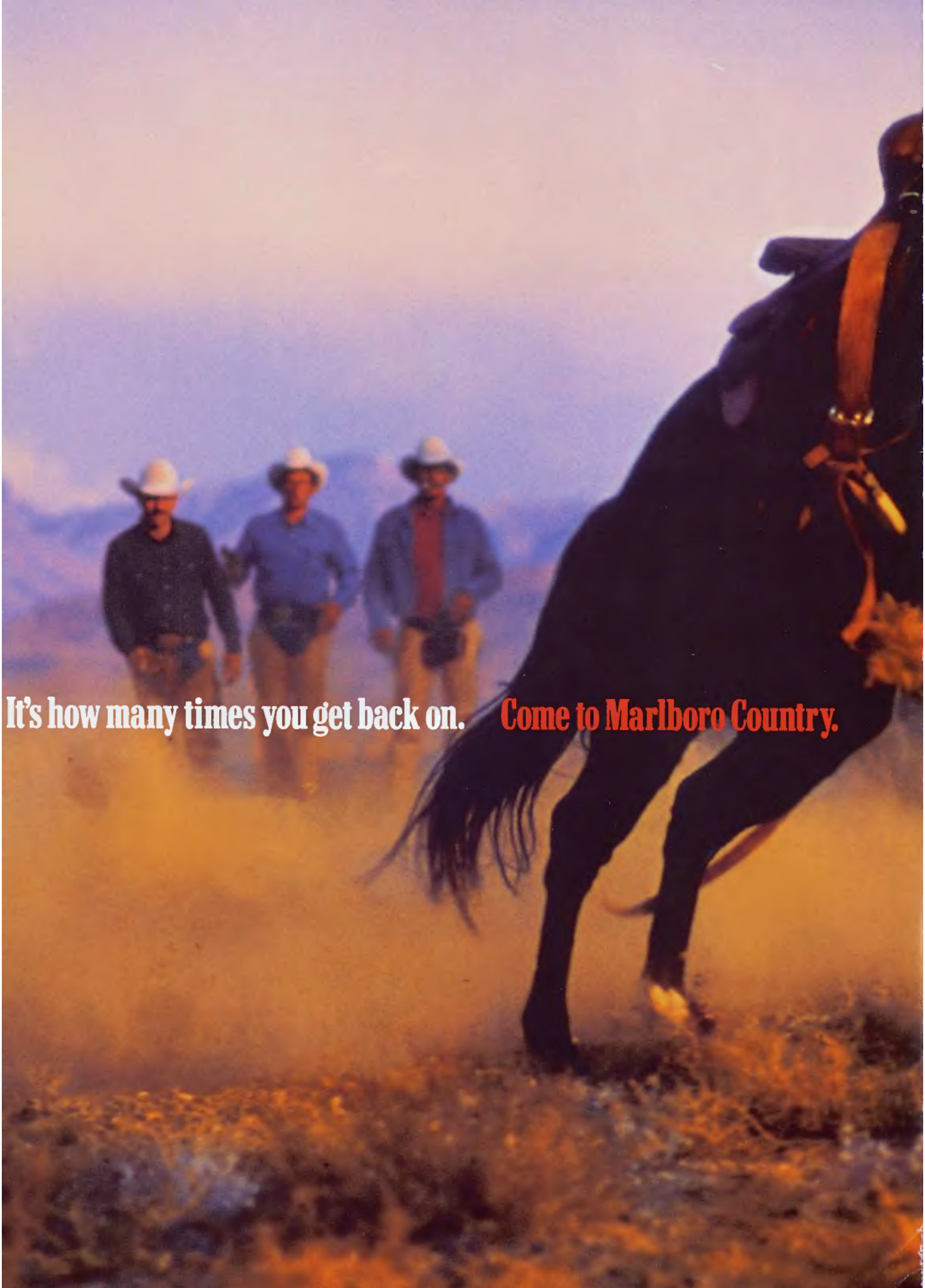
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PLAYBILL

THERE ARE good girls and there are bad girls—both are excellent. This month, our vote for the most excellent girl in the world goes to the awesome Aussie supermodel **Elle Macpherson.** We sing the body Ellectric in a pictorial shot by idol-maker **Herb Ritts,** who enshrined Cindy Crawford on our pages. From nice to naughty: Our *Bad Girls* package has everything you wanted to know about headline-breaking, man-eating, heart-smashing temptresses but were afraid to find out in person. Be careful—in the Twenties they were called vamps, but these days you might call them sis, girlfriend or even mom. One woman who's both naughty and nice is **Lisa Palac,** an editor of *Future Sex* magazine. In *How Dirty Pictures Changed My Life*, an essay from *Next: Young American Writers on the New Generation* (W. W. Norton), Palac reveals how she was transformed by her boyfriend's sex vids from a MacKinnon–Dworkin disciple into a pink-shirted porn trooper. Thank goodness, or she might have turned out to be another knee-jerk political correctness clone. The idiocy of PC thinking is amusingly depicted in **James Finn Garner's** updated fable, *Snow White Redux* (excerpted from his *Politically Correct Bedtime Stories*, Macmillan). This new epidermally gifted Snow White lives with vertically challenged woodspeople who run a sweat lodge in an arboreal ecosystem. **Kinuko Y. Craft** did the rather subjective art.

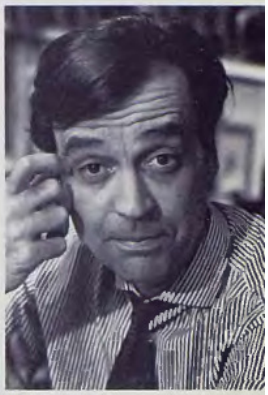
For a kid known as Opie, **Ron Howard** grew up to be a surprisingly cool guy. Instead of checking into rehab like many child actors, he became the director of such hits as *Cocoon* and *Backdraft*. In an interview with Contributing Editor **Warren Kalbacker,** Howard discusses how he survived the *Happy Days* craze, groupies and the flop *Far and Away*. His new project, *The Paper*, is a *Front Page* for the Nineties. Reports on the tenure of **Kurt Schmoke** are also promising. Syndicated columnist **Roger Simon's** profile of the Baltimore mayor shows that even President Clinton is inhaling Schmoke's scheme to revitalize decayed cities. The smoke never clears around scorching comic **Denis Leary,** a truly manic Marlboro man. Kalbacker tosses the co-star of *The Ref* a pack of *20 Questions* and finds out that hockey is forever and that fistfights lead to friendship.

Crime and prejudice: In *The Good, the Bad and the Not Guilty*, former Manhattan assistant D.A. **David Heilbroner** considers defense lawyers in the Rodney King and Reginald Denny trials and ponders their slick ability to turn the heads of jurors with the touch of a rewind button. Our fiction is also criminally lethal, as the new grand master of the Mystery Writers Association, **Lawrence Block,** returns with *Dogs Walked, Plants Watered* (art by **Kent Williams**). In it, Keller, the wistful hit man, dangerously rushes a job so he can return to his pooch.

We think free agent **Kevin Cook** is the best baseball writer around (never mind what he said about Philly and Oakland last year). Read his *Baseball Preview* and see if you don't get the urge to swing a bat while wearing some flashy jewelry around your neck. If you think you're familiar with the new three-tiered playoffs and with slugging percentages, quiz yourself on the meaning of EPG, ESH and POP. That's acronym-speak, which **Jonathan Takiff** translates in *Playboy's Electronic Lexicon* (illustrated by **Steven Guarnaccia**). Then we interpret *TGICF* (*Thank God It's Casual Friday*), the fashion-forward trend in corporate America that has buttondown firms relaxing their dress codes for a day. Our 40th anniversary feature this month is *Bunny's Honeys*, honoring the form and finds of pinup photog **Bunny Yeager,** with text from **Buck Henry.** We're charmed by Playmate **Shae Marks,** who wants a shot at many different careers. So far, she's hit nothing but net.

RITTS

PALAC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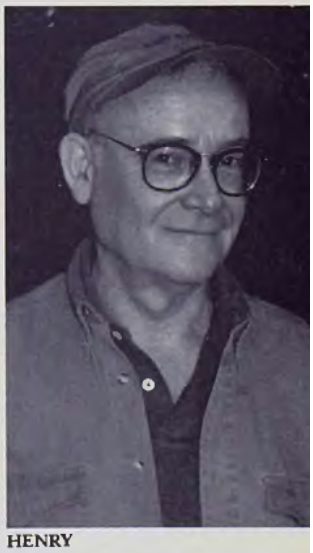
HENRY

Playboy (ISSN 0032-1478), May 1994, volume 41, number 5. Published monthly by Playboy in national and regional editions, Playboy, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Illinois and at additional mailing offices. Canada Post Canadian Publications Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 56162. Subscriptions: in the U.S., $29.97 for 12 issues. Postmaster: Send address change to Playboy, P.O. Box 2007, Harlan, Iowa 51537-4007.

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vol. 41, no. 5—may 1994

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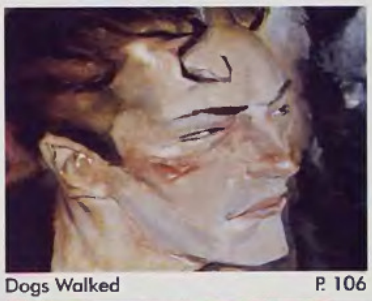
Boss Aussie P. 124



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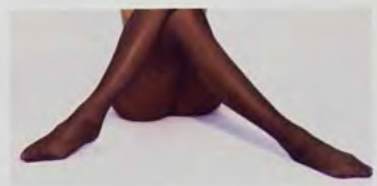
COVER STORY

Nude for all the world to see—here and in her film, *Sirens*—is swimsuit supermodel Elle Macpherson. "It's about the power of sensuality," says Elle, "but with a wink." The boss Aussie and Herb Ritts pay homage to Brigitte Bardot, thus adding camp to sensuality. Many thanks to stylist Kate Harrington of Visages, Francesca Tolot of Cloutier for Elle's makeup and Peter Savic of Paul Mitchell Salon Haircare for her hair, which our Rabbit adorns.



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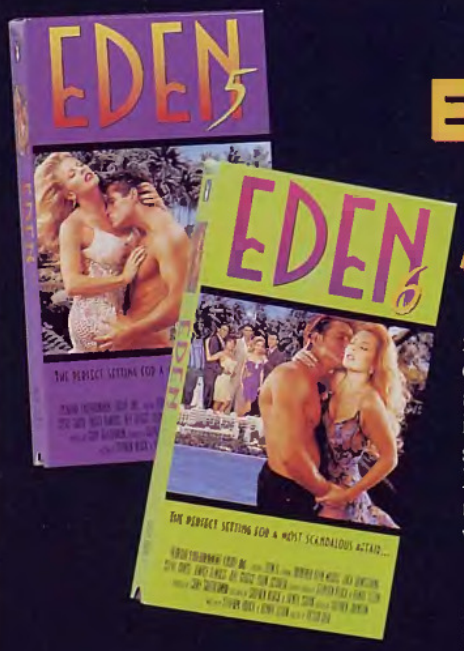

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NOVEL NAVEL

About a week after reading Vicki Glembocki's article in your February issue (*A Ring in Her Navel*), I finally got brave enough to have my own navel pierced. Her description left me pretty scared, so I was surprised that I felt almost no pain, just a hard pinch. My piercer had also read the article and was incredulous about the amount of pain described. I love my new body decoration and want to counter any misgivings that Glembocki's story may have caused for potential piercees.

Karen Carroll
Irvine, California

I applaud your article on body piercing. My wife, who is an executive in her late 40s, has had it done, and we both enjoy it very much. It is our hope that this piece will be followed by a photo shoot of some attractive ladies with piercings in place.

Dale Carter
Muskegon Heights, Michigan

Congratulations. My nipples were pierced when I became engaged. My emerald engagement ring has been through my right nipple ever since. (My wedding ring is in my left.) The pain was minor and temporary. I associate "ouch" with my dentist.

Monica Williams
Gary, Indiana

PETE TOWNSHEND

I read with interest the *Playboy Interview* with Pete Townshend (February), in particular what Pete says to David Sheff about "coming out." Townshend says, "I did an interview about it, saying that *Rough Boys* was about being gay, and in the interview I also talked about my 'gay life,' which—I meant—was actually about the friends I've had who are gay. So the interviewer kind of dotted the t's and crossed the i's and assumed that this was a coming out, which it wasn't at all." I am the interviewer in question and Townshend's words were never interpreted or subject to assumptions by me, either on the original radio broadcast or later in my book, an anthology of 20 years of my music journalism. Pete spoke for himself.

Timothy White
Editor in Chief
Billboard
New York, New York

Tim White let me see a copy of his letter to PLAYBOY. It seems to me the only word that concerns him is "interviewer." So I suggest that any reader who is interested replace that word with the term "media at large." I do not mean to keep castigating Tim White over this matter, but his book publishers did use the controversy around this issue to sell books, whether Tim liked it or not. The truth is that I have not "come out" and admitted or denied anything to anybody. But I am against homophobia. A lot of people have turned out to be pruriently interested in why that might be. If I've caused Tim any pain, I apologize unreservedly.

Pete Townshend
Middlesex, United Kingdom

JOE BOB A CLOD?

I can't decide if Joe Bob Briggs' guest opinion (*Mantrack*, PLAYBOY, February) was intended as sarcasm, sexism or a joke. Much of what he says makes sense to me. Can the solution to society's woes be Thelma and Louise destroying a truck or carrying a weapon? He's not completely right about the lack of male models on TV, though. Just this season, Sinbad traded his babemobile for a van to chauffeur the kids around.

Drew Kime
Twentynine Palms, California

Joe Bob must have lost someone dear to him to a lesbian, judging by the

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venom with which he ends his guest opinion. I am aghast. I feel that you allowed a lot of women readers to be unfairly stereotyped.

Carol Zellner
North Hollywood, California

LIT CRIT

So many readers write to you about your Playmates and interviews, but I want to congratulate you on showcasing the best short stories published today. Month after month, PLAYBOY delivers.

Gary Simon
Bellevue, Washington

TO LIVE & DIE IN L.A.

The article by Ice-T, *To Live & Die in L.A.* (PLAYBOY, February), left me frustrated and angry. As an ex-gangster, rapper and occasional actor, he may be a role model to some, but not to me. I think he is looking for sympathy for the gangs. No sale.

Al Donovan
Albany, New York

Reading *To Live & Die in L.A.* is a moving experience. There should be one basic hand signal for all the Los Angeles street gangs: a raised middle finger followed by two more fingers. It will say, Screw the gangs and support peace.

Paul Williams
Boston, Massachusetts

While I found Ice-T's article quite interesting and informative, his writings did little to change my attitudes about gang violence. Gangbangers and their kind are a cancer on the body of society—black, white, Asian or Hispanic. To many Americans, this is not a racial issue. Most of us would like to wake up tomorrow and be told that this evil threat has been eliminated.

Mike Amacker
Dallas, Texas

CHRIS BERMAN

Being a huge sports fan, I want to thank you for interviewing a huge sports star. This one's in the booth (*20 Questions*, PLAYBOY, February). Chris Berman has put the excitement back in highlights, and his nicknames are one of a kind.

Tom Cavalli
Eastlake, Ohio

GENERATION X

I appreciate the fact that Asa Baber (*Men*, PLAYBOY, February) allowed his son to discuss our generation in a positive light. In recent months, I have been assaulted with questions about my future plans. It is extremely difficult to convince anyone that my future plans don't extend past the end of the week.

Joe McMahon
Bowling Green, Ohio

Asa Baber's column on Generation X is one of the most thought-provoking pieces I have seen in your magazine. The conversation between Baber and his 26-year-old son provides a real window into what's going on now and, more unnerving, what is coming straight at us. Quite a wake-up call.

Léon Bing
Pasadena, California

ANNA NICOLE SMITH

I just received the February PLAYBOY and went straight to the Anna Nicole Smith (*My Sudsy Valentine*) photos. Horror—the man sharing the bubble bath with her is not me. You really know how to break a guy's heart. Keep it up.

Stuart Bindrick
West Columbia, South Carolina

I thought I'd see only one goddess in my lifetime, Dorothy Stratten, but Anna

Nicole Smith restores my faith. She's the most beautiful woman in the world, especially next to the sculpture of the black panther.

Joseph Russo
Orangeburg, New York

Thank you, thank you, thank you. I knew that my boyfriend was turned on by the small-framed women pictured in your magazine, and I wasn't sure that he was still attracted to my curvy, big-breasted body. But after seeing his reaction to Anna Nicole Smith, I'm not only feeling secure, I renewed his subscription. Anna, you just keep buttering those potatoes, girl. You look pretty perfect to me.

Sarah Baker
San Antonio, Texas

Anna Nicole Smith is an extremely beautiful woman, but it looks like the beauty mark under her left eye goes from left to right in the layout. What's going on?

Mike Thompson
Festus, Missouri

Mike, you're not the only one who asked—talk about attention to detail. We got so excited counting soap bubbles we flipped some negatives.

JULIE LYNN CIALINI

Move over, Cindy Crawford. Wow! I can't believe that a woman as gorgeous as Julie Lynn Cialini (*Precious Jules*, PLAYBOY, February) is living on the planet, let alone right here so near my home. Her smile can melt the snow even in western New York. Is it too soon to cast a vote for Playmate of the Year?

Bryan Lahman
Rochester, New York

Julie Lynn Cialini bears a striking resemblance to Terri Welles, the 1981 Playmate of the Year. If justice prevails, Julie will have the title in 1995.

Joe Meier
River Falls, Wisconsin

REPORTER'S NOTEBOOK

I read Robert Scheer's column "The Drug War's a Bust" (*Reporter's Notebook*, PLAYBOY, February). Based on what I hear from my high-school-aged daughter, I think that I know why. Every school kid has access to drugs, whether or not he or she takes them. It's not risky or difficult to find them. I think boomers are afraid to talk about drug prevention with their kids because they think it will sound hypocritical. Who better to say: Here's what I know, not what I think?

James Kent
Atlanta, Georgia

LORD BYRON

Byron Newman's bizarre photo essays have become one of my favorite features in PLAYBOY (*Lord Byron*, February). And that exquisite young woman whose pneumatic figure refuses to be contained by her housekeeping attire is Exhibit A. Do her—and me—a big favor and consider awarding her a centerfold assignment real soon.

John S. Miller
Carson City, Nevada

DUMB-BLONDE JOKES

Why all the dumb-blonde *Party Jokes*? Nine of the twelve 1993 Playmates are blonde. The stereotypes seem contrary to the girl-next-door image that has always made PLAYBOY stand out as a quality magazine.

David Lane
Baltimore, Maryland

As even Freud knew, sometimes a joke is just a joke.

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Guy Viau

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to box seats,

and fast food to four star.

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in the same kind of

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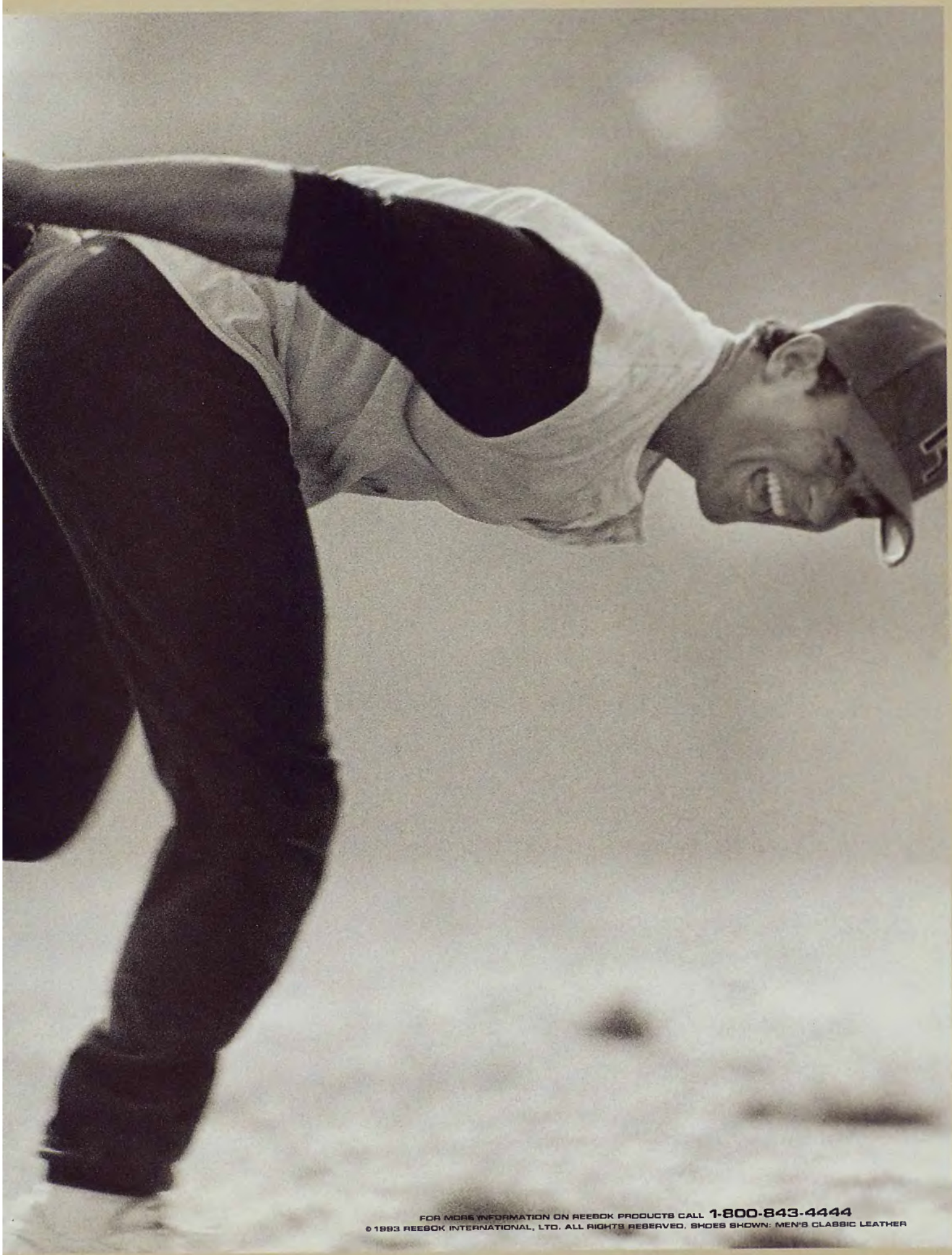
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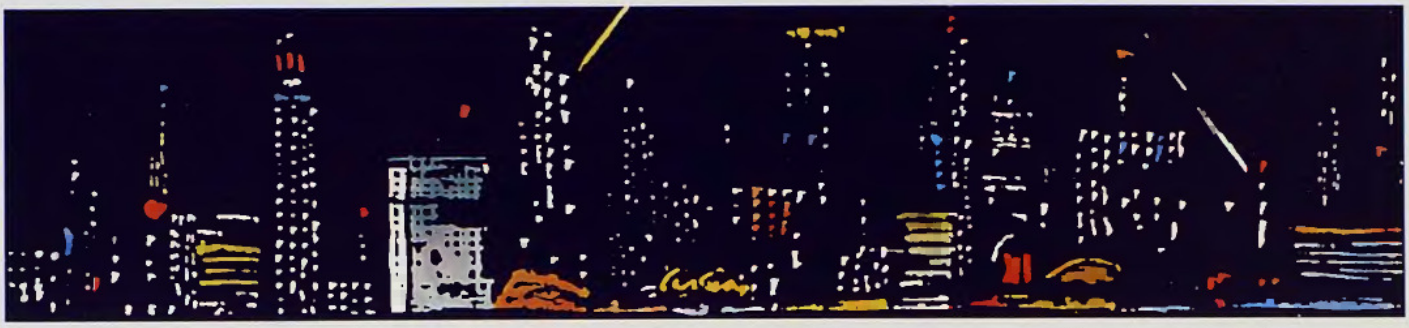
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



CARD TARGET

Last year they brought us a series on mass murderers and serial killers. Now the ever optimistic Eclipse Enterprises is back with another collection of killer cards: AIDS Awareness Trading Cards. They're sold in packs of 12 and are accompanied by a condom. Their purpose is to provide kids with accurate information by featuring celebrities stricken with the disease. It's not easy, though. The Broadway cast of *My Fair Lady*, protesting what they call the outing of Rudolf Nureyev on one card, called for the withdrawal of support from the nonprofit Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS group, which receives 15 percent of the cards' earnings. While we've yet to see kids debating the relative value of the Mapplethorpe, Liberace or Magic Johnson cards, we did put a pack to good use: We presented them to a blind date, slyly traded a Roy Cohn for our new friend's Michel Foucault and segued easily to the issue of safe sex.

DEAD AIR

Life's a bitch and then you fly: If you're on a plane and the guy sitting next to you tells you he's a funeral director going to Disneyland for the fourth time this year, it's probably because he's a recipient of a new USAir promo. Thanks to the airline's new TLC Award Program, for every 30 corpses or cremains a director ships on the airline he gets a free round-trip ticket to the domestic location of his choice.

COVER STORIES

Guess they didn't cover everything during the first workshop: *Proceedings of the Second International Workshop on Nude Mice* has won the top award for *British Bookseller* magazine's "Oddest of the Odd Book Titles" for 1993. *Proceedings* beat out such other contenders as the vaguely suggestive *Big and Very Big Hole Drilling* and *Oral Sadism and the Vegetarian Personality*. Nowhere among the Odd Title finalists was our personal favorite, *Everyone Poops*, by Taro Gomi. Apparently easily fascinated, Gomi has plans to release a sequel titled *The Two Holes in Your Nose*.

SACK TIME

Now that more plastic surgeons are advertising their expertise at augmenting and lengthening the penis, the much neglected scrotum has finally reached the cutting edge. For men interested in expanding their bag of tricks, a Miami urologist reports that he is currently experimenting with injecting liposuctioned fat into the scrotal sack, thereby increasing its bulk. We assume this will be good news for a support group in southern California recently identified by *Penis Power Quarterly* as the "Ball Club."

EXTRA CHEESE

It's common knowledge that pizza delivery orders soar nationwide during the Super Bowl and at the White House whenever a political crisis occurs. Less publicized but far more intriguing is that—according to Domino's Pizza's statisticians—whenever Amy Fisher or Joey and Mary Jo Buttafuoco were featured on *A Current Affair*, pizza orders increased by 11 percent in the New York market. No word yet on how Lorena and John Wayne Bobbitt are affecting sales of the slices.

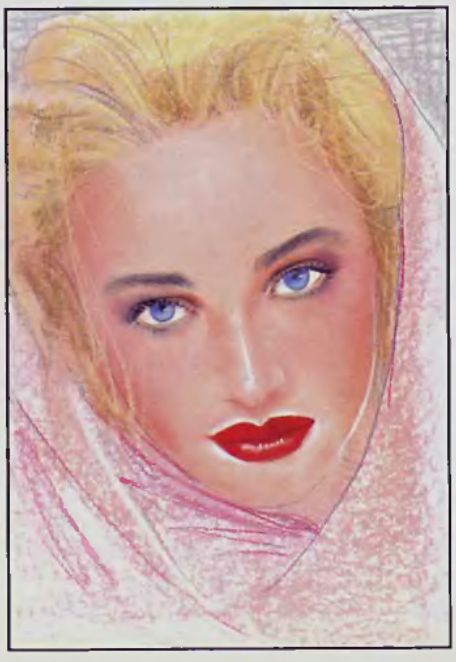


ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

RUFF CUT

Looking for something in real Afghan? Then you'll want a copy of *Knitting with Dog Hair*, by Kendall Crolius, a how-to on turning Fido's lush coat into one of your own. The book's impact could be enormous; just think of the new lines of menswear it could inspire—Bill Basset, Collie Klein, Joseph Abboudeen Terrier or maybe even Rowf! Lauren. Sheepdogs would finally live up to their name. And consider the fresh implications in boxer shorts.

MUTUAL FUN

At last, an investment for readers of PLAYBOY. The Maxus Investment Group of Cleveland has introduced Fun Shares, a closed-end mutual fund with a prospectus that's a puritan's nightmare. The Fun Shares fund invests in the alcohol, tobacco, soft drink, cosmetics, toiletries, toy and gambling industries. Says Maxus chairman Richard Barone, "This is what people want." Some good returns would be nice, too.

NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT

Here are some headlines you won't see or hear on *The Tonight Show*, courtesy, we assume, of some sly night editors who rushed these captions past their superiors: LESBIAN SAYS SHE FEELS MORE WHOLE (*The Denver Post*); BUILDING A HUGE ORGAN THE OLD WAY: BY HAND (*The New York Times*); DICK CONTINUES TO PROMOTE EXTENDED FLUTE TECHNIQUE (*The Buffalo News*); and lastly, this jazzy teaser, THIRD MARSALIS BROTHER BLOWS FORTH (*Boston Herald*).

HARD TIME

Two Long Island psychopaths who pulled stints at the Suffolk County Correctional Center never quite adjusted to each other's company. Apparently, John

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

FACT OF THE MONTH

According to a recent study of London traffic, the risk of being seriously injured in a car accident increases by as much as 52 percent on Friday the 13th.

QUOTE

"I do think I've seen more penises than a professional prostitute."—GLENNA SYSE, DRAMA AND DANCE CRITIC FOR THE *Chicago Sun-Times*, ON THE INCREASING OPENNESS IN THEATER

DO THE RITE THING

According to a national survey conducted by a researcher at Auburn University, percentage of 4000 sorority pledges who say they were blindfolded during hazing rituals: 51; who were deprived of sleep: 19; who were encouraged to drink: 9; who were branded: 0.4.

IT TAKES TWO

Percentage of all children born to teenage women and fathered by men aged 20 or older: 70. In a recent survey, percentage of 5000 California mothers aged 11–15 whose babies were fathered by junior high boys: 7; by high school boys: 40; by men who were aged 19 or older: 53.

EAT THE EVIDENCE

According to an annual survey by two industry groups, percentage of supermarket workers who say they've stolen food on the job: 32. Average value of cash and food respondents say they stole: $101; amount they think other individuals have stolen: $1193. Value of cash and food stolen by employees who took integrity tests before being hired: $9; amount stolen by those who didn't take a test: $179.

GOING FOR BROKE

Percentage increase in all bankruptcy filings in the U.S. since 1984: 179. Number of Americans who filed for personal bankruptcy during the Seventies: 2.1 million; during the Eighties: 4.6 million.

POST MARKS

The percentage of packages sent by the Postal Service's premium two-day delivery that take longer than two days to arrive: 23.

SLICK JUSTICE

Percentage of first $202 million paid by Exxon for cleanup of Prince William Sound that went to legal, travel and administrative costs: 66.

RUBBER MATCH

Number of condoms purchased by the U.S. government and shipped overseas for AIDS prevention and population control: 574 million; total cost: $27 million. Number of condoms distributed by Pentagon to U.S. troops: 4.7 million. Number of condoms purchased by U.S. government for AIDS prevention and population control in the U.S.: 0. Number of condoms purchased by U.S. consumers annually: 550 million; total sales: $300 million.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU WORK

According to a survey by *Folio*, percentage of staffers at *Parents* who have children: 54; at *Sing Out* who sing folk songs: 60; at *Easy Rider* who ride motorcycles: 60; at *Vegetarian Times* who are vegetarians: 86; at *International Tattoo Art* who have tattoos: 100.

MEDIA HAWKS

According to a *Times Mirror* poll, percentage of journalists who would support U.S. military action if Iraq were to invade Saudi Arabia: 74; percentage of the public who would support such action: 53. Percentage of journalists who would approve of U.S. military intervention during a Mexican revolution: 10; percentage of the public who would approve of such action: 41. —CHIP ROWE

Esposito, a former contractor who kidnapped Katie Beers and hid her in a homemade dungeon for nearly two weeks, didn't like Joel Rifkin, the alleged serial killer who is linked to at least 19 murders. The two regularly played chess together through the bars of their cells, but Esposito always lost. Andrew Siben, Esposito's lawyer, eventually told him to stop playing chess with Rifkin, explaining, "It's not good for your morale to get beaten by a serial killer."

SEAT OF POWER

Women have a new weapon in the age-old bathroom war. A California engineer has developed an electronic alarm to warn when the toilet seat is not returned to the female-friendly down position. The small, waterproof plastic box fits under the seat and beeps every few seconds if its trigger is disengaged for longer than a minute. Just what the world needs—a toilet that gives you shit.

HIPPOCRATIC HYPOCRITES

In a confidential survey of 600 doctors and nurses nationwide about their attitudes toward AIDS, all the male respondents said they would not resuscitate a woman they'd just met at a bar who was having a heart attack, but they admitted they would consider sleeping with a stranger. It's difficult to say whether these guys should retake AIDS 101 or consider therapy.

MASCOT MAKE-OVERS

The political correctness juggernaut continues: Administrators at the University of Massachusetts are considering the request of a handful of students to change the identity of the school mascot. The school's Minuteman symbol was characterized as a white gun-toting male who embodied sexism, racism and violence. Ironically, in 1972 the Minuteman took the place of the school's previous mascot, the Redman, which had been regarded as racially insensitive. And Blaze the Norseman, the onetime burly warrior mascot of the Blazers of the University of Alabama–Birmingham was the victim of a similar identity crisis. Campus officials are now searching for a new school emblem—apparently, Blaze was too Aryan, didn't represent women or minorities and was accused of frightening small children.

•

Now we know why cold showers never did the trick: A study by London's Thrombosis Research Institute found that cold baths actually raise the level of a man's testosterone—the chemical that controls the sex drive. Thing is, we've yet to find anything that lowers the pesky stuff.

Learning Machine Breakthrough!

Learn Foreign Languages Overnight, Reprogram Your Mind for Success & Launch into Virtual Fantasy Experiences!

Amazing digital headset stimulates your mind and opens your learning centers. Like magic it pours in new information and skills.

By Dane Spotts

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By DAVID HEILBRONER

IN THE ANNALS of criminal law, the Nineties may go down as the decade of the video eyewitness. This video movement started in California, of course. It seemed at first—at least to this former prosecutor—a welcome phenomenon.

The movement began with the Rodney King and Reginald Denny tapes. Like images of the Challenger disaster, or the Zapruder film, these video clips instantly burned into our nation's consciousness. First, four Los Angeles police officers pound Rodney King to a pulp. Then, Damian Williams savagely attacks Reginald Denny after Denny is pulled from his truck.

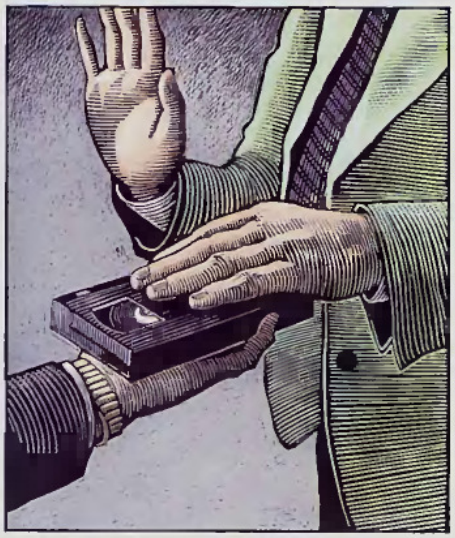
The tapes evoked the worst images from America's appalling record of racism: lynching, police brutality, slavery, urban crime run amok. Both tapes demanded resounding findings of guilt. But there was also a sense of relief. Thank God for the videos.

I thought I knew what those videos would do in court. During the Eighties, while at the Manhattan district attorney's office, I watched defendants emerge from holding cells with bleeding heads and bruised limbs. When they claimed they had been beaten by cops I winced, but theirs was always the word of an accused criminal against that of the officers. The same lack of evidence hampers cases where gangs beat some innocent victim senseless—so senseless that he or she cannot recall a single face among the angry crowd. But with Denny and King, the tapes eliminate any shred of doubt about identity.

Both cases should have been prosecutorial slam-dunks. When I heard the verdicts, there seemed only one explanation: Somehow, the defense lawyers had put the smoke back in the two hottest guns to grace a courtroom in years.

After the Simi Valley jury acquitted three officers on the King tape and were unable to reach a verdict on officer Powell, I joined the condemning chorus. When federal prosecutors tried all four King defendants again, I cheered, too. The trial was a blatant violation of double jeopardy, but it was like Lincoln suspending habeas corpus during the Civil War. Extreme miscarriages of justice demand extreme measures.

Then along came Damian "Football" Williams on yet another video, smashing Reginald Denny's head with a brick. The D.A. filed an indictment as long and heavy as a phone book. The three top charges alone—premeditated attempted murder, aggravated mayhem, assault with a deadly weapon—subjected Williams to more than a lifetime in jail. After seeing that video, I once again joined the public in thirsting for vengeance.



SCOTT MC KOWEN

The good, the bad and the not guilty.

Defense lawyers in the age of the virtual eyewitness.

In the wake of the Denny verdict I flew to Los Angeles packing a definite agenda. All I wanted to know was what tricks had duped the juries. Racist innuendo? Trick videography? Desensitization? For two weeks I interrogated both prosecutors and defense lawyers and watched the videotapes. I listened with as open a mind as I could muster.

And that was when my doubts started.

•

Before these tapes go down in history, and others like them surface, it is important to get their lessons right. And today no sooner is a shocking new incident recorded than eager media feed it back, preanalyzed, to a voracious public. God only knows what price a live, uncensored John and Lorena Bobbitt or Menendez brothers tape would fetch from *A Current Affair*, and what public frenzy the sight of all that bloodshed would incite. Yet what would those tapes tell us? Just as with Denny and King, we already know who did it. And answers to the deeper, more subtle issues of criminal intent aren't found in newsclips.

The first fact I picked up in Los Angeles was that I hadn't seen the entire Rodney King tape. Most television stations broadcast only 10 or 20 seconds of the 82-second encounter. CNN might have run the video in its entirety, but, like me, none of the jurors who entered the courtroom had seen the whole tape.

I lived with a copy for a week. Watching it was never easy. Each time, I felt revulsion. Real physical violence is always unsettling. But viewing the King tape over and over was also something like watching an instant replay of a tight, below-the-net scuffle, looking for who fouls whom as the center goes up with the ball. There are five pairs of hands and feet. Three batons. But unlike video from a basketball game, the King tape is blurry. Shot from 150 feet across a highway, there are no close-ups showing which blows land and which miss. There are no views of King's hands, no quick cutaways to facial expressions. It's even hard to tell who's who the first few times through.

Here is a summary of what I saw:

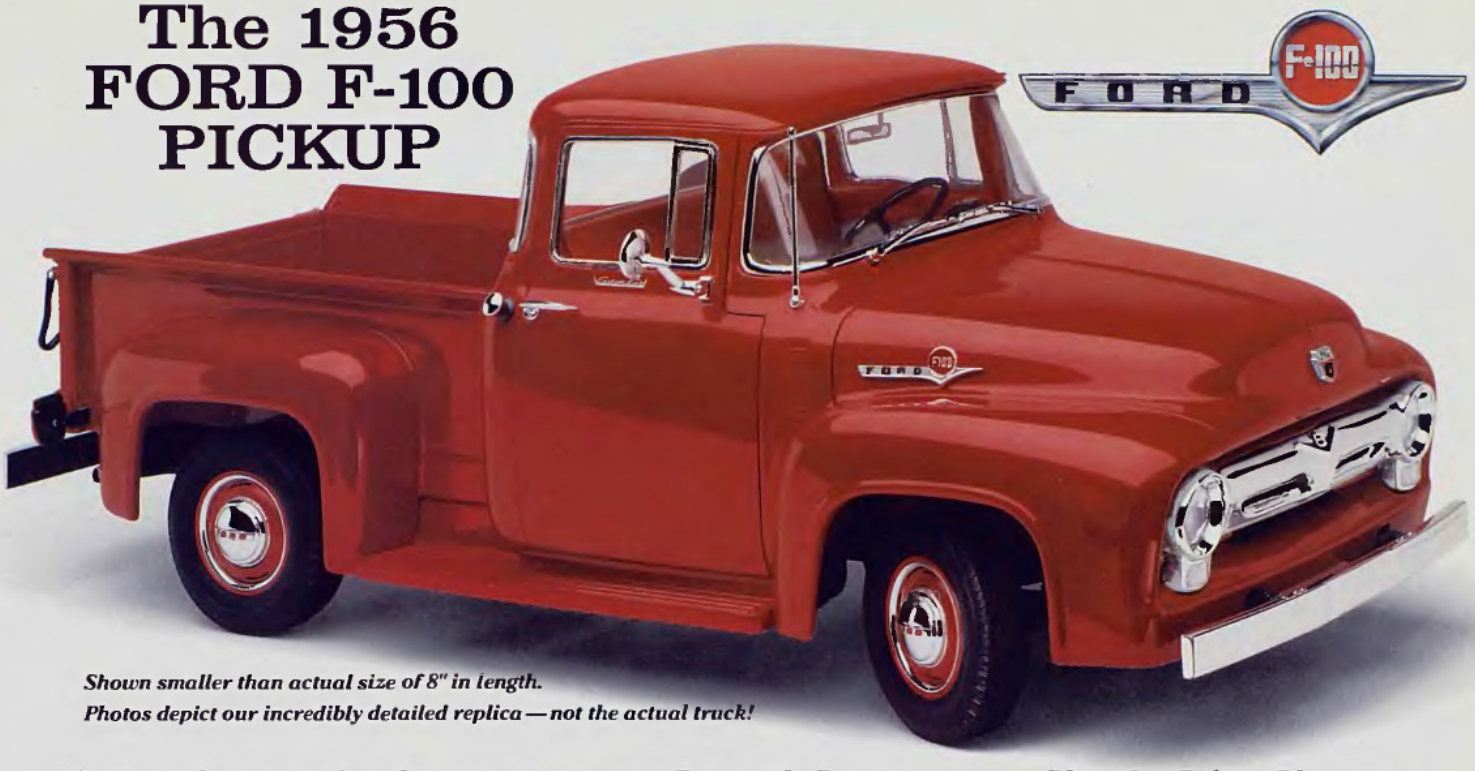
During the struggle, police Sergeant Stacey Koon—convicted in the federal trial and now serving 30 months in prison—never lays a hand on King. Tim Wind briefly steps in to kick and beat King into a "felony-prone position," but spends the bulk of the time on the sidelines. And Ted Briseno, with the exception of a single stomp to force King to the ground, never touches him—he even restrains Laurence Powell. Only Powell becomes brutal and wild. Yet even he sometimes pauses, reaches for his handcuffs, waits to see where King will take the action.

Watching King continually struggle to his feet instead of obeying the officers' orders to lie down—as his unharmed passengers already had—I felt an irrational urge to intervene, to tell King, "Just stay down and you'll be all right." Was he too panicked to follow police instructions (my best bet)? Was he still trying to resist arrest? If Briseno hadn't intervened with his one stomp on the back, would the incident have ended sooner? But how, in the heat of a struggle, in a city where cops get killed by fleeing felons just like King, were these officers supposed to know what King was thinking?

Then came the facts that weren't on tape: Highway Patrol spots King and two passengers speeding. King takes off, hits nearly 100 miles per hour. After eight miles, King pulls over and comes face to face with Koon, Powell, Wind and Briseno. All four officers are carrying pistols, which they never use.

It is dark. King, unsearched, is presumed by department policy to be armed. I've driven with cops, worn Kevlar and gone into crack houses. Even serving a subpoena in a decent apartment building can give you the willies when you don't know whether the guy who answers the door will greet you with a smile or a *(continued on page 150)*

The 1956 FORD F-100 PICKUP



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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

THE GIST of ***Sirens*** (Miramax), made in Australia, is a conflict between laced-up propriety and sexual liberation. Using the life of an actual artist to root his fiction in fact, writer-director John Duigan sets his story in the early 1900s when Hugh Grant as Tony, a young Anglican churchman, travels with his wife (Tara Fitzgerald) to visit Norman Lindsay, a painter (played roguishly by Sam Neill). The churchman's mission is to persuade the artist to withdraw a controversial etching called *The Crucified Venus* from an art show in England. While the two men discuss religion and artistic freedom, Tony's wife learns a lot from Lindsay's wife (Pamela Rabe) and the three resident models (Kate Fischer, Portia De Rossi and statuesque supermodel Elle Macpherson) who pose nude for paintings and have a lackadaisical attitude toward practically everything. Macpherson (see pictorial this issue) in her major-movie debut is a particularly appealing bohemian, while Grant and Fitzgerald play sexual repression with the right undercurrent of incipient lust. Free-spirited, imaginative and making light of its own Homeric symbolism, *Sirens* is a wicked pleasure and one of the most erotic movies of the year. ¥¥¥¥

•

England's Hugh Grant returns in full sail in ***Four Weddings and a Funeral*** (Gramercy Pictures). Here he is Charles, a bachelor who bumps into the same American beauty (Andie MacDowell) at the functions referred to in the title of this British sex comedy directed by Mike Newell. Her name is Carrie, and Charles winds up in bed with her the first two times they meet. The next ceremony—Carrie's own nuptials with a Scottish laird (Corin Redgrave)—leaves Charles depressed. The rest is history, or at least the history of how love finds a way in movies as blithe, impudent and original as *Four Weddings*. Given a witty screenplay, the frolicsome cast (Kristin Scott Thomas, Simon Callow and Rowan Atkinson among the hero's ever-present friends) nips through an occasional slow spot so smartly that you will hardly notice it is knee-deep in froth. ¥¥¥

•

Exotic locales and unfamiliar local customs enhance ***In Custody*** (Sony Classics). Based on a novel by Anita Desai and directed by Ismail Merchant (the producer half of the Merchant-Ivory team), the movie re-introduces Shashi Kapoor, still an imposing presence but many pounds heavier than he was in his heyday as an Indian matinee idol. Kapoor plays Nur, a portly Urdu poet surrounded by two wives and a house full of sycophants. Nur drinks, burps, wallows in his celebrity and recites poetry while an earnest Indian teacher (Om Puri) tries to interview him for posterity on a tape recorder that no one quite knows how to operate. Set in and around the city of Bhopal, Merchant's bookish comedy of manners is his affectionate tribute to a culture fast fading away, and it bears the Merchant–Ivory stamp of supremely literate good taste. ¥¥¥

Leigh, Robbins: Coen heads cut loose.

Waxing romantic in English, French and Urdu while Americans get down to business.

•

Admirers of writer and director Eric Rohmer will find much to cherish in his French-language ***A Tale of Winter*** (MK2 Productions), the cool second film in a series named for the four seasons. *Winter* begins as an idyllic beach holiday shared by Félicié (Charlotte Véry) and a handsome devil named Charles (Frédéric van den Driessche). Rohmer asks you to believe that the happy pair say adieu and lose track of each other because she accidentally gives her lover the wrong address. Félicié subsequently has a child as a souvenir of her holiday with Charles. She never stops loving him—even through the next half a decade while she has simultaneous affairs with two other men, one of them married. All the years without Charles are schematically bleak, as the title indicates. The headstrong, rather plain and sometimes exasperating heroine is played competently if unexcitingly by Véry, yet the director makes you see everything from her perspective. In fact, Rohmer's understated cinematic style is so effective that a viewer winds up eyeballing every subway, bus and busy street corner hoping to catch a glimpse of Charles—until *Tale of Winter* ends with a romantic flourish as oddly satisfying as it is predictable. ¥¥¥

•

Give points to the Coen brothers (screenwriter-director Joel and screenwriter-producer Ethan) for ***The Hudsucker Proxy*** (Warner). They're not far off in calling it the most mainstream movie they've ever done. They have also done it with pizzazz while sustaining the crackling mood of vintage comedies by Frank Capra or Howard Hawks. Tim Robbins plays Norville Barnes, a lanky bumpkin from Muncie who is catapulted to the presidency of Hudsucker Industries. Barnes lets himself go—and sabotages a stock scam by introducing such marketable products as the Hula Hoop. Charles Durning and Paul Newman are a couple of company men who bear watching, with Jennifer Jason Leigh as Amy Archer, the Pulitzer Prize–winning newswoman who comes to expose Norville but learns to love him. Leigh plays Amy in the top-speed manner patented by Katharine Hepburn in her heyday, while Robbins romps through his gig like a slapstick James Stewart with a pocketful of jumping beans but no head for high ideals. Wildly funny when it skewers the balderdash of big business, *Hudsucker* misses the mark at times but still resembles those golden oldies that had soul as well as style. ¥¥¥

•

Widely publicized miscreants who wind up on TV talking to Oprah or Geraldo are roasted by writer-director John Waters in ***Serial Mom*** (Savoy), his irreverent high-camp spoof of bad vibes and violence in middle America. True to the format established by such Waters classics as *Pink Flamingos* and *Polyester*, he makes you laugh while you gag over some wretched excesses. Even so, Kathleen Turner's cheerful malice in the title role is quite contagious—she's a homicidal suburban homebody, doing away with any neighbor or teacher whose habits annoy her. And she is easily annoyed by people who get in her way at the PTA, or who dress wrong or fail to rewind their rented videotapes. *Serial Mom*'s husband (Sam Waterston) and two children (Ricki Lake and Matthew Lillard as Misty and Chip, both attuned

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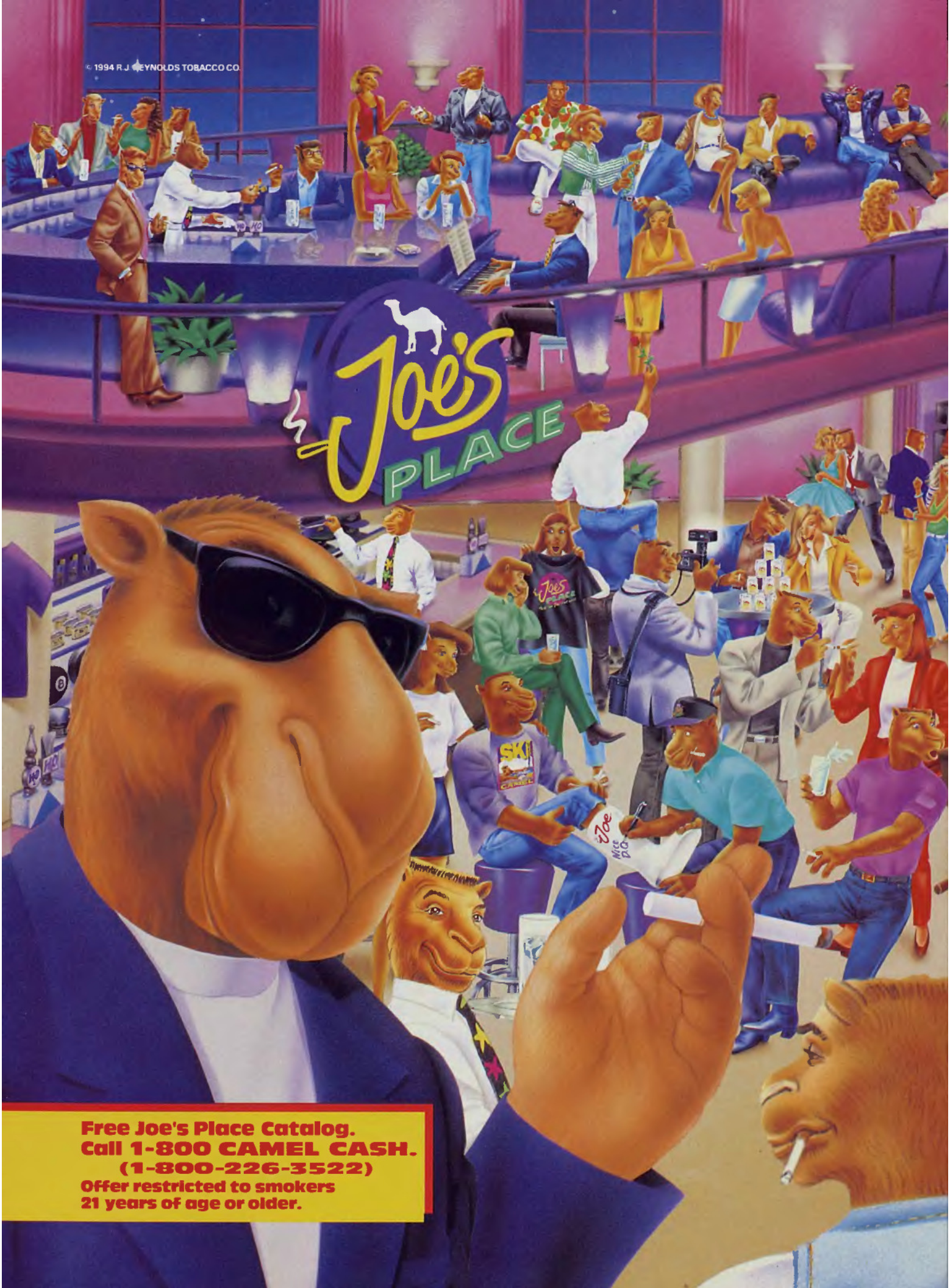
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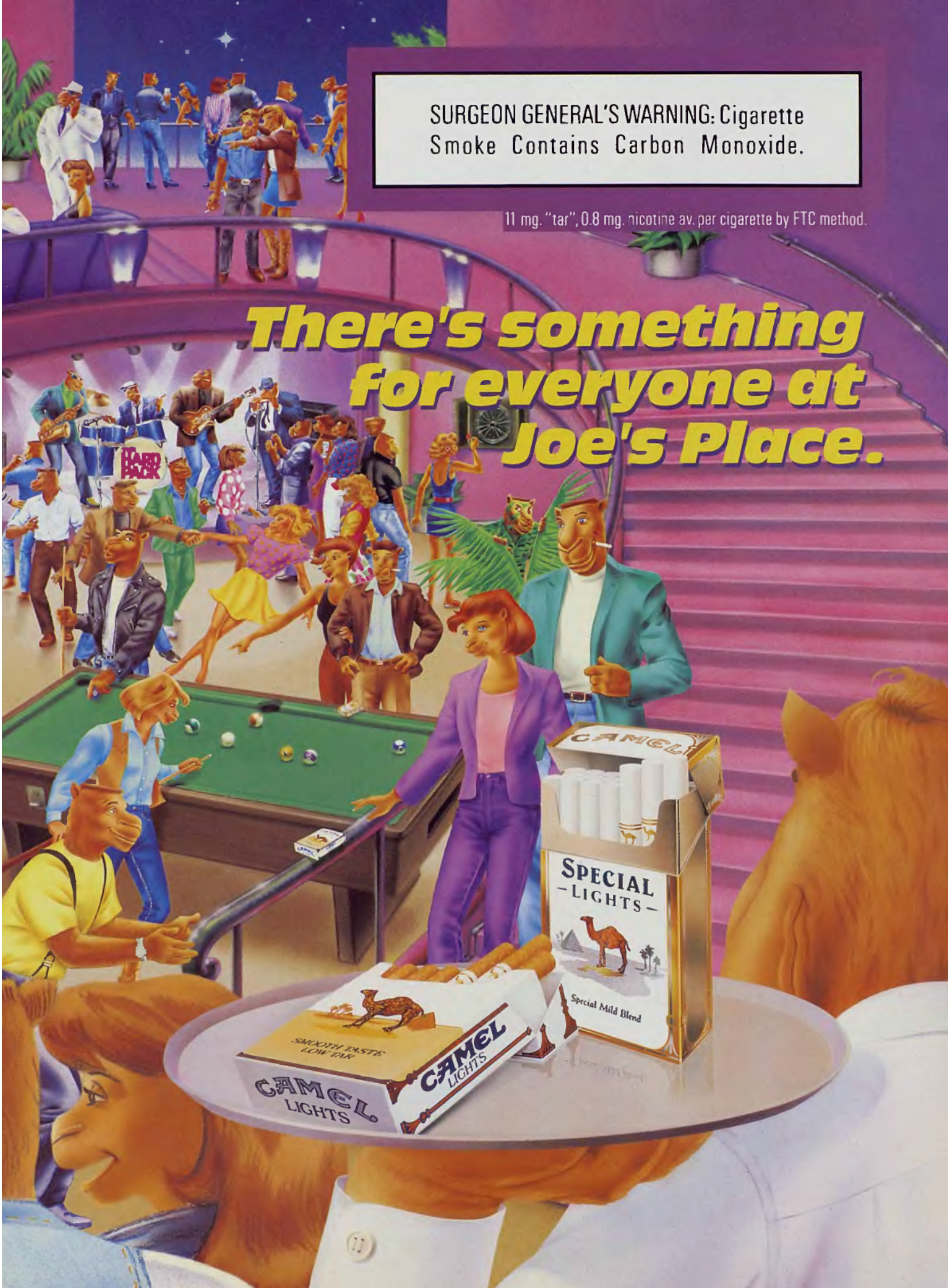
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Grant us this: It had to be Hugh.

OFF CAMERA

Britain's **Hugh Grant,** 33, is all over the silver screen since his stint as the betrothed nephew who gets a birds-and-bees debriefing by Anthony Hopkins in *The Remains of the Day*. He has top roles in two sexy new comedies (see reviews), plus a turn in Roman Polanski's darkly shining *Bitter Moon*. Small wonder he has been hailed in print as a Nineties Cary Grant. No relation, but comparisons evoke a smile as he pulls off his "sweaty ski boots" and relaxes while promoting two star appearances at Utah's Sundance Festival. "It's flattering, of course," says Grant, "but also very limiting, since I like to think of myself as fantastically versatile."

Classically educated, he based his holier-than-thou role in *Sirens* on "old dons and some chaps I knew at Oxford. He's a bit stiff but likes to think of himself as groovy. In *Four Weddings*, my friend Tom is in bed with me on my wedding day—sleeping over to get me going on time because I'm habitually late. One of the few roles I've played where I wasn't gay. Oh, that's an exaggeration." A connoisseur of pornography ("hardcore, the more the better"), Grant is amused that he has been called a naughty boy. "It's all lies, but I quite enjoy the image—you can perpetuate it if you wish. Matter of fact, I've been happy with Elizabeth for years and years." Grant refers to English actress Elizabeth Hurley, with whom he lived until she moved to Los Angeles to get better roles. "I'm in London, and I like the setup. It's sexy when you get back together, after all—better than many marriages." Next on Grant's schedule? "My agents say I should hold out for a big Hollywood movie, which makes me a bit nervous. But Emma Thompson has adapted Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*—and quite beautifully. If that happens, I'll certainly do it."

to commerce and horror comics) stand by her, of course, when she is brought to trial. One of the jurors is played by Patricia Hearst, and that's a clue that *Mom* flouts propriety—just the ticket if bits of gore and gallows humor don't keep you from having a good time. ¥¥¥

•

Lara Flynn Boyle, Stephen Baldwin and Josh Charles round out ***Threesome*** (Tri-Star) as a trio of college roommates playing sex games. Baldwin is a wisecracking womanizer who wants to bed Boyle, who would rather go to bed with Charles, who is a semi-closeted gay who prefers Baldwin. Writer-director Andrew Fleming doesn't mince words, and he has Baldwin asking his buddy: "Have you ever butt-fucked anyone? Have you ever been butt-fucked?" Sexy and one-dimensional, Fleming's mindless but carefree romantic comedy depicts a good-time college where every student seems to be majoring in erotica. ¥¥½

•

Two-character movies based on stage plays tend to be more theatrical than cinematic. Thus, director Beth B's ***Two Small Bodies*** (Castle Hill) suffers from staginess, though the actors (Suzy Amis and Fred Ward) make their battle of the sexes oddly hypnotic. As in Neal Bell's original drama, Eileen works at a strip club and her two young children have vanished. Fred Ward plays a scruffy detective who suspects she has murdered them. His investigative methods are bizarre, to say the least. "Put on your clothes," she demands when he abruptly undresses in front of her. Many questions are raised, debated and remain unanswered in a Pinteresque dialogue that's intriguing but apt to leave an audience dumbstruck in the dark. ¥¥

•

Two innocent men are about to be charged with murder, and all hell breaks loose in ***The Paper*** (Universal), director Ron Howard's snappy tribute to newspeople of every era. As the metropolitan editor of a big New York daily, Michael Keaton has a pregnant wife (Marisa Tomei), a contentious managing editor (Glenn Close) and some feisty colleagues portrayed by Robert Duvall and Randy Quaid. They trade wisecracks and insults, jockey for power and steal trade secrets in the rambunctious manner of *The Front Page*, a paean to cutthroat journalism that has previously been made into a movie three times. Set in the frenzied present, *The Paper* is a fine, corny, old-fashioned comedy about seeking truth and justice while beating your rivals to the punch. Everyone in it appears to be having a wonderful time, and you'd be well-advised to join them. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Aileen Wuornos: The Selling of a Serial Killer (Reviewed 4/94) A true tale from death row. ¥¥¥

Angie (4/94) Saved by Geena Davis as an unwed mom from Brooklyn. ¥¥½

Backbeat (4/94) The Beatles collide in a love triangle way back when. ¥¥¥

Bitter Moon (3/94) Sex tales aboard ship, courtesy of Roman Polanski. ¥¥

China Moon (4/94) Madeleine Stowe meets Ed Harris. Object: murder. ¥¥

Dream Lover (3/94) She's definitely the wrong woman for James Spader. ¥¥

8 Seconds (3/94) TV's Luke Perry rides high as rodeo star Lane Frost. ¥¥¥

Fiorile (4/94) Italian family lives with a centuries-old curse. ¥¥¥

Four Weddings and a Funeral (See review) Highly social satire. ¥¥¥

Germinal (4/94) Deep in the coal mines for Zola's dark French drama. ¥¥¥

The House of the Spirits (3/94) Big stars, big book, minimal magic. ¥¥½

The Hudsucker Proxy (See review) Those Coen brothers show a flip side. ¥¥¥

In Custody (See review) How a portly Urdu poet grew and grew. ¥¥¥

In the Name of the Father (3/94) Irish terrorist wrongly convicted—with Day-Lewis' stunning turn. ¥¥¥¥

Les Visiteurs (4/94) Touring today's France with a knight of yore. ¥¥½

Mother's Boys (4/94) Jamie Lee Curtis on deck as a very bad mama. ¥¥

The Paper (See review) Star-studded stop-the-presses comedy. ¥¥¥½

Philadelphia (3/94) Hanks is tops in a courtroom drama about AIDS. ¥¥¥¥

Reality Bites (4/94) Texas grads all grown up with no place to go. ¥¥¥

Roadflower (4/94) Psychotic killers trap travelers on a fast trip. ¥¥

Schindler's List (3/94) Spielberg's fine reply to people who say he doesn't make movies for grown-ups. ¥¥¥¥

The Secret Rapture (4/94) British family matters gone wrong. ¥¥½

Serial Mom (See review) John Waters has Turner in a killer comedy. ¥¥¥

Shadowlands (3/94) As lovers, Hopkins and Winger brave it out. ¥¥¥

Sirens (See review) Witty erotic saga of sexual inhibitions unbuttoned. ¥¥¥¥

A Tale of Winter (See review) Cool French ode to a woman's idée fixe. ¥¥¥

Threesome (See review) Girl meets boy meets boy in a college dorm. ¥¥½

Two Small Bodies (See review) He and she wage a one-on-one debate. ¥¥

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

VIDEO

GUEST SHOT

Katie Couric's sassy reporter's edge melts when it comes to home viewing. In fact, she becomes a marshmallow. "I don't like violent movies or action films," she says. "Instead, I like sentimental stuff, like Merchant–Ivory films." Favorite rewinds include *Enchanted April*, *Fried Green Tomatoes* and *My Brilliant Career*. "I also like old films like Hitchcock's *Rear Window*, *To Kill a Mockingbird* and all of the Fred Astaire movies—especially *Top Hat*. Oh, and I love *The Manchurian Candidate*," she adds. "But that's kind of demented, isn't it?" Ah, there's the sass. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

Tom Wiener's ***The Book of Video Lists*** (Andrews and McMeel, $16.95) categorizes more than 7500 movie titles under traditional vid-store headings (comedy, family, cult, drama) as well as in specialized groupings ("teens in trouble," "spectacular sets," "notoriously sexy"). Our favorite list: Films with Pop Stars in Nonmusical Roles. . . . Why watch James Bond flicks when you can be your own supersleuth? In ***William C. Dear's Private Investigation Course,*** homespun detectives can get the lowdown on everything they need to know about being a private dick—from casing the murder scene to trash-can archaeology to starting your own agency. At a formidable $79.95 per tape, the complete package includes ten videos and more than 1000 pages of text. Oh, yeah, and a briefcase. . . . Pete Townshend's pinball wizardry rocks on in ***The Who's Tommy: The Amazing Journey*** (Elegant Films), a video history of the pop opera from its inception to the Tony-winning Broadway revival. Program includes rare Who concert clips and celebrity interviews.

GOLDEN SILENCE

Each year, home viewers rediscover silent movie classics, thanks to newly restored prints on tape. From Worldview Entertainment comes ***The Killiam Collection,*** whose commitment to film preservation—including proper projection speeds, retinting and newly scored music—shows in these handsome reissues:

The Phantom of the Opera (1925): Opulent and scary, its look was aped for the hit Broadway musical. Some judicious humor throughout. Stand back when Mary Philbin tears off Lon Chaney's mask.

The Son of the Sheik (1926): Valentino's roguish sexuality, subversive in the Twenties, looks boyish to jaded old us. Still, a likable flick, featuring *The Hungarian Rhapsody* and Vilma Banky as a dancing girl.

Tillie's Punctured Romance (1914): Sharpies Charlie Chaplin and Mabel Normand bilk heiress Marie Dressler—that is, till the Keystone Cops intervene. From Mack Sennett, the first successful feature-length comedy.

Peck's Bad Boy (1921): Great glimpse of small-town America, with adorable Jackie Coogan (fresh from Chaplin's *The Kid*) as an early Dennis the Menace.

It (1927): Clara Bow at her most delicious as a shopgirl pursuing Antonio Moreno—and foiling a snotty debutante. Author Elinor Glyn, patron saint of the flapper set, does a cameo.

What Price Glory? (1926): Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe's cussing may have amused lip-readers, but their soldierly brawl over dame Delores Del Rio only counterpoints the shocking World War One action scenes.

Sunrise (1927): City woman seduces young married farmer in lusty American classic of German expressionism, shot by F. W. Murnau on grand sets at Lake Arrowhead. With Janet Gaynor and George O'Brien.

The Black Pirate (1926): Revenge-seeking nobleman infiltrates pirate crew to win hand of lovely Lady Anne (Dillie Dove). Production features awesome Douglas Fairbanks stunts, early Technicolor and witty special effects.

All tapes available from Republic Pictures Home Video. —JAMES HARRIS

LASER FARE

Packaged in Hollywood: James Cagney and Joan Crawford are among the latest film legends to be disced, boxed and shipped by MGM/UA. ***The James Cagney Collection*** spotlights five of Cagney's good-guy films, including *'G' Men* and *The Oklahoma Kid*. And Crawford's collection features *When Ladies Meet*, *Mannequin* (with Spencer Tracy) and three others. . . . Mummy dearest: Bravo to MCA/Universal for releasing four of horrordom's mummy movies in a special-edition boxed set. Listed at 100 bucks, the three-disc set includes *The Mummy's Hand* (1940), *The Mummy's Tomb* (1942), *The Mummy's Ghost* (1944) and *The Mummy's Curse* (1944)—as well as trailers and production stills. Despite the glaring omission of Boris Karloff's *The Mummy* (1932), *Tomb* and *Ghost* make up for the loss, thanks mainly to Lon Chaney, Jr., ace of bandages. . . . Quaymation: Last year, director Tim Burton wowed fans and critics with his weird *The Nightmare Before Christmas*. Now you can check out Tim's inspiration: From Voyager's Criterion Collection, ***The Brothers Quay*** documents the genius of animator-puppeteers Stephen and Timothy Quay with five short films on two volumes. Refreshing twist: no commentary—just the flicks. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
SLEEPER	***Strictly Ballroom*** (Aussie dance stud longs to do his own steps; quirky, zany energy, great fun), ***Dazed and Confused*** (*American Graffiti* for Seventies grads, complete with stupid clothes, good music and terrific cast of unknowns).
COSTUME	***The Age of Innocence*** (New York society clique thwarts Day-Lewis and Pfeiffer's lust; Scorsese's lush poss at Wharton), ***Much Ado About Nothing*** (more breezy Bard from Branagh; romantic antics in Tuscany, Emma and Denzel charm).
COMEDY	***Cool Runnings*** (Jamaica's Olympic bobsledders in tropical snow job that had a surprisingly good run), ***For Love or Money*** (hustler concierge M. J. Fox seeks backers for dream hotel, then steals sleazy financier's babe; urban love games).
FOREIGN	***A Geisha*** (young beauty apprentices with seasoned geisha in sharp 1953 social commentary on exploitation in modern Japan), ***Six in Paris*** (Chabrol, Godard, Rohmer, three others offer spins on City of Light—from brash to brilliant).
MUSIC	***Sarah Vaughan: The Divine One*** (peerless songbird swings up a storm, octaves above—and below—the rest), ***Count Basie: Swingin' the Blues*** (the front man's front man never missed a beat; vidbio includes Q & As and early gems).

STYLE

PUCKER UP

No longer preferred only by granddads and preppies, seersucker has become one of this summer's coolest looks for two good reasons. First, the fabric is easy: Permanent crinkles give it the low-maintenance appeal of linen. Second, along with the traditional blue-and-white stripes, menswear designers have come up with seersucker in new colors and patterns that can be mixed with everything from washed linen to denim. Hugo Boss' rust-and-ivory single-breasted seersucker sports jacket ($520, shown here) or Paul Smith's hip tattersall look ($415), for example, go great with khakis or white jeans. For something more formal, Austin Reed offers a gray-and-white double-breasted seersucker suit ($390) that's perfect for a hot day at the office or an afternoon wedding. For weekend-into-weekday versatility, there are Nautica's tartan seersucker sport shirts ($75) or Bass' candy-striped ones ($39), both of which team equally well with shorts or a suit. And for guys who simply want to sample seersucker, try Tommy Hilfiger's classic striped silk ties ($33).

SHIRTING THE ISSUE

What's the latest look in sports coats? The shirt jacket—an unlined, unpadded style that combines the polished appeal of a tailored sports jacket with the casual ease and softness of a slightly oversized shirt. Alexander Julian currently offers several shirt jacket variations. Among our favorites are the lightweight wool taupe-and-heather-gray windowpane styles and the linen ones with either brown or indigo multicolored stripes (about $250). KM by Krizia has created an unconstructed shirt jacket in cotton with narrow taupe-and-cream stripes ($100). There's also a similar four-button unconstructed style from Stnt that's made of flax-colored washed-linen canvas ($165) and a three-button one by Wilke-Rodriguez in a natural nubby-textured linen-and-silk blend ($255). Finally, French Connection's "engineer's" shirt jacket also goes the natural route: It's made with a burlap-textured hopsack linen fabric and features a high-button stance, patch pockets and elbow patches ($155) for a sophisticated workwear look.

HOT SHOPPING: MINNEAPOLIS

Famous for its lakes, rock bands and icy weather, Minneapolis is the place to chill out in May, when the weather is fine and shopping outdoors is a breeze. To that end, check out the Uptown area, an alternative to the mega Mall of America, with a host of specialty stores and a spectacular view of Lake Calhoun. • Intoto (3105 Hennepin Avenue): Workwear meets streetwear in this hot fashion stop. • Ragstock (1433 W. Lake Street): A new staple store for flannels, jeans and other casual threads. • Bacio (3042 Hennepin Avenue): With the latest sporty styles from Europe, this place is a favorite of visiting celebs such as Janet Jackson and Arsenio Hall. • Invision Optics: (2920 Hennepin Avenue): Design your own eyewear in wood, metal or leather. • Rolling Soles (1700 W. Lake Street): Everything you could want for in-line skating, from blades to protective padding.

CLOTHES LINE

After co-starring as the handyman in *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* and completing five more films that will be released this year, it's clear why **Ernie Hudson** prefers a personal shopper. "I hate to shop, and I don't have the time for it," says Hudson. But the actor knows what he likes, and that includes Ralph Lauren shirts and jeans for around the house and Armani suits for premieres. To keep his 6'1", 205-pound frame lean, Hudson works out in Reeboks, "plain ones." The rest of the time he wears handmade boots from stores such as Pop Cowboy in New York.

BELTING IT OUT

Belt widths are still under the Western influence at about 1¼ to 2 inches, and though braided styles remain big, we recommend aiming for looser weaves this season. DeVecchi's leather-and-macrame belt ($90) fits that bill, as does one by J.O.E. with two strips of leather woven together ($50). For the top look in buckles, check out Doppia Vita's chocolate-brown leather belt with a hand-hammered silver buckle ($65). Jamie Belts uses rope on its belts, either as trim or woven into the middle in a swirling design ($20 to $60). Willis & Geiger takes the military-inspired ranger belt on safari by adding a zebra pattern ($110). And if you're tightening your belt, check out the English bridle-bonded belt from BBB/Together Craft. It's priced between $12 and $18.

MARTIN HOFMANN

STYLE METER		
SUMMER SHOES	**IN**	**OUT**
STYLES	Casual looks, including fisherman sandals, Birkenstocks, loafers, suede wing tips	White-soled boat shoes; clunky padded athletic sneakers; weird clogs
MATERIALS AND COLORS	Supple leather and nubuck; fabrics, such as canvas; natural light browns or black	Exotic skins such as snake; bicolor spectators; bright check-me-out looks
DETAILS	Rounder, wider toes; thick rubber soles; high-vamp loafers; tassels	Glossy shine; pointy shoes; heavy hardware; pennies in loafers

Where & How to Buy on page 141.

The 1955 Ford Crown Victoria

Why pay more?
A directly comparable 1955 Ford Crown Victoria is being offered by others at a much higher price. The Danbury Mint gives you the best for less.

Shown smaller than actual size of 8¼" in length.

Photos depict the incredibly detailed replica — not the actual car.

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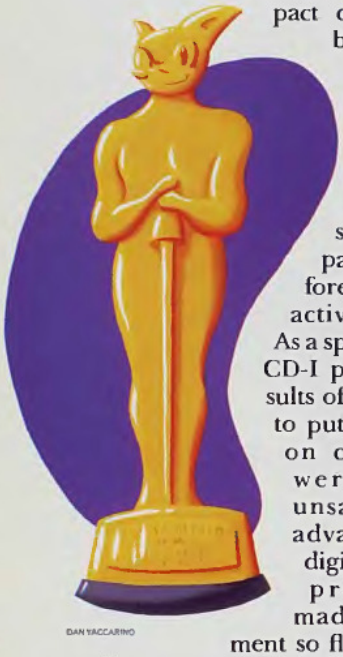
WIRED

AND THE WINNER IS . . .

Deborah Harry probably never expected to be sharing star status with a blue cartoon hedgehog, but the rocker and actress is now a video game celebrity, too. She and actor Corey Haim (of *The Lost Boys*) have the lead roles in Sega CD's *Double Switch*, one of the first of several big-budget interactive video movies now out on compact disc. And how big is big budget? It can be as much as $3 million, according to insiders, which is a small price to pay to be on the forefront of interactive technology. As a spokesperson for CD-I put it: "The results of early attempts to put moving video on compact disc were jerky and unsatisfying. But advancements in digital video compression have made the movement so fluid that movie studios can release a feature film on CDs with a picture quality equivalent to VHS tape." It's that fluidity, combined with the excitement of letting players change the course of a movie that has Hollywood racing to be a part of the interactive CD format. To that end, some of the most intriguing titles to cross our desk include: *Prize Fighter*, a gritty boxing game on Sega CD that was directed by Ron Stein (the choreographer of the fight scenes in *Raging Bull*); *Pandora's Poker Palace*, a CD-I strip poker game hosted by actress Stella Stevens; and *The Dream Machine*, a 3DO interactive movie featuring adult-film stars Sydney St. James, Isis Nile and Peter North.



DAN YACCARINO

SOUNDING OFF

If you're in the market for an audio/video receiver, keep in mind that some impressive new technology is about to hit home. Aside from receiving digital sound and pictures from direct broadcast satellite systems, you'll soon be able to buy laser discs and A/V gear that play the same crystal-clear Dolby Digital Surround sound that's currently available only in movie theaters. To enjoy these options to their fullest, you should choose a receiver with no fewer than four channels of Dolby Surround Pro Logic capability—now available from manufacturers such as Sony, Technics, Pioneer and Kenwood for as little as $250. The next step up would be a THX system, using a Pro Logic A/V decoder licensed by Lucasfilm. The first integrated units, Onkyo's TX-SV919THX ($2000) and Technics' SA-TX1000 ($1200), should hit stores soon. Or, if you can hold tight until next year, Dolby will unveil a consumer version of its digital multichannel theater sound system. Instead of delivering four channels of analog audio, this high-end machine will deliver five full-band-width channels plus a separate subwoofer signal. Dolby Surround Digital programming is expected to debut on laser discs and LD players at about the same time.

MEGA CD PLAYERS

How do you get a handle on your expanding collection of compact discs? Instead of piling them in the corner, store your CDs in one of the growing number of players that hold upwards of two dozen discs. Fisher's front-loading Studio 24 ($299) holds 24 CDs and, like most of its competitors, stores discs by title and category of music for easy access and identification. Sony upped the ante with its top-loading 100-disc player, the CDP-CX100 ($1200). Pioneer just introduced a 51-disc bookshelf CD changer, the PD-F51, that sells for $615, as well as a 100-disc changer that can be purchased on its own for $715 or as part of a rack system (with a tuner, cassette deck, cabinet and speakers) for $1000. And JVC has come out with the XL-MC100 ($1000), a component that consists of a rack controller and a 100-disc magazine that can be stashed in a closet.

DAVID GOLDIN

WILD THINGS

Synetic Systems' Mind Lab DLS with Poly Sync is o $299 device that comes with goggles and o computerized controller (shown here), os well as headphones ond software. When connected to your tope deck or CD player, it emits synchronized light-and-sound combinations that help elevote your mood, energize you or even put you to sleep. • For college grads who want to get a jump on the job market, the IBM-compatible Job Hunt 5.0 provides contoct information on more than 6000 employers nationwide. Besides using Job Hunt to seorch for work by region or job function, the $50 program will enable you to print oddresses directly onto cover letters, labels and envelopes, and can outomotically dial a company's phone number. • The Nokia 100 is the first portoble cellular phone ($499) that hos programmed the number nine to dial directly into the 911 emergency service. It olso feotures one-touch icon buttons that connect you to your voice mail (an envelope), frequently dialed numbers (a lightning bolt) and more.

Where & How to Buy on page 141.

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JAZZ

By NEIL TESSER

"O, WOULD Jupiter restore me the years that are fled," lamented the poet Virgil. What Jupiter refused to do then, jazz labels are only too happy to do now.

These days, jazz reissues strive for completeness, either on single CDs that sport original artwork and extra tracks from the original recording session, or in multiple-disc sets that contain an artist's total output for a given label. But leave it to Rhino Records to resurrect the anthology—a selective sampling that focuses on and summarizes the larger body of a musician's work—with a series of flashy, cloth-bound double discs.

Thirteen Pictures, encapsulating 25 years in the life of legendary bassist and composer Charles Mingus, sets the standard. Like all the Rhino sets, it bears the imprint Atlantic Jazz Gallery and draws primarily on the extensive Atlantic catalog in presenting such Mingus classics as *Pithecanthropus Erectus* and the 27-minute *Cumbia & Jazz Fusion*. But series producer Joel Dorn has gone further: For the Mingus set, he licensed performances from no fewer than five other labels to complete his spectacular portrait.

A similar approach enlivens the Rhino set devoted to reedman Yusef Lateef, ***Every Village Has a Song.*** It moves from a 1949 session led by Dizzy Gillespie through Lateef's first important records on Savoy and Riverside in the Fifties to the slew of albums he made for Atlantic in the Seventies and Eighties. Along the way, *Village* helps reconcile Lateef's two musical personae—hard-driving bebop tenorist and meditative flutist—while reminding us that he was exploring world-music influences as early as 1957. In contrast, the Eddie Harris anthology, ***Artist's Choice,*** reaches beyond the house vaults for only one of its 24 tracks. It represents a splendid chronology of this undervalued tenor's Atlantic years, marked by a still fresh brand of sophisticated funk (as well as some badly dated electric hoodoo from the mid-Seventies).

Such projects should not only inform but also surprise, and Rhino's latest entries certainly fill that bill. ***Foundations,*** which traces the early years of Keith Jarrett, purposely avoids his more lyrical, post-Seventies work for other labels. Instead, this rather quirky package offers plenty of the younger Jarrett's brash (even harsh) piano passion, a lesser-known base for his current music. It also includes a revelatory, never-before-released quartet track from 1968 featuring saxist Jim Pepper.

Meanwhile, the title of the Ray Charles anthology, ***Blues Plus Jazz,*** tells the tale. Disc one features "the genius of rock and roll" singing classic R&B, with disc two devoted to Charles' often ignored, bona fide jazz dates—from piano trio to the soulful big band that launched the careers of saxmen David Newman and Hank Crawford.

DAVID COWLES

Jazz anthologies score a hit.

Flashy jazz reissues from Charles Mingus to Keith Jarrett.

Of course, the big bands predate Ray Charles, rock and roll and even World War Two. More to the point, they have survived and adapted. On ***Journey*** (Birdology), McCoy Tyner's third big-band album, the grand pianist amplifies his densely textured and uniquely percussive keyboard style with much the same success that garnered him a Grammy in 1993. Tyner's arrangers have improved at translating the jagged angularity of his playing; star-turn solos by tenor saxist Billy Harper and sizzling lead trumpet work from Earl Gardner make the entire trip first class.

A new name on the big-band shelves, Joe Roccisano, debuts his 15-piece outfit on ***The Shape I'm In*** (Landmark). This New York altoist wrote all the arrangements, and he displays a wide and colorful palette, leaning toward bright sonorities and buoyant melodies. He also manages to skirt the edges of "contemporary jazz" with much more depth than that label usually connotes. A more unusual orchestral project stems from the collaboration of composer-arrangers Vince Mendoza and Arif Mardin, the WDR Big Band (with guest soloists Al DiMeola and Michael Brecker) and Los Jovenes Flamencos, an authentic flamenco troupe. The resultant masterpiece of cross-cultural fusion carries the punning title ***Jazzpaña*** (Atlantic). On it, Mendoza and Mardin work modern alchemy on the traditional music of Spain, emerging as inheritors of the mantle that draped Miles Davis' *Sketches of Spain* 35 years ago.

To hear musicians and technicians tell it, something akin to alchemy is taking place in Maryland, site of Mapleshade Productions. The label has gained audiophile renown for simplifying and purifying the digital recording process. The studio itself, designed and built by a back-to-basics former aircraft designer, occupies a 19th century mansion, where artists stay as unhurried guests until they've achieved their musical aims.

This idyllic process clearly worked on pianist Larry Willis' gorgeous, brocaded collaboration with trumpeter Jack Walrath, ***Portraits in Ivory and Brass.*** The unusual dual instrumentation recalls some of Louis Armstrong's earliest records, with Willis and Walrath reveling in the wide open spaces of the format. Spring also brings ***Masters from Different Worlds,*** the last meeting between the late hard-bop saxist Clifford Jordan and pianist Ran Blake, a fascinating postmodern reconstructionist. Blake's writing realigns familiar compositions (such as Ellington's *Mood Indigo* and Lennon's *Julia*). As a result, the music shines out from unexpected corners. (Mapleshade Productions, 2301 Crain Highway, Upper Marlboro, MD 20772.)

Charlie Haden's Quartet West scored a hit with its previous album, which imaginatively summoned the film noir imagery of Los Angeles in the Forties. It returns to the same soundstage for ***Always Say Goodbye*** (Verve). Haden, a gifted bassist who has anchored bands led by both Ornette Coleman and Keith Jarrett, once again opens the album with a vintage-film fanfare and makes good use of period vocal recordings; he again spotlights pianist Alan Broadbent and saxophonist Ernie Watts, while sprinkling bebop anthems and ballads among new compositions that echo the earlier era. But like most sequels, this one has more formula than fizz.

The short list demands a listen to Peter Madsen's ***Snuggling Snakes*** (Minor Music), on which the pianist runs the gamut from moody modern cocktails to bristling musical speedballs. Reedman Paquito D'Rivera returns to his roots—and showcases some of his own mentors—on ***40 Years of Cuban Jam Sessions*** (Messidor). And one more reissue: ***San Francisco*** (Blue Note), from the mid-Seventies band led by vibist Bobby Hutcherson and saxist Harold Land, still captures its time and place with the clarity of *Tales of the City*. Welcome back.

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MUSIC

ROBERT CHRISTGAU

MOST HIP-HOP is so male-identified that even man-friendly female rappers such as MC Lyte fail to score the precious-metal album sales of colleagues with less talent and more penis. The sole exception has been Salt-N-Pepa. Commercial presences since 1986's pelvic *Push It* and the Otis Redding cover *Tramp*, Salt, Pepa and turntable whiz Spinderella are experts at mining sex and soul for dollars and cents.

Shoop, the lead single from ***Very Necessary*** (Next Plateau/London), typifies their shtick: a lyric that has the girls surveying talent—"wanna thank your mother for a butt like that"—over a *Sweet Inspirations* sample. *Groove Me* (dancehall rhythms under the King Floyd title), *None of Your Business* (as in "ain't nobody's"), *Sexy Noises Turn Me On* (male and female both) and *Whatta Man* (background vocals by En Vogue) vary the formula. And a closing playlet called *I've Got AIDS* is rap's scariest condom ad yet.

Sexual tastes are personal, so those who find Salt-N-Pepa a mite soft-core have a femme-rap option: HWA (Hoez With Attitude), which includes a Chicago real estate saleswoman and her two friends, who moved to Los Angeles to make it in show business. ***Az Much Ass Azz U Want*** (Ruthless) is a concept EP about oral sex. Give the ladies credit: Contradicting many of their male colleagues, they argue that just because you give head, it doesn't mean you're a slut.

FAST CUTS: On the title cut of John Forster's ***Entering Marion*** (Philo), he misreads a road sign with sexually hilarious results, and his Paul Simon parody ain't bad, either.

Born to Choose (Rykodisc) works a gratifying double whammy: entertaining and educational as both alternative-rock sampler and pro-choice propaganda.

CHARLES M. YOUNG

As the foremost practitioner of Moroccan Rai music, Khaled makes his pitch to American audiences with ***N'ssi N'ssi*** (Mango/Cohiba). Produced by funkmaster Don Was, the music effervesces and erupts. With its driving percussion, horns and snarling rock guitars, it sounds to me like salsa crossed with late Led Zeppelin. Maybe that's a circular description, since Led Zeppelin was greatly influenced by Rai. As for Khaled's singing, the guy packs an astounding amount of energy into an astounding number of notes, many of which are quarter tones you didn't even know existed. Khaled's lyrics have apparently inspired lots of official disapproval in Africa, and it's easy to see why. Adult authority everywhere lives in constant fear that young people will discover sex, alcohol and other fun stuff. Khaled vigorously endorses fun stuff, and that's clear even if you don't bother to read his lyrics in translation.

FAST CUTS: Blood Oranges, ***The Crying Tree*** (ESD): Energetic rock and roll that mixes country, folk and metal with just the right balance of dark and light. Reminiscent of X and Cowboy Junkies, it will get you through any dark night of the soul.

Morrissey, ***Vauxhall and I*** (Sire): If you enjoy dark nights of the soul.

Big Jack Johnson, ***The Oil Man*** (Earwig): Rollicking electric blues with driving riffs, great jokes and no frills.

Salt-N-Pepa's *Very Necessary*.

Salt-N-Pepa spice it up, Nine Inch Nails rails and jazzmaster Jelly Roll Morton gets his propers.

NELSON GEORGE

Puerto Rican pop star Lisa Lisa has changed record companies and ditched her backup band, the Cult Jam. Clearly, this is a woman determined to make changes. It's not surprising, then, that her new album, ***LL77*** (Pendulum/ERG), is her most mature, intimate work to date. Unlike Lisa's previous dance-driven recordings, the new effort is defined by darker-sounding, atmospheric songs.

Why Can't Lovers is a story song in which the New York–based vocalist talks her way through a reminiscence of a passionate love affair gone wrong. Equally moody and affecting is *Covers*, which has the provocative hook "I need more than just covers tonight," backed by an ominous keyboard arrangement. *Acid Rain* uses a teasing guitar riff as the backbone of this unusually titled song about lust. More in keeping with her earlier hits is *If This Is Real*, a perky, mid-tempo, minor-key dance cut. In many ways, *LL77* sounds like a more commercial version of the solo records that were made by ex–Prince sidewomen Wendy & Lisa.

FAST CUTS: Lords of the Underground are a new rap trio who met at Shaw University. Their debut album, ***Here Come the Lords*** (ERG), was made under the supervision of pioneering old-school producer Marley Marl and his associate K-Def. These hip-hop college boys freestyle with verve and energy over tracks such as *Chief Rocka* and *Here Come the Lords*. This is a promising debut that matches the veterans' touch with youthful energy.

Jodeci is as schizophrenic as any band in pop. The title of their second LP, ***Diary of a Mad Band*** (Uptown/MCA) suggests angry lyrics, yet it is the heart-rending love songs such as *Feenin'*, *What About Us* and *Cry for You* that make this collection special. Their edgy, rap-oriented material may be the direction Jodeci wants to go. But that doesn't matter. What they really are are balladeers.

DAVE MARSH

Jelly Roll Morton's place as a pioneer genius of jazz could hardly be better established. The release of the recordings Morton made in 1938 for the Library of Congress showcases him as one of the great blues singers, too. On ***Kansas City Stomp, Anamule Dance, The Pearls*** and ***Winin' Boy Blues*** (all released by Rounder), Morton spans the black music of his period. Here are marches, blues, ragtime, opera numbers and an array of folk tunes played with an equally broad range of emotion.

The highlight comes on the third volume, *The Pearls*. Its first seven tracks are given over to a 30-minute song cycle, *The Murder Ballad*. In it, a Storyville woman vows to "cut your throat and drink your blood like wine" when she finds out that a "bitch fucks my man." Caught and sent to jail, she falls in love first with her own fingers, then with her cellmate, until ultimately (in the final and dullest pair of tracks) she repents. It's no surprise that it took half a century for this explicit female version of *Staggerlee* to reach the public. What's amazing is that Rounder

managed to put out such a violence- and sex-saturated series of songs without being stomped by Janet Reno, Terry Rakolta, Jesse Jackson and Catharine MacKinnon simultaneously. Better pick this one up quick, while it's still legal.

FAST CUTS: ***The Fabulous Wailers: The Boys from Tacoma*** (Etiquette): The Northwest's original rockers laid the seeds for *Spanish Castle Magic*, *Smells Like Teen Spirit* and *Hunger Strike* with brief but wild freak-outs like the original white-bread *Louie Louie*, *Frenzy* and *Out of Our Tree* (2442 NW Market St., Seattle, WA 98107).

The Fugs First Album and ***The Fugs Second Album*** (Fugs/Ace [UK]): Did you miss the Sixties? The era's perfect combination of romantic poetry (by which I mean Swinburne and Blake) and radical pornography (by which I mean *Slum Goddess* and *Dirty Old Man*) is available again. Plus warped country, psychofolkabilly and lots of bad jokes.

VIC GARBARINI

The unspoken 11th commandment of rock is that guitars rule and synthesizers suck, and never the twain shall meet—at least not as friends. Trent Reznor, the one-man band who records under the moniker Nine Inch Nails, will scramble the way you think about electronic music mating with strings and wires. Listen to his latest, ***The Downward Spiral*** (Interscope), then imagine the ferocity of a Nirvana guitar attack set in the cyberspace of early Pink Floyd, while a crazed tribe of John Bonhams pounds out a thundering Led Zep–style drum frenzy. What's truly amazing is that as Reznor so ingeniously processes all this stuff through a bank of keyboard samplers and computers, you'd swear this was live music played by superhumans. Here the machines refine and serve the music, yielding an organized blend of instruments that sounds more real than real. And he has a way with hooks and melodies that helps the weirdness go down smoothly. Although his lyrics are unremittingly bleak, Reznor is no Satan with a synth. He rails at the heavens in ways that will make you squirm, but there's something uplifting about it. Welcome to future-shock rock.

FAST CUTS: Another commandment broken: Guitar texturalists and noisemongers such as My Bloody Valentine and Sonic Youth generally avoid snappy hooks and tidy song structures. Last year, Smashing Pumpkins, Urge Overkill and Radiohead proved it could be done. Now it's southern California's Dig, with their churning, visceral triple-guitar attacks. On ***Dig*** (Radioactive/Wasteland), they prove that industrial-strength pop can get you to hum along without making you feel like a wuss.

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Dig	7	8	7	6	6
Khaled *N'ssi N'ssi*	8	8	7	6	8
Lisa Lisa *LL77*	7	8	7	6	6
Jelly Roll Morton *The Pearls*	9	9	8	8	7
Salt-N-Pepa *Very Necessary*	7	7	8	7	8

ROCKING ON THE INFORMATION HIGHWAY DEPARTMENT: Rock and roll and CD-ROM have met and mated. First **Heart** did it, then **Peter Gabriel.** Soon, **Mick Jagger** and the **Dead** will join them. The marriage of computer and CD technology produces hours of entertainment. The future is now.

REELING AND ROCKING: *Backbeat*, the film about the **Beatles'** early days, will feature an alternative supergroup playing cover versions of the songs. **Greg Dulli** takes the **Lennon** vocals, **Dave Pirner** handles **McCartney,** and **Mike Mills, Dave Grohl** and **Thurston Moore** round out the group. Look for a soundtrack LP. . . . **Dwight Yoakam** has a role in the Showtime movie *Roswell*, an account of a UFO sighting in Roswell, New Mexico starring **Martin Sheen** and **Kyle MacLachlan.** . . . The life of the late concert promoter **Bill Graham** provides the basis of a documentary that will feature many of the artists with whom Graham worked in his 25-year career. Look for it in late 1994 or early 1995. . . . Genius casting: The **B52s** will appear in *The Flintstones*, performing live at Bedrock's Cavern on the Green. . . . Will *Evita* ever get made? This year's front-runners are **Mariah Carey** and **Gloria Estefan.** . . . **Winona Ryder's** movie *Reality Bites* features a score by **World Party's Karl Wallinger** with songs by **U2, Lenny Kravitz, Crowded House** and the **Posies,** among others.

NEWSBREAKS: **Rod Stewart** was so happy unplugging that you can expect future LPs to have acoustic songs. . . . There will be mega tours in 1994, including the **Stones** and **Pink Floyd.** Possible reunion tours include the **Eagles** and **Traffic.** Even **New Kids on the Block**—now called **NKOTB**—will be out and about. . . . Then there are the hardy perennials: The Grateful Dead had the top-grossing tour of 1993, $45.6 million from 81 shows. . . . The Hard Rock Cafes are planning to get into concert promotion with a large outdoor show at the Newport Beach, California restaurant this spring. Other shows are being planned for early summer at the chain's three southern California locations. . . . **Elvis Costello's** reunion LP with the **Attractions** will be accompanied by a long North American tour starting any day now. . . . **Billy Ray Cyrus'** second TV special is also airing any day, and he's working on his next album. . . . The Algonquin, the famous New York hotel, will continue its tradition as a haven for artists and writers with a performance and discussion series featuring songwriters. **Brian Wilson, Jimmy Webb, Al Jarreau, Peter Yarrow** and **Odetta** are among those who will appear throughout May. . . .The **Duran Duran** release of covers, called *Thank You*, replaced the promised unplugged LP. No word on when that will be in the stores. . . . Although **Neil Young** is no fan of CD sound, Reprise is rereleasing five of his albums anyway. According to Reprise, his fans have demanded them. . . . **George Michael** won't lead a **Queen** reunion. After the Sony trial, all Michael wants to do is get into the studio and on with his next project. . . . The Foundation for the Advancement of the Blues and the Chicago Blues Archives have an exhibit running through 1994 in Chicago called *Views of the Blues: Photographers of Chicago Blues*. When you're in town, check it out. . . . Finally, when **Russell Simmons** and **Rick Rubin** were starting Def Jam in their dorm room, do you think Simmons ever thought he'd be the honoree at a $250-a-plate breakfast benefit? Well, he was at Lifebeat, the music industry organization that fights AIDS. No more pizza slices. —BARBARA NELLIS

BOOKS

By DIGBY DIEHL

MOST SPORTS FANS need to see the game. Can you imagine a roundup of hockey books? That baseball fans just can't get enough is evidenced by the number and diversity of books written on the subject. This year's crop is particularly rich. Exhibit A: Keith Hernandez and Mike Bryan's ***Pure Baseball: Pitch by Pitch for the Advanced Fan*** (HarperCollins). Ah, we said, the advanced fan. We have never seen the game scrutinized with such care and detail. Hernandez, who won 11 Gold Glove awards while playing for the St. Louis Cardinals and New York Mets, provides commentary on two ball games in the 1993 season: a Phillies–Braves matchup and an extra-innings battle between the Tigers and the Yankees.

Hernandez examines the overall strategies of the games and offers good analyses of fielding techniques, base stealing, lineups, umpiring etiquette, double-steal rundowns, hit-and-runs, signals, infield shifts and more. His most intense and incisive analysis, however, is saved for the psychology of the pitcher-hitter duels: "For me, this battle of wits and balance of talent between the pitcher and the hitter is baseball. Everything else is secondary." No matter where you are watching, you will never again see the game in the same way.

Dave Anderson takes the longer, historical view in ***Pennant Races: Baseball at its Best*** (Doubleday). He re-creates 15 of the most exciting pennant races in the history of the game, from the 1908 struggles (featuring Ty Cobb and Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance) to what he calls "the last pure pennant race" last year. His retellings of these famous baseball battles are anecdotal and nostalgic in the tradition of David Halberstam and Roger Kahn, but Anderson brings solid insight to his analysis.

Some events that baseball would like to forget are relived in ***Field of Screams: The Dark Underside of America's National Pastime*** (W. W. Norton). Author Richard Scheinin doesn't have to search far for clay feet and false heroes as he debunks the romantic mythology of baseball. The game has had plenty of unpleasant moments, from 1860, when Brooklyn Atlantics fans chased the rival Excelsiors from the field into the streets and threw rocks at their horse-drawn carriage, to 1990, when Pete Rose pleaded guilty to felony charges related to his gambling. Scheinin chronicles them all, sometimes with unseemly glee: "In baseball, you can see the whole panorama of the lower end of human experience: alcohol, drugs, wife-beating, horrible murders, suicide by carbolic acid (popular around the turn of the century). The vices have grown more expensive as salaries have risen—cocaine costs more than booze. But the vices are still essentially the same. They are all in the game."

BILL CONE

Baseball for the advanced fan.

Baseball books, Donleavy's fabulous memoirs and a last word on Crichton.

Almost all baseball-inspired writing is by men—but not all, as demonstrated by ***Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend*** (Faber and Faber), edited by Elinor Nauen. This anthology includes fine pieces by Anna Quindlen, Letty Cottin Pogrebin, Patricia Highsmith, Annie Dillard and others. But the ten-karat gem in this collection is Barbara Grizzuti Harrison's evocative tribute to Red Barber.

Then there are the women who played. ***Women in Baseball: The Forgotten History*** (Praeger), by Gai Inham Berlage, is an entertaining chronicle of the female pioneers that takes us back to the 1860s, when women first ran the bases.

Three Men on Third—and Other Wacky Events From the World of Sports (Prentice Hall), by Carl Sifakis, is an anthology of sports bloopers that contains a lot of funny baseball anecdotes. The title refers to a 1926 game in which the Daffiness Boys, as the Brooklyn Dodgers were known, managed to foul up their signals and ended up with three runners gathered around third base after Babe Herman slammed a drive to right. They were all tagged out in the goofiest triple play ever.

Quite understandably, even diehard fans occasionally come across an incomprehensible word or phrase in the argot of baseball. Now they can look it up in ***Grand Slams, Hat Tricks and Alley-oops: A Sports Fan's Book of Words*** (Prentice Hall), by Robert Hendrickson. Amaze your pals by knowing what a Blind Tom is—or even a Black Betsy.

Finally, two non-baseball books: The first is a delightful novel by Paul Mantee, the author of *In Search of the Perfect Ravioli*. ***Bruno of Hollywood*** (Ballantine) is a witty, warmhearted tale of a young man struggling to break into the movie business in 1957. He lives, breathes and fantasizes movies as he transforms himself from Bruno Sangenito of Granville into Johnny Bruno, the actor. The second book is the extraordinary saga of J. P. Donleavy's early life, as told in ***The History of the Ginger Man*** (Houghton Mifflin). Donleavy and his friends led a wild post–World War Two life in Ireland, which was the basis for *Ginger Man*. Whether or not it could have been quite as crazy, alcoholic and larger-than-life as Donleavy remembers hardly matters. This is a remarkable and elegantly written literary memoir.

A footnote: In retrospect, it is difficult to understand all the excitement over Michael Crichton's ***Disclosure*** (Knopf). He purports to explore sexual harassment by reversing the usual male and female roles in a fictional situation. However, Crichton imposes such a peculiar set of romantic circumstances on the one harassment scene in the novel that it could hardly be relevant to the unpleasantries of real harassment in the workplace. But, hey, life is life and art is art. These various quibbles won't stop the megabucks movie deal or heated arguments over dinner.

BOOK BAG

All You Need to Know About the Music Business (Simon & Schuster), by Donald Passman: Inside information from music-law attorney Passman, who has helped Quincy Jones, Tom Waits and Janet Jackson. This music-biz bible arms musicians with all the weapons, other than talent, needed to survive and prosper.

Rotten: No Irish, No Blacks, No Dogs (St. Martin's Press), by John Lydon with Keith and Kent Zimmerman: A no-bullshit autobiography by Johnny Rotten of the Sex Pistols.

Snake-Eater (Dell Publishing), by Don Bendell: A gut-wrenching story of the author's experiences as a Green Beret in the Special Forces unit during dangerous missions in North Vietnam.

Blind Corners: Adventures on Seven Continents (ICS Books), by Geoff Tabin: Take a wild ride with the author as he uses his wits and skills to hunt with the M'Buti Pygmies in Zaire and explore the Antarctic in search of adventure.

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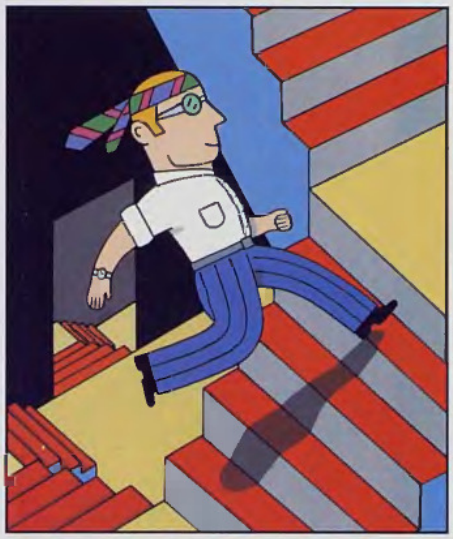
FITNESS SMARTS

By JON KRAKAUER



STEVE TURN

ON THE ROAD AGAIN

Getting fit is a long, sweaty process. There are no instant results, no magical machines or diets. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. And when you finally do whip yourself into shape, it's astonishing how quickly hard-won muscle fiber, given half a chance, reverts to flab.

Recidivism happens as easily as this: After months of grueling gym work, just as you start to feel honed, your boss asks you to call on clients in Minot, Lubbock and Muleshoe. When you finally stagger home, you discover that three weeks of bad food and perching on hotel barstools has transformed your once powerful body into quivering pulp.

Well, Bubba, if you follow the advice of Seattle-based fitness expert Peter Shmock, you needn't devolve into a giant slug every time an extended trip takes you out of the gym. Shmock, a two-time Olympic shot-putter turned personal trainer, serves as the director of strength and conditioning for the Seattle Mariners. The majority of Shmock's clients, however, are not big-name jocks—they are dedicated amateur athletes, weekend hackers like you and me. And for those of us who adhere to a serious training regimen only to see our gains dissolve every time we hit the road, Shmock has concocted a simple, efficient in-hotel workout that requires no equipment whatsoever.

"The aim of my training methods," Shmock emphasizes, "is athletics and recreational performance, not getting buffed to look good on the beach. I think fitness should be functional."

Toward that end, Shmock devised an approach he calls center-mass training. "Human movement and power," he explains, "originate in the center of the body—from the large muscles of the thighs and buttocks, the lower back, abdomen—and radiate outward." Ignorant of this fact, the typical gym-goer instead concentrates on building isolated, noncentral muscle groups, such as the biceps and calves. "It makes a lot more sense," Shmock insists, "to focus on the largest, most important muscles in the body and to incorporate as many muscle groups as possible into each exercise. That holds true whether you're training in a hotel room or a gym."

Shmock suggests starting the session in your room with yoga-like breathing and stretching movements, followed by light calisthenics (such as jumping jacks and running in place) to get the juices flowing. After you've broken a sweat and your joints feel supple and well-oiled, it's time for the real work.

Stair hops: Leave your room and enter one of the hotel's stairwells. At the bottom step, place your legs together and hop upstairs, two steps at a time—three steps if your legs are unusually long. "Execute 10 to 12 hops," Shmock advises, "and hop from a deep squat to a fully extended position. Pay close attention to your feet each time you land. Don't worry about moving fast, but concentrate on doing the movement as gracefully as possible." A dozen hops should take 30 to 35 seconds. When you're done, walk back down, rest for half a minute or so, then immediately start the following exercise.

Stair pulls: Stand at the bottom of the stairs and grasp the railings with one hand on each side. Keeping your left foot on the landing, stretch your right foot up four to six steps, to the highest step it can reach. Then, using both your arms and your legs, pull yourself up in one smooth motion until you are standing comfortably on your right foot. Next stretch your left foot up another four to six steps and pull yourself up again. Alternating legs, repeat this process on the stairs five times.

Torso turns: Return to your room and recline on the carpet. Lie on your back with your arms stretched out to either side, palms down. Bending your legs, raise them from the floor, swivel your hips and slowly lower your knees toward your left armpit while simultaneously twisting your chin to the right. Keep both shoulders pressed to the carpet to maximize the stretch. Hold for three seconds, then slowly return to the original position. Repeat, this time driving knees to the opposite armpit. When you get good at it, try it with extended legs. Do five repetitions on each side, then rest.

Plyometric push-ups: Start with ten ordinary push-ups. Rest for 30 seconds. Next, do ten push-ups from the knees (what used to be called, in a more innocent age, "girls' push-ups"), but as you extend your arms at the apogee of the motion, accelerate and thrust hard so that your hands leave the ground by two inches or so. As you come back down, try to land as gently as a cat. Alternate between sets of regular and plyometric push-ups.

To maximize the workout, Shmock suggests minimizing the rest periods between exercises. Initially, try to rest no more than two minutes for every minute of work; a ratio of one minute of rest to one minute of work is even better.

Whatever you do, Shmock urges you to bear in mind that "how gracefully you move is at least as important as how hard you work. Try to remain relaxed and in balance throughout each exercise; perform as though an imaginary judge were watching from the sideline, giving you a score on how easy you make it look." Too many of us, he laments, are "stuck in that old gym-class mentality, the belief that 'more, faster, harder' is the ultimate way to get fit. It isn't. There's a lot more to training than hammering your body.

"If you exercise in your room for 30 minutes just two times a week, maybe augment that by going out for a 30-minute run twice a week," Shmock says. "That's really all it takes to maintain fitness when you're on the road—less than two hours of work in seven days. You probably won't make gains at that level of training, but you'll certainly be able to hang on to what you have."

KENT STEFFES, WORLD BEACH VOLLEYBALL CHAMPION, RELAXING OFF THE COURT IN HIS POLAR FLEECE AND DELPHI LEATHER RUNNING SHOES – FROM FILA.

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FILA

MEN

By ASA BABER

Karl Benson is a man who has done everything right. He is 39 years old, stands 5'9", weighs 135 pounds and is a devout vegetarian. He never smokes, never drinks and is a believer in sexual abstinence. He is a former marathon runner and a student of Zen Buddhism. According to the actuarial tables, Karl should live until approximately five minutes before forever.

I got a letter from Karl last year. "Things are not so good here," he wrote. "I have had several heart attacks and am still having problems. Imagine! Me, with my low cholesterol and healthy habits."

"I can imagine," I wrote back. "The best-laid plans of mice and men can get all fucked up in an instant." I went on to wish him well, and I suggested, not too delicately, that he go out, get drunk, get laid and loosen up. "You are wound pretty tight," I said, "and it's time to ease the spring. Don't think about it. Just do it."

Maybe Karl took my advice. Anyway, I haven't yet heard that he is dead.

Last night I had a single-malt scotch on the rocks, six plump Apalachicola oysters and two glasses of a rich California chardonnay, as well as a dinner of rice, salad and broiled baby salmon, followed by a piece of chocolate cake and a B&B, as well as a delicious Cuban cigar that was smuggled into this country by the same people who brought us Castro's daughter. I paid the check happily and with no regrets.

Last night I also had a rollicking good time in intimate liaison with a woman who knows what pleasure means and that life is fun and then you die. She tasted great, felt fantastic and is now a star player in my private random access memory. I call her BJD, which stands for Blow Job Divine. Do not read sexual harassment into this, Radical Feminist Breath. The nickname amuses her.

Last night, once again, I took my considered revenge on the prospect of my own mortality by enjoying life, and I felt not one moment of guilt or shame as I did. I am not saying that I will live forever. Far from it. But I do plan to die with a smile on my face. And if you see this as an example of a self-absorbed man bragging about his own sensuality, you are right on the money. It has taken me years to get to this honest place about my appetites, and I no longer apologize for

JANE FISHER

A RETURN TO OUR SENSES

them. Once upon a time, I was one of the new puritans, too, and my life was self-restricted and dull. But now I admit it: I love to fuck, eat, drink and play. In that order. And often.

Even better, I know that I am not alone in my return to a life of the senses, to a life of eating and drinking and vigorous sexuality. I believe that something quite fine is happening in this culture today. We are moving from the grim task of universal self-denial to the more pleasant joys of sensual self-indulgence, and we are doing it with a sweet wink of contempt toward those who have tried to shame us and limit our search for pleasure.

Most of the guys I know—guys who were recently working out every day of the week and twice on Sundays—are giving up in the unwinnable battle for perfection and immortality. The contemporary experts (shrinks and physicians and preachers and cultural commentators) who have surrounded us with their morbid prescriptions for lifeless life, censored love and the pursuit of politically correct unhappiness have been lecturing us for years about the evils of sensuality. But, I am pleased to report, their power over us is diminishing.

For the past several decades, men have been told what not to say, what not to think, how not to screw, what not to eat or drink. They have been advised on how to castrate themselves in all situations by some of the most colorless scolds in the universe.

But here we are in the spring of 1994, men of incorrigible energy and continual lust, our dicks in our hands and our senses taking in the movable feast of the world. Ain't we lucky? And haven't we always been like this, even in those times when we pretended to be respectable and castrated?

It is OK, gentlemen, to be the horny fuckers that we are. It is OK for us to love this material world.

Having said all this, I know that I will be scolded by some of my readers for writing this column. So before the fact, let me answer some of my potential critics:

"*Shame on you, Baber. In the age of AIDS you seem to be recommending promiscuity and unbridled passion.*" I'm for passion, bridled or unbridled. But I'm not for unprotected sex. Use condoms and common sense in your playtime. Know your partners and watch your step. But don't close out all sexuality because of AIDS and other diseases. Abstinence will not work for long. It is unrealistic to demand it of yourself. No matter what the new puritans tell us, the Force is with us. It has to be dealt with, not denied.

"*You are promoting bad health and heart disease when you brag about your lousy diet and your failure to exercise.*" I don't fail to exercise. I simply take it in greater moderation these days. And I'm careful with my diet most of the time. But good food is one of life's joys, and I refuse to eat only bran muffins and drink carrot juice. My current motto: "Fuck like a rabbit, but don't eat like one."

"*Alcohol is the root of all evil, but here you are, promoting it.*" Again, let me ask you: Has anybody heard of moderation? Alcohol can be disastrous for some people. So let them stay away from it. But for all of its noisy detractors, alcohol also has health benefits. It can be a tasty treat, a tranquilizer and a thing of beauty. Abuse it, and you get what you deserve.

"*Two questions: Does Blow Job Divine have a phone number? And if so, will you send it to me?*" Yes, she has a phone number. And no, I won't send it to you. Not on your ever-lovin' cotton-picking life.

WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

Do you know how many women have been genitally mutilated in Africa? Does it make the front page of any newspaper? Does anybody, any man, even care? No, no. Way too combative and guilt-tripping. Probably a lot of men do care, and just like me, they sit staring into space trying to figure out what to do about it. Go to Africa with an attitude? Then what?

We live in a society where violence against women is practiced incessantly. Statistically, violent crimes have gone down, except for the rape and murder of guess who, which has increased by about ten percent in the past decade. And if that's not scary enough, violence against women is ritualized in the media. Every week brings us a new woman-in-jeopardy-of-being-maimed-and-mutilated movie, a new rap song about tying the bitch whore to a chair and beating the shit out of her.

(Even worse! More guilt-tripping! Men will just get defensive, and when men get defensive, testosterone takes over their brains and they either become pinched and monosyllabic or they throw a lamp at you. And anyway, two wrongs don't make a right.)

Damn it. How can I explain how pissed off I am about the Lorena Bobbitt phenomenon without it turning into a war of the sexes, which I don't think it is?

Perhaps I should start by discussing women and penises.

We have no envy. I don't care what that old misguided patriarch Sigmund Freud said. We may like a penis, but we don't want one. We watch men on hot days adjusting their scrotums, trying to get comfortable, and we're pleased with the state of our tidy genitalia.

Plus, the idea of having to deal with penile function is terrifying. How come men can always, or almost always, get it up? Women cannot begin to fathom this. To be sexually aroused, we need everything just right. A little too much aftershave, a bad fart joke, red satin boxer shorts, and the mood is ruined.

So you can keep your penises. We're happy to enjoy them but have no interest in their care and maintenance. What we do envy is your power.

Power to walk down the street at night without contorting your body to make sure it looks as purposeful and asexual as possible. Power to walk alone into a

ISTVAN BANYAI

POWER ENVY

bar or restaurant without being swept head to toe by appraising eyes. The power of old-boy networks. The power of money. The power of muscles.

"Their penises are their most vulnerable part," said Cleo. "Everything about the penis makes men insecure. So we spend all our time building it up for them, telling them what a big deal it is. I think we went too far."

We sure did. We colluded with you in turning the penis into a monster. We pointed out skyscrapers, guns, trains, things of massive power, and said, "How phallic." You thought we meant it, but we were just being pleasant and accommodating in that dreadful way that women are. We helped you mythologize the penis, making it into a symbol of massive power and therefore by extension making men into symbols of massive power.

I was once up for a job on a battle-of-the-sexes kind of talk show and was given a list of show topics from the producer. At the top of the list was "The penis: Do women give it the respect that it deserves?"

What the fuck does that mean? Why should we give penises any more respect than, oh, earlobes? Are we supposed to worship it, revere it, make it into some kind of mystical being? Do women demand that men pay homage to ovaries? Come to think of it, why don't you?

That's what I said to the producer. Funnily enough, I didn't get the job.

Lorena Bobbitt is the most inanely accommodating woman in the world, an old-fashioned, man-respecting, family-oriented girl without much brain. She believes in old-fashioned values. That's why she cut off her husband's dick.

Your modern Nineties kind of a feminist is not steeped in the mythology that male power resides in the genitalia. Your modern woman believes in equality. But an old-fashioned girl believes she is inferior to her husband, believes she should steal pretty dresses to make herself as attractive as she can because she is powerless without him, identifies so strongly with her man that she feels she has no identity at all if she dares to separate from him, which is why she doesn't just pick up and leave when he rapes and abuses her.

An old-fashioned girl identifies so strongly with her man that she even identifies with his fantasies and fears. A big fear men have is vagina *dentata*, a vagina with teeth that will bite their penises right off. Supposedly this has something to do with overbearing mothers, but whatever, it's very annoying. We have no interest in biting off or severing the penis from the body in any way. Except Lorena Bobbitt, who has so little independent substance that she took her husband's fears as her own. We call it identifying with the oppressor.

If one more man throws Lorena Bobbitt at me and says, "There's feminism for you!" I will froth at the mouth. Too many men, noticeably media men, are always out to discredit feminism. In the Eighties they trotted out Andrea Dworkin—a strange fringe feminist who says all penetration is rape—and tried to get the world to believe that she was the feminist role model, that all feminists were like Andrea. Now they're trying the same thing with Lorena Bobbitt, a woman who should be the poster child for obsessive-compulsive maniacs.

Even poor, befuddled Lorena said, "If you're like me, get help." She didn't say, "Hey, gals, let's go on a dick-severing rampage!"

Freud was right about one thing. It's called transference. Look it up.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My husband and I are in our 40s and have swapped partners with another couple for four years. He and I tell each other everything that happens. My husband even knows that the woman and I have something on the side. However, her husband doesn't. Recently, she and I got caught when her 22-year-old son came home unexpectedly. She was a wreck because she doesn't want her husband to find out about us. I told her I would talk to her son. The next day he appeared at my front door. We talked for about an hour; he said he wouldn't tell his father about his mother and me. Then he asked if I would sleep with him. I did what he wanted and got really caught up in it. He hasn't told his parents, and I don't want my husband to find out because our rule is that we always discuss what we want to do before we do it. I have been sleeping with this kid three times a month ever since and would like to continue.—L. S., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Fooling around in your own family tree? Incest. Fooling around in someone else's? Insanity. You may all be consenting adults, but it sounds as if you learned your codes of conduct from soap operas. There are too many secrets here for this to last.

Can you now buy movies on compact discs? Are they any good and where do they fit into the home theater picture?—C. C., Fresno, California.

The answers to your questions are yes, sort of, and it's too soon to tell. Video CD, or V-CD, is a new movie format developed by JVC and Philips that's capable of storing up to 74 minutes of full-motion-video on five-inch, audio-size compact discs. On the positive side, V-CD offers digital sound, instant access to new scenes and a much longer lifespan than tape. But the picture quality is only about as good as VHS, and, since you can't record on V-CD and need at least two discs to store most prerecorded feature-length films, we don't expect the format to dent the tape or laser disc markets any time soon. With that in mind, if you're still gung ho to try V-CD, the discs cost about $25 and the hardware needed to play them sells for about $500 as home theater rack componentry. Or you can pay $250 for add-on modules to multimedia systems such as Philips CD-I or Panasonic's Real 3DO. We would recommend the latter route, because you'll at least be able to play video games, audio CDs and photo CDs if V-CD is a bust.

Recently, my brother survived a serious motorcycle accident, but now he's paraplegic. He's adjusting pretty well and has returned to work, but he gets depressed about having to hang up his

sex life at 28. Is there anything he can do?—G. Y., Danville, California.

Contrary to popular belief, most spinal cord injuries do not mean the end of sex. In a recent survey of 38 men aged 18 to 70 with either paraplegia (paralyzed legs) or quadriplegia (paralyzed arms and legs), more than a third said they had resumed sexual activity within six months of their injuries, and another third got back into sex within one year. Of course, sex changes after a spinal cord injury—few of the men could ejaculate. But a majority said they could raise some type of erection, and most reported having orgasms. (Physiologically, ejaculation and orgasm are two different things. It's quite possible to have one without the other.) Many sex therapists specialize in helping people with spinal cord injuries get the most out of sex. If your brother has trouble finding a therapist who can help him, he can contact the American Association of Sex Educators, Counselors and Therapists, 435 North Michigan Ave., Suite 1717, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or the Society for the Scientific Study of Sex, P.O. Box 208, Mount Vernon, Iowa 52314.

There is an annoying low buzz that comes through my stereo speakers. I checked all the cables and speaker wires, but the problem remains. Do I need a new stereo?—A. L., Portland, Oregon.

A common cause of hum and buzz in stereos is a light dimmer somewhere in the house. (Hold a pocket radio next to the dimmer switch and you'll hear what we mean.) It's worse if it's on the same circuit breaker as your stereo. Consult an electrician about changing circuits, replacing the dimmer with a lower-noise variety or placing ferrite beads on the wiring as it enters the dimmer. Another possible culprit: interconnecting cables paralleling a power cord. The power line hum jumps from the power cord right into the audio wiring. Once in a while the grounding or ungrounding of components sets off a hornet's nest. It's called a ground loop and is easily cured, but preferably by someone who knows about electricity. If you cavalierly unground gear you may be in for the shock of your life.

My girlfriend has an exhibitionistic streak. She often goes braless in tight T-shirts. Many of her blouses are cut very low. And her cutoff shorts look like bikini panties with pockets. I used to like her flaunting it, but now I'm feeling uncomfortable. Any advice?—M. M., College Park, Maryland.

We have to confess a conflict of interest here. We like to move through a world filled with sexually confident women. Your girlfriend is an adult who has every right to wear what she wants. For the sake of your relationship and the quality of our visual environment, we advise you not to object to her clothing or lack thereof. Instead, compliment her when she wears something you like. We bet she'll enjoy your praises as much as she does the admiring glances of strangers.

What do cops think about radar detector users? I've heard if a police officer sees that you have a radar detector in your car, he or she will be harder on you if you're stopped for speeding. In which states is detector use illegal?—J. C., Danbury, Connecticut.

Most cops aren't crazy about radar detector users—they would prefer to have the advantage here—but unless you've drawn a real hard case, the majority of state and local police won't unduly penalize a detector user. Some officers do take particular pride in ambushing a car with a radar detector, reasoning that to catch you when you're armed requires all the more skill on their part. Radar detector use is no longer illegal in Connecticut. It is still prohibited in Virginia, Washington, D.C., and the following Canadian provinces: Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. If you are stopped in these areas, your radar detector may be confiscated, and you will probably be fined.

I'm a woman who has been into sexual self-exploration for years. I want to try ben-wa balls but haven't been able to locate any. Lately, I've been using golf balls as a substitute, usually inserting two for exercising or doing housework, and three for use with sex. Is it safe to put golf balls up my vagina?—D. R., Riverside, California.

We have to wonder at the thrill. The

ILLUSTRATION BY PATER SATO

original ben-wa consisted of two small spheres, usually made of ivory, plastic or metal. One sphere was hollow, the other filled with mercury. When placed in the vagina, the vibrations caused by the balls clacking together created sexual arousal. You may want to try the "vibrating bullet" model, which combines the effects of ben-wa stimulation with that of a vibrator. You or your partner control the variable speeds using a handheld remote. Either model can be ordered from Good Vibrations, a sex toy store specializing in vibrators. Order them by writing Good Vibrations at 938 Howard Street, Suite 101, San Francisco, California 94103, or phone 415-974-8990.

My wife and I were married at the young age of 21 and have been together more than 20 years. We have a great sex life. Lately I have felt a strong desire for sexual experimentation. I am reluctant, though, because I value my marriage. Recently I visited a swingers club alone. Although I did not participate, I talked to some people a lot like myself. I want to go back there with my wife. My problem is, how do I broach this subject with my wife without her thinking I've gone completely insane? This is not something she will easily discuss, but I can't help but feel that she might consider it.—R. R., Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

For years people believed that a man reached his sexual prime when he was 19, a woman when she was 35 or so. The reasoning was that a teenage boy was all testosterone, while a mature woman was finally comfortable with her body. Now we have more sophisticated knowledge about desire. Many people become more sexually adventurous when they hit middle age. Perhaps they want to try whatever experiences they missed when they were younger; maybe it's the realization that in a few more years they won't be able to get into any of those positions they read about in the "Kama Sutra." The question is, can your wife give up what's comfortable for something more challenging? You might want to start with less dramatic experiments.

I have quite a collection of vinyl 45s of original releases by Elvis, the Beatles and the Stones. How do I go about getting them appraised?—M. H., Huntington Beach, California.

Try the current "American Premium Record Guide," by Les Docks. (It's available for about $26, postpaid, from Books Americana, Inc., P.O. Box 2326, Florence, Alabama 35630. Or phone 205-757-9966.) The "Guide" covers the years from 1900 to 1965, so you'll get information on only the early recordings of the Beatles and Stones. Another resource is "Goldmine" magazine (700 E. State St., Iola, Wisconsin 54990-0001. Or phone 715-445-2214). It is a twice-monthly guide to the marketplace in music from all eras. They also publish the "Goldmine Price Guide to Collectible Record Albums, 1950–1979," by Neal Umphred. This softbound book covers records from Frank Sinatra to the Stones and costs $19.95.

Even though I have been happily married for two years and have great sex with my husband, I find myself fantasizing about my ex-lover all night and thinking about him all day. I feel like I am being unfaithful to my husband, and it's beginning to bother me. Do I confront my ex-lover with any of this? Should I tell this to my husband?—B. C., Olympia, Washington.

We think you are looking for an excuse to get in touch with your ex-lover, and you need to look at why. There are usually unresolved issues between former partners—that's why they are "ex" lovers. You say you are happily married, but obviously something is going on if you are preoccupied with your ex. Perhaps you are bored or dissatisfied with some aspect of your life and can't admit it to yourself. By all means, discuss your feelings with your husband. But do a favor to everyone involved and leave your ex-lover out of it.

My husband and I are very adventurous in bed, but he draws the line at the point where his fantasies end and mine begin. I have asked him to tell me his fantasies and have promised to make them happen. His biggest was to have two women in bed, which I arranged. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for him. But he won't allow me to have two men in bed, nor will he indulge my fantasy of being caught off guard and assaulted by him. He says he loves me too much to do that. How can I get him to cross the line?—A. K., Ocala, Florida.

Adventure is fine as long as you are exploring your own fantasy. It's familiar ground made real. Caution and control pop up when you head into unfamiliar terrain. Trying on another person's fantasy is tricky. We can understand your husband's reluctance to have another man in your bed—he may be afraid of jealousy or simply aware of his own limits. Your desire to be surprised carries negative connotations of rape. Try a role reversal on that one. Gradually introduce roughhousing or wrestling. Or put on a T-shirt and ask him to rip it off. See if you can get him to start thinking about what he's missing.

One of my friends told me that if I place a bag of ice on my scrotum moments before ejaculating, I will discharge twice the amount of semen and have an amazing orgasm. I'd like to try this with my girlfriend, but my friend has been known to play practical jokes. Is he yanking my chain?—M. H., Morgantown, West Virginia.

This technique—snowballing, or simply, the ice trick—was first described in John Eichenlaub's "The Marriage Art," published in 1961, and later enacted on film in "The Other Side of Midnight." Your friend has revealed himself as a bad-movie buff. Ice applied directly to the genitals right before climax can produce an astonishing orgasm. One reason: The scrotum rises during climax (the Oh My God response) and during temperature drops (the Yikes! response). Nothing like sensory overload to daze and confuse. One drawback: an icy wet spot.

I am a 24-year-old with a healthy sexual appetite consisting of frequent or daily masturbation and regular sexual intercourse with my lover. However, I once read a book about "seminal conservation," abstention from ejaculation unless for the purpose of conceiving a child. The book states that semen contains many vital vitamins and nutrients that are lost when a man ejaculates. It claims that constant ejaculation will result in the loss of energy and health. It recommends the process of orgasm without ejaculation. I do often feel "wasted" after masturbating or sex. What do you think?—R. Q., Honolulu, Hawaii.

Semen contains minute quantities of more than 30 elements—including fructose, ascorbic acid, cholesterol, creatine, citric acid, urea, uric acid, sorbitol, pyruvic acid, glutathione, inositol, lactic acid, nitrogen, B_{12}, salts (sodium, zinc, calcium, chloride, magnesium, potassium, phosphorus, ammonia) and enzymes (hyaluronidase, spermadine, choline, spermine, puine and pyrimidine) and deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA). There's nothing particularly vital here. Plus, there's not a lot of energy in ejaculate, perhaps one or two calories per squirt. You are exhausted from what you do that leads to the point of ejaculation. Take a Centrum and chill.

A friend wants to have a baby and has asked me to contribute my sperm. I guess I don't mind, but I'm curious about the legal aspects. She assures me she's not after anything else (specifically money), but should I get that in writing?—A. B., San Francisco, California.

As someone once said about prenuptial agreements, if you can't take her word for it, you need to get to know her better. You'll be the child's father, and no matter what kind of legal document you draw up, the courts likely would force you to take responsibility if the mother changed her mind. The welfare of the child, not the parents, is usually a judge's first concern. Proceed with caution.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.*

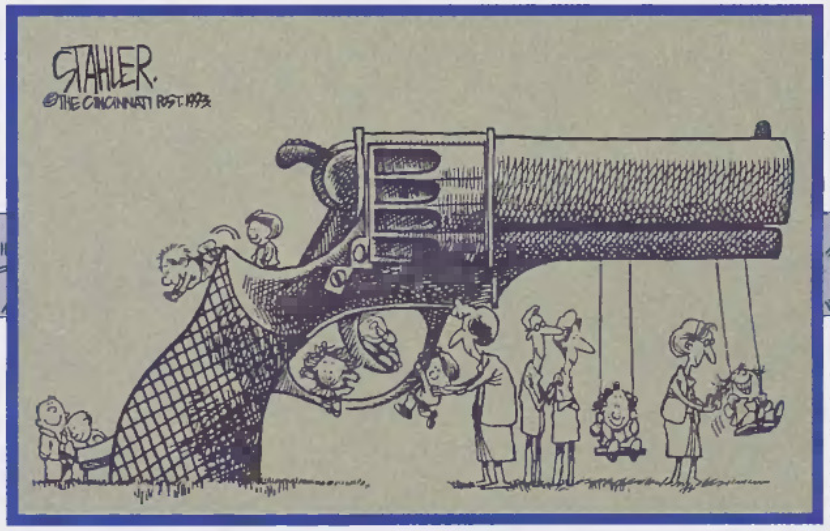
THE COMBAT ZONE

once more into the breach of gun control

"Dear PLAYBOY," the letter begins. "I find it impossible to continue to subsidize a magazine advocating gun control in lieu of people control. My subscription to PLAYBOY is canceled."

The letter writer offers no details. Did he read "Gun Control Scrapbook" in the July 1993 *Playboy Forum* and decide, like many others, that since we gave space to both sides of the debate we were collaborating with the enemy? Did he see that we also gave space on an outside wall of our Los Angeles offices to an artist's mural calling for an end to firearm violence involving children and decide that we were against nonviolent firearm use?

We'll never know. The battle over gun control has become as acrimonious as the brawl over abortion. We are witnessing a clash of absolutes, a struggle between the quality of life and a fundamental liberty. It is a debate that has become ossified. On one side are the limp-wristed liberals who would disarm law-abiding citizens; on the other are bloodthirsty yahoos who would shoot Bambi's mother. Is there a possibility of a negotiated peace? Or better yet, a new idea?



Polls show that even most gun owners want stricter laws. But like all good Americans, they want them for other people. In Chicago, the 1982 freeze on handgun ownership caused about 750,000 registered firearms simply to vanish from the rolls.

Gun control means more laws that would criminalize (or tax into absurdity) the sale and possession of guns not merely the acts committed with guns. We share the letter writer's concern about gun-control laws, laws that might turn this country's estimated 100 million gun owners into outlaws. For decades we have resisted government attempts to criminalize its citizens capriciously, or worse, in the name of some perceived social cost.

The letter writer urged people control. We already have laws that regulate gun use (and abuse) and do so without invading individual privacy or trampling a constitutional right. We want to deal with the outlaws we have, not the ones politicians create with the stroke of a pen.

How well does people control work? One study looked at the workloads of two judges in a city's gun court who were hearing between 20,000 and 25,000 gun cases a year, giving each an average of five and a half minutes. They dismissed more than 10,000, handed down 260 jail terms and imposed 1215 fines averaging $47 each. That level of punishment does not strike fear into the heart of a gangbanger whose second home is a police station.

Sale and possession laws fuel the debate; use laws directly address the problem. What else might work? Unfortunately, we cannot even address topics such as registration, owner licensing or mandatory safety courses on guns. These strategies might well discourage casual acquisition of guns by the irresponsible or criminal. But such a suggestion would be out of order to the likes of our reactionary former reader.

A refusal to compromise or to look at creative solutions characterizes both sides of the debate. It may be that we have approached the problem in the wrong manner. When your only tool is a hammer, every problem begins to look like a nail. When your only tool is a politician, every problem looks like a new law. In this case, perhaps the solution lies beyond government and the law.

PLAYBOY asked Contributing Editor William Helmer to interview experts from both sides of the debate to see what strategies—if any—appear reasonable or useful.

Michael Beard is president of the Coalition to Stop Gun Violence.

Paul Blackman is research coordinator of the National Rifle Association.

Sarah Brady is chairperson of Handgun Control Inc. She became involved in the gun control movement after her husband, Jim Brady, was disabled by a shot fired at President Reagan.

Roy Innis is National Chairman of the Congress of Racial Equality in New York.

Don Kates is a civil rights attorney, criminologist and author.

Sanford Levinson is a University of Texas law professor and constitutional scholar.

Joe Tartaro is president of the Second Amendment Foundation.

James Wright is an author and sociology professor at Tulane University and editor of the magazine *The New Gun*.

Franklin E. Zimring is a William Simon professor of law, and director of the Earl Warren Legal Institute at the

University of California, Berkeley. His studies of violence comparing guns with knives led him to support the restrictive licensing of handguns. He has also served as director of research on the task force on firearms of the National Violence Commission.

•

Should handgun ownership be discouraged as a matter of public policy?

Michael Beard: Absolutely. We think it ought to be as difficult as possible for private citizens to buy, own and carry guns. However, the coalition is not antihunting or opposed to the ownership of legitimate sporting weapons.

Paul Blackman: The term "sporting weapons" reveals a sense that the coalition believes most guns are for killing people. Michael's group has made it abundantly clear that they want all the firearms restrictions they can get.

Sarah Brady: We don't believe that gun ownership should be discouraged for hunting and collecting, but self-defense is another matter. A weapon used incorrectly is many times more likely to harm than protect its owner.

Who is pushing for gun control?

Joe Tartaro: The pressures for control used to come from "small R" republicans who represented the establishment. The "small L" liberals used to defend gun ownership by unionists, workers and the downtrodden generally.

Roy Innis: I think it's safe to generalize that the antigunners are mostly liberals who think protection of life and property is the job of government, yet look down on and are hostile toward the very police and military whom they believe should be the only groups with weapons.

Franklin Zimring: There are antigun conservatives and pro-gun liberals, but I think there is a good deal of ideological predictability. Liberals usually see crime as caused by social and other factors and tend to look for mechanical solutions, like cashless buses, cameras in banks or gun restrictions. Crime-control conservatives are less likely to look for technological fixes because they believe that the cause of crime is the evil that lurks in the hearts of men. That's where you get the most concise statement of their philosophical differences: "Guns don't kill people—people kill people."

Gun violence is on the front page of every newspaper. There are ads and organizations selling handguns to women—both exploiting the need for self-defense. Does this atmosphere sell guns or gun laws?

Beard: It's our hope that it will sell gun laws. Our fear is that it will sell guns. The question is whether the promotions of the firearms industry will convince women they need guns, which will perpetuate the problem for at least another generation.

Zimring: The paradox is that it's likely to turn up the pressure for more gun ownership and more gun laws at the same time. So fear-inducing epidemics of violence, or accounts of violence, increase pressure for stricter gun laws but are also great for the gun business.

Tartaro: A lot of people don't give much thought to guns until confronted by fear of crime or some natural or social catastrophe. During the Los Angeles riots, people who had supported the 15-day waiting period discovered that when police protection failed, they were helpless to protect their homes and property from thugs who had no problem getting guns by raiding gun shops—if they didn't have enough weapons already. Same thing after Hurricane Andrew. Police protection and other public services collapsed, and for more than a week crime control was provided effectively and without bloodshed by armed residents, who also protected their neighbors.

Why does the gun community get such bad press? Why do editorial cartoons depict gun owners as criminals or fools, and gun dealers as merchants of death?

Blackman: Most people in the news and entertainment media have been raised in the city. They associate guns only with violence and view gun owners as troglodytes.

Don Kates: The gun community's arguments are informed, sophisticated and comprehending of the nature of the problem. But it's the progunners who get attention. They are not articulate and generally come from a cultural background that limits their ability to communicate with their adversaries. Gun-control advocates go with what they understand—that guns kill people, therefore guns are bad, and therefore those who like guns are bad.

I GAVE UP SITTING ON MY FRONT PORCH.
I GAVE UP STROLLING THROUGH MY NEIGHBORHOOD.
I GAVE UP WALKING IN THE PARK.
I GAVE UP GOING OUT AT NIGHT.
I GAVE UP DRIVING ON UNFAMILIAR STREETS.
BUT I KEPT MY GUNS!
Ed Stein '93 Rocky Mtn. News Nea
REPRINTED BY PERMISSION NEA, INC.

Zimring: Media coverage is a marvelous example of the adage that it's the squeaky wheel that gets the grease—or coverage, in this case. We have gun owners in about half the households in the U.S., but those who squeak the loudest are the single-issue militants, including some pretty unusual people who are easy to caricature.

Tartaro: Guns pose almost no danger to the average person in this country, but they have become the main symbol of danger as we see it portrayed constantly in the news and in the entertainment media. They also symbolize the difference between the redneck hunter who understands practical matters and is not too idealistic or philosophical, and a patron of the arts who can't fix a flat but dreams wistfully of a world without strife.

What do you think the founding fathers had in mind when they drafted the Second Amendment?

Beard: It means what it says: The states can maintain a "well-regulated militia." It doesn't convey any sacred right to private gun ownership, as the Supreme Court and lower courts have repeatedly ruled in their decisions upholding local, state and federal gun

control laws.

Sanford Levinson: I disagree. If you look at the historic definition of militia, which referred to all adult male citizens, that suggests that something more is being protected than the relatively narrow right of a state to organize what we today call the National Guard. Consider also that in every other instance the term people is used not collectively but individually. Therefore, I believe that whether one accepts the so-called collective or individualist reading of the Second Amendment, it rejects a government monopoly on the tools of force. The First Amendment, for instance, protects the rights to petition, write letters, assemble, organize marches and so forth. But what if the government simply ignores all that? I think the framers of the Constitution expected people then to invoke their Second Amendment right to go home and get their guns.

Zimring: I doubt the founders ever contemplated a situation in which people didn't own guns—for self-defense, hunting, keeping the federal government in line, throwing local rascals out, whatever. But I'm sure they also didn't intend to forbid the reasonable regulation of their possession and use. So the Second Amendment arguments today are largely rhetorical on both sides. The Second Amendment makes gun owners feel vindicated and validated. So people who don't want gun owners to feel vindicated and validated might want it repealed. It's part of the symbolic tug-of-war between groups with different mind-sets on the subject.

Are guns the individual's last defense in a violent society or do they create a culture of violence?

Beard: The evidence clearly shows that guns do not protect individuals as much as they endanger society.

Brady: I would not deny anyone the right to own a gun for self-defense if they can make an educated decision that it is the wisest and safest method of protection. But as a practical matter, a handgun in a household can be a time bomb, especially if there are children. If gun ownership made society safer, we would be the safest nation on earth.

Blackman: There's no question about the safety issue, especially involving children. The NRA has been preaching about that for years. Statistics show that the accidents occur mostly among children of the people who most often misuse guns in other ways. The popular statistic that guns are more likely to kill than protect is based on a bogus calculation using the relatively small number of justifiable homicides. Professor Gary Kleck of Florida State University has been studying this subject for years and found through interview surveys that citizens used firearms to protect themselves or their property or to stop a crime something like 1 million times annually. In most cases, no shots were fired, much less anyone killed.

Innis: Since a fatal dispute can also take place with knives or baseball bats, you have to figure that a gun sometimes discourages the escalation of violence, or prevents it from occurring. There's no way to measure that.

Some of the arguments seem to split hairs. Is the Tec-9 large-capacity semiautomatic a more legitimate object of concern than a handgun? Is a handgun more dangerous than a knife?

Brady: Guns are impersonal. You can pull a trigger from a safe distance, whereas stabbing somebody requires close contact and provides the opportunity for the victim to fend off the attack. The simple fact is that you can kill more people with guns than with all other instruments put together. They account for more than 60 percent of the homicides in this country, and knives for only 7 or 8 percent. Think about it. Have you ever heard of a drive-by knifing, or of some kid walking into a McDonald's and stabbing everybody?

Tartaro: If you have a nut intent on killing people, he can do even more damage with a legal shotgun. However, if there had been even one armed person in that McDonald's, the guy might not have been able to stroll around shooting people on the assumption that they were all defenseless.

Kates: That might create the impression that gun owners are more violent than other people, but that doesn't seem to be the case. The fact is that they're less passive. Studies show they are more likely to come to the aid of a crime victim than try to avoid involvement or pray for the cops to come. The authors of an article in the *American Sociological Review* distinguish between aggressive and defensive violence. They found that gun owners were psychologically much more willing to engage in defense violence than people who would not own guns, but that they were not predominantly right wing. Nor were they any more in favor of police brutality, or violence against, say, political dissenters. Ironically, the same study found that the people most accepting of brutality were not particularly friendly to the idea of gun ownership, possibly because they saw guns as an obstacle to their own aggressiveness.

Do gun laws reduce crime?

Beard: If you compare death rates against firearm ownership, on a regional basis, the correlation is obvious. To argue otherwise is to argue that water has no relation to drowning.

Zimring: There isn't any persuasive evidence that lowering gun ownership lowers crime rates. I think it does lower the death rate from crime, however, because more non-lethal weapons are used instead of guns. A lot of differently constructed studies point in that direction.

Kates: Crime rates go up and down

for so many reasons it's hard to prove anything. From 1974 through 1987, the homicide rate steadily declined despite the purchase of something like 26.8 million new handguns during that period. That nearly doubled the number of privately owned handguns, yet the total number of gun murders went down by 31 percent. Does that prove that more guns cause less murder? No. It just shows that many different factors are at work here.

Zimring: So we have both a gun problem and a crime problem and they operate independently. But I think we can agree that each makes the other worse. If we had low crime rates, then the proliferation of guns would matter less. If we had few guns, then our high violent-crime rate would result in many fewer deaths.

Blackman: Since the District of Columbia banned handguns in 1977, its homicide rate has gone up almost 200 percent and its gun homicide rate nearly 300 percent. The same thing has occurred everywhere guns are banned—in New York since 1911 and in Chicago since 1982.

Beard: That's because surrounding states or counties have lax gun laws that completely defeat the bans.

Brady: One of our main goals is to tighten proof-of-residency requirements and clamp down on so-called straw-man transactions in which somebody legally buys a gun for someone who doesn't qualify.

Lawmakers call for screening, background checks and other tactics to keep guns out of the hands of the "wrong people." Will selling guns to a "better class of people" change anything?

Innis: A lot of the antigun sentiment that is based on fear of violence is unconsciously racist—a fear of black violence. The only image of black people that isn't threatening to whites is the missionary's image of the docile, childlike primitive, the white man's burden. The post–Civil War gun laws were thinly veiled efforts to keep the freed slaves from obtaining firearms. Many well-meaning whites, if they don't admit to a fear of violent blacks, still take a paternalistic position that black people are not intelligent or sensible enough to be trusted with deadly weapons.

Assuming that background checks and other controls work, will selling guns to that "better class of people" change anything when the media say that most killings occur among friends, acquaintances and family members? Will a gun in every home really lower homicide rates?

James Wright: In about a third of homicides somebody found a body that wasn't an obvious robbery or abduction victim, so the perpetrator and motive are unknown. So exclude those, and calculate the numbers based on those where the relationship is known. That could be anything from a serial murder victim to a stray bullet. Now we come to the family, friends and acquaintances category, which is quite misleading. You find that group dominated by acquaintances, which excludes personal friends, relatives and family members. All that term means is that the victim and assailant had some prior knowledge of each other. It doesn't mean they liked each other. Likewise, "family, friends and relatives" doesn't necessarily mean these are killings among otherwise placid and loving individuals acting in a rare moment of passion. So if you subtract the domestic homicides and the "friends and neighbors" homicides, you find that 75 percent are among acquaintances who are probably criminal rivals. Every holdup killing makes news because it supports the impression that it's a jungle out there. But these reports don't necessarily reflect the amount of danger that the average person confronts, especially if he or she doesn't live in a high-crime neighborhood.

Kates: The inference is also that criminals don't know anyone, aren't related to anyone and don't have families. It ignores the fact that 75 percent of all murderers already have a criminal record and an average of four arrests, and probably would have a lot more if their family members had pressed charges. For instance, in 90 percent of domestic homicides, the cops have been called at least once in the previous two years to stop a beating, and in half the cases they've been called five or more times.

Tartaro: You may wish to add that 65 percent to 75 percent of the victims also have criminal records. The fact that they keep it in the family should be reassuring to people who think of murder as a random crime.

Beard: Still, the presence of a weapon often will make the difference between a black eye and a homicide. The same applies to suicides in the home. If you reach for a knife or for pills, you might have a second chance. A gun leaves less margin for error. When you're talking about reducing deaths from anything, if you reduce the means, you reduce the facility. People will stop jumping off a bridge if you put up the right kind of fence.

Brady: I would like to see prohibitions on gun purchases extended to people convicted of even misdemeanor crimes that involved violence, or who have a history of family abuse. This can't be done through legislation alone. Much of the problem needs to be addressed through education. I'm chairman of the Center to Prevent Handgun Violence, which has developed curricula for all grade levels and which is being used in New York, San Diego, Oakland and Dade County, Florida, among other places. The object is to teach children alternative means, besides violence, for resolving conflicts and disputes.

WAYNE BEARD
GUNS
AMMO
NRA
...AND THIS LITTLE SPORTING GUN IS GREAT IF YOU CONFRONT A DEER WEARING A BULLET-PROOF VEST WHO CHEATED YOU ON A DRUG DEAL.

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OTHER VOICES ON GUN CONTROL

"There is no doubt by now that more guns mean more violence. Either we stop it now, or this insane domestic arms race will continue. Knives don't ricochet, people are seldom killed while cleaning their knives and you have to catch someone before you can stab him. It will be a better world, and guys, I promise, Lorena Bobbitt is a real fluke."
—MOLLY IVINS, COLUMNIST

"I can assure you that the guys I met in the nine prisons I served my sentence in did not get their guns at a gun store."
—GORDON LIDDY, EX-CONVICT WHOSE WIFE OWNS 27 GUNS

IT'S THE CRIMINALS, STUPID.
—BANNER ON THE FRONT OF THE NRA BUILDING IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

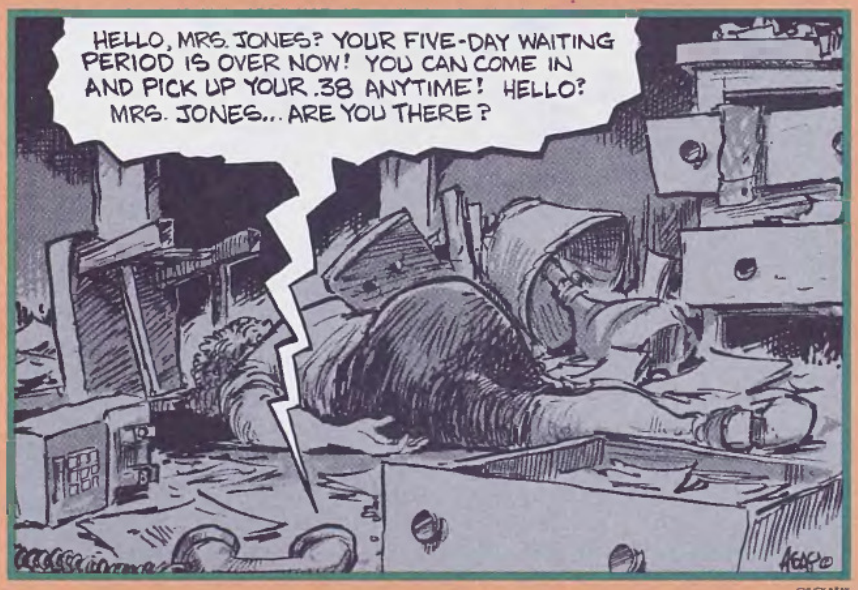
"[The anti-gun lobby] reminds me of snake-oil salesmen. There is no evidence that any city, state or nation has reduced its crime rate by passing a gun law. It is nonsense, and we're going to fight it. The gun itself is a harmless, inanimate thing."
—NEAL KNOX, MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS, NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION

"We cannot allow the greatest city in the Western world to fall victim to the chaos of *A Clockwork Orange*. This commission must communicate to a legislature that has refused to listen for seven years that a 14-year-old with a gun is the most dangerous person on the block, in the school or in the city. The youth who cannot instinctively understand the concept of mortality should not possess, without serious sanction, the instrument that defines mortality more often than anything else."
—PETER REINHARZ, CHIEF OF FAMILY COURT DIVISION, NEW YORK CITY CORPORATION COUNCIL

"As with alcohol before Prohibition, the blame is placed on an inanimate commodity, which is seen as a malevolent force wreaking devastation. As with alcohol, opponents refuse to admit that the product has some commendable properties and is used harmlessly by the great majority of consumers. Even more than with alcohol, prohibition of guns promises to be not only futile but destructive."
—STEPHEN CHAPMAN, COLUMNIST

"We need to give people the right to shoot people who need shooting. Turn the good people loose and we'll end crime."
—BILLY SOL ESTES, AUTHOR

"To me, gun control is the ability to put two bullets through the same hole."
—TED NUGENT, ROCK MUSICIAN


HELLO, MRS. JONES? YOUR FIVE-DAY WAITING PERIOD IS OVER NOW! YOU CAN COME IN AND PICK UP YOUR .38 ANYTIME! HELLO? MRS. JONES... ARE YOU THERE?

"A gun is always a last resort. Empowerment, consciousness-raising, is the point."
—PAXTON QUIGLEY, FEMINIST AND PRO-GUN ACTIVIST

"On November 3, I introduced a bill that would levy a 10,000 percent tax on Winchester hollow-tipped Black Talon bullets, which are specifically designed to rip flesh. Colin Ferguson, the suspect in the Long Island shootings, had some 40 of these bullets. The tax would raise the price of Black Talons from $20 to $2000 apiece. On November 22, 19 days after my bill was introduced, Winchester announced that it would cease the sale of Black Talons to the public. Which suggests that munitions manufacturers are more responsive than the automobile companies were a generation ago, when the case for safety design in automobiles seemed hopeless. Bullet control has seemed equally quixotic, yet all of a sudden the idea is getting through. The federal government needs to establish, and can establish, a full-fledged regime of bullet control. This need be no threat to the sportsman; we are talking about handguns. We need to ban some rounds, tax others, keep records and scrutinize licenses to manufacture. The Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms needs to come alive. The alternative is more death."
—PATRICK MOYNIHAN, SENATOR

READER

ENEMY TERRITORY

After reading "Known by Our Enemies" (*The Playboy Forum*, January), I feel compelled to express my concerns on this issue. Why do these overzealous, religious nazis continue the crusade to censor, limit and regulate individuality as dictated by their warped personal beliefs? I urge these people to actually read the Bible. Not isolated passages, but the entire book. The Bible contains explicit depictions of sorcery, violence, prostitution, homosexuality, rape, incest, human sacrifice, adultery, murder, public drunkenness, public nakedness, polygamy, demonic possession, crooked government officials, death and destruction. Despite these controversial and taboo subjects, there is included a proclamation that any alteration whatsoever of the Bible's content will result in eternal damnation. In this, the sole biblical reference to censorship, God's view of such is made painstakingly clear, as are its consequences. It is outrageous and obscene that these intolerant bigots claim to act on, and in accordance with, God's wishes when in actuality they are only fostering further hatred and intolerance.

William Alvord
Wellsville, New York

Being a competitive shooter and a resident of New York, I found the statement in "Known by Our Enemies" about PLAYBOY's support of gun control very disturbing. New York has some of the most restrictive firearms laws in the nation, and in certain parts of the state, law-abiding citizens are forbidden permits to possess firearms. Having no other options, these people are forced to purchase firearms illegally from the gunrunners who have their businesses expanded with each new gun control law. With current manufacturing technology, making something as simple as a handgun isn't a problem for anyone with a speck of desire to do so. After all, humans have been able to manufacture firearms for approximately 500 years. Isn't it ironic that in an article where PLAYBOY generally supports more freedom and less government interference, the magazine reverses its position on the one right that ensures all of those freedoms?

David C. Barnard, Jr.
Middleport, New York

In response to "Known by Our Enemies," it is admirable that PLAYBOY has taken to task an extremist group such as the Capital Research Center. However, the editorial comes off sounding just as sanctimonious by deciding which issues are important enough to receive funding from the Playboy Foundation. Moral issues, such as abortion rights, have been beaten to death by members of the media with varying political agendas. Likewise, the debate over gay rights has grown tiresome. Lastly, it is disrespectful to your readers for the editors to decide which issues are most pertinent. PLAYBOY readers undoubtedly represent all different ideological persuasions. Keep up your interesting coverage of extremist personalities, but stay out of funding special interests. Voters have had enough of being alienated from elected officials who ignore their constituents while receiving millions from PACs.

Scott Ellsworth
Grand Island, New York

The debates may be tiresome, but the rights have not been secured. The Playboy Foundation exists precisely because we believe in supporting organizations with values similar to our own. As far as we're concerned, that's what makes them special.

MEDIA MADNESS

The Playboy Forum ("Numerical Order," "Reader Response," January) noted that AIDS cases among homosexual males increased 22 percent from 1989 to 1992 and 37 percent among intravenous drug abusers for the same period, while among heterosexual men and women, the increases were 114 and 108 percent, respectively. The editorial response to these statistics concluded that "heterosexuals have not gotten the message that they should practice safe sex." Wrong. All epidemics follow something of a bell curve, with the greatest increase in terms of percentage coming at the earliest stage, when victims are most accessible. Then the numbers peak and begin to fall off. This is known by epidemiologists as Barr's law, named after the doctor who discovered it more than 100 years ago. Following this curve, the AIDS epidemic essentially has peaked, though this is obscured by last year's expansion in the definition of AIDS. Homosexual cases actually declined slightly in 1992, while

FOR THE RECORD

PC OR PERISH

"I will put focus in terms of sex, so you can better understand it. Focus is like sex. You seek a target. You zero in on your subject. You move from side to side. You close in on the subject. You bracket the subject and center on it. Focus connects experience and language. You and the subject become one."

"Belly dancing is like Jell-O on a plate—with a vibrator under the plate."

—FOR UTTERING THESE WORDS—THE FIRST, ILLUSTRATING FOCUS AND THE SECOND, A SIMILE—IN A UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE CLASS, WRITING PROFESSOR J. DONALD SILVA WAS FOUND GUILTY OF SEXUAL HARASSMENT AND SUSPENDED WITHOUT PAY FOR AT LEAST ONE YEAR

intravenous-drug-abuser cases went up only one percent—hardly explainable by the practice of safe sex. Heterosexual cases lag a couple of years behind the other two categories, hence they haven't peaked yet. But even while the heterosexual category more than doubled each year in the early years of the epidemic, it increased only 21 percent from 1990 to 1991 and 17 percent from 1991 to 1992. A better answer to the query about the increasing numbers of cases being reported by the media would have been that those headlines have been recycled each year since 1987. That was the year Oprah Winfrey told her audience, "Research studies now project that one in five—listen to me, hard to believe—one in five heterosexuals could be dead from AIDS at the end of the next three years." You could write a book about why the media have done this and continue to do so despite all evidence to the contrary. Indeed, I have.

Michael Fumento
Los Angeles, California

(Fumento is the author of "The Myth of Heterosexual AIDS," recently released in an updated paperback edition.)

THE GREATER GOOD

This letter is in response to "Sex For the Ages" by James Prescott in *The Playboy Forum* ("Reader Response," January). Years ago, I came across an article by Prescott in *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*. The article was titled "Body Pleasure and the Origins of Violence." Prescott used data from a cross-cultural study that indicated a direct correlation between cultures that lavish physical affection on their children and have a lack of adult physical violence, as opposed to those that inflict pain on their infants and have a much higher incidence of adult physical violence. The study went one step further in pointing out that there are two stages in the theory. The first stage is infancy and the second is adolescence. Even in societies where infants are deprived of physical affection, the results can be compensated for by sexual experiences in adolescence. After studying the influence of cultural taboos against various sexual activities, Prescott concludes that "the deprivation of bodily pleasure throughout life—but particularly during the formative periods of infancy, childhood and adolescence—is very closely related to the amount of warfare and interpersonal violence." He believes these insights can be applied to industrial and postindustrial societies. It's an idea that deserves much wider attention.

Tom Hatfield
Los Angeles, California

SIMPLE DEDUCTIONS

After reading "The Rape of Truth" (*The Playboy Forum*, December), I have one thought going through my mind: unbelievable! With all the Bosnian atrocities, Catharine MacKinnon can link the killings only to pornography. Being in the U.S. military has opened my eyes to such atrocities, but not even I can connect MacKinnon's statement about the normalcy of pornography to such heinous crimes. If she would just open her eyes, she may find crimes against humanity to be worse than supposed crimes against women. Men are being killed, too. I agree with Ted Fishman: A court is the perfect arena for Catharine MacKinnon. It is the one place where she will have to prove her claims with facts rather than merely spout her theology of war for the sake of an antipornography crusade.

Scott Baird
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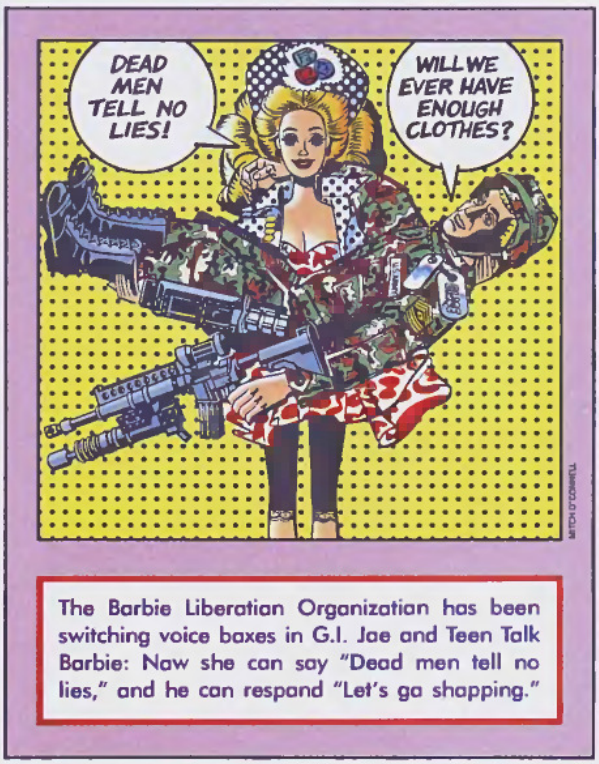
WHO'S ON FIRST?

Who benefits from illegal drugs? Street gangs, the Mafia, the DEA (keeps them in business), local jurisdictions (they keep seized property) and the people who build jails. Who suffers from illegal drugs? Users who get impure products at high prices, those (including myself) who get our homes broken into by people looking for money to support their habits, mugging victims, innocents caught in shoot-outs over drug sales and turf, every taxpayer who pays for this war with money and lost freedoms and all who have to live in the war zone. The point of the forfeiture laws is to take money away from the drug sellers; in theory, to remove their motive for selling drugs. I would take another approach: Give drugs to habitual users, which removes their incentive to steal to support their habit. In one day, every drug pusher is out of business. A user who doesn't have to spend his entire day hustling to get money for drugs might be more productive in that time, benefiting all of society. If people were able to get drugs from a safe site, we could use the opportunity to expose them to the benefits and availability of drug treatment. For all its nice words, this government and the administrations that have preceded it seem much more interested in seizure, pursuit and punishment than in treatment. Governments seem to fabricate some wars so that they can tell us why we need governments.

David Barber
San Diego, California

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, information, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: Playboy@Class.Org.*



The Barbie Liberation Organization has been switching voice boxes in G.I. Joe and Teen Talk Barbie: Now she can say "Dead men tell no lies," and he can respond "Let's go shopping."

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

VIRTUAL ADULTERY

JERUSALEM—*An Israeli man wants to divorce his wife for playing "filthy computer games" in which she "cheats on him in her thoughts." According to news reports,*

the computer cuckold believes that "there's no difference between a woman who has physical relationships with other men and a woman who imagines it."

ABSTINENCE ED? PHOOEY

GENEVA—*The World Health Organization can find no evidence that sex education leads to increased sexual activity among young people. WHO analyzed 35 studies conducted in the U.S. and other countries and concluded that the opposite may be true. The researchers also found that programs which promote protected sex and the postponement of sex are more effective in curbing HIV infection rates for youths from the ages of 15 to 24.*

PROFESSIONAL WOMEN

NEW YORK—*The "National Law Journal" reports that one out of six female attorneys say they have been sexually harassed within the past three years, and half have been hassled at one time or another during their careers. Of the women who responded, 39 percent said that they had received unwanted looks and gestures; 29 percent had been touched, pinched, cornered or leaned over; and 19 percent reported being pressured for sex or dates.*

BOSTON—*According to a study published in "The New England Journal of Medicine," female doctors in Canada have a problem with sexual harassment. Three-quarters of female physicians in a Canadian survey report that their patients give them suggestive looks and make sexual remarks, touch them indecently, ask them for dates, or give them inappropriate gifts such as G-strings.*

HEART THROBS

ATLANTA—*A Harvard Medical School study found that among 1712 men and women who were recovering from coronaries, one percent of the attacks had been triggered by sex and ten percent by getting out of bed in the morning.*

RUBBER RULING

BOSTON—*The Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority cannot refuse to allow condom ads on its subway trains and buses—at least not on the grounds of indecency. A federal judge has ruled that the advertising space on buses and subways constitutes a public forum and is thus open to the expression of views on a wide variety of subjects. He also held that the transit agency had no right to censor the condom ads unless they were obscene. The ads in question merely picture a packaged condom with messages about safe sex.*

GENDER DISCRIMINATION

DAVIS, CALIFORNIA—*How about this for blatantly offensive politically correct discrimination? The "University of California–Davis Law Review" has decided to "follow the convention of using female pronouns, except when referring to a criminal defendant, where male pronouns are used." Their reason, the editors explained, was that criminal defendants are overwhelmingly male.*

SERVE AND NEGLECT

FORT LAUDERDALE—*The Broward County prosecutor has decided not to press charges against two undercover cops who were fired for having sex with teenage prostitutes before placing them under arrest. His rationale? It would be hard to prove their criminal intent. As he put it, "They have a good defense—they're stupid."*

UNFASHIONABLE

MUNICH—*German fashion designer Otto Kern found himself in court over an advertisement for his blue jeans that updated Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper." In a photographic version of the painting, Christ is wearing Kern's jeans, as are the apostles, 12 bare-breasted female models. Besieged by criticism from religious groups, Kern voluntarily stopped using the picture. A Kern spokesman remarked, "We are struck by the degree of unrest caused by this ad."*

PARIS—*Chanel's spring collection faced a boycott by Muslims because designer Karl Lagerfeld used passages from the Koran as a printed pattern on three dresses. The crisis was averted when the House of Chanel offered a formal apology and Lagerfeld said he'd been "told it was a love poem in memory of a maharani."*

HEADS WILL ROLL

TEHRAN—*A bill passed by the Iranian Parliament permits prosecution of anyone involved in the production or sale of*

pornographic videos. Conviction on a third offense, however, makes the culprits "corrupters on earth," the legal term for anyone encouraging decadent and illicit behavior. This crime is punishable by death under Iran's Islamic law.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOE CIARDIELLO

BEWARE OF FALLING ROCKS

without safeguards, the road of the future shapes up as a one-way street of commercial hype and interactive prattle

opinion **By ROBERT SCHEER**

Information highway is this season's buzz phrase. People who couldn't tell a byte from a meg if their hard drives depended on it have their disks overflowing with excitement about the coming of an information revolution that will make geniuses, or at least mouse potatoes, of us all.

Bull, I say, and if I sound grumpy it's because I've been chugging along on electronic networks for more than 15 years now, ever since I bought my first copy of the Source from Radio Shack.

The Source promised to hook the worlds of knowledge and entertainment into my IBM Displaywriter. Now both the Source and the Displaywriter are defunct, replaced by new technology that isn't much more useful in getting me off the on-ramp and into the fast-moving traffic where people seem to be having so much fun.

Truth is, most of my fellow commuters still experience the highway as a bumpy dirt road, as I discovered at the recent Information Summit convened by the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences at UCLA. While industry enthusiasts such as Barry Diller and Al Gore were at the podium proclaiming a brave new world, the talk in the peanut gallery was hardly optimistic.

As almost every speaker noted, about 40 million of us worldwide use the Internet, and our numbers are growing by 20 percent a month. It's almost a craze, with people accessing the Net through such services as America Online, Prodigy and CompuServe. But come on, fellow on-line junkies: Isn't it true that 95 percent of our time is spent in mindless cruising? Just the other night I downloaded a program promising a nude woman named Sandy for my powerful Psion palmtop computer, which is always in my jacket pocket, close to my heart. I'll let you know just how wonderful Sandy is as soon as I unzip the file.

Most people use the services in similarly frivolous ways, playing games that are no better than those available at the store. Others find recipes and sports news on America Online. But that's different from being wired into some golden age of information on the Internet.

I doubt that many Prodigy or CompuServe subscribers use the Net for anything other than electronic mail. The Net doesn't do much for those of us who aren't hackers or research specialists, because we haven't mastered the arcane language needed to make the thing fully operative. Better to visit an old-fashioned library, stuffy as that may sound.

The Pollyannaish view at that same conference was offered by Vice President Gore, who gushed about classic books being sent out to eager viewers in their homes. Nonsense. It will be endless reruns of *I Love Lucy* on one fiber and old John Wayne movies on another. Sure, people have the right to order what they want, but don't tell me it's going to be high culture. A revolution in marketing, yes; a new literacy, hardly.

I am afraid that at its worst it will be simply a lot more noise and, at best, information overload.

The problem is the same with all technology in the information business, from the Gutenberg press on down. Someone still has to write the stuff and make it sing. The vice president and industry leaders want to focus on the need for new means of transmitting data, with no regard for quality.

True, many more channels—whether on fiber-optic cables or by satellite—will create more blank pages to be filled by creative souls, but they won't be filled with the tony stuff the vice president has in mind.

The tip-off to that reality is provided in the mad scramble to buy film libraries. That is what's behind the Japanese buyouts of U.S. film studios and the unseemly competition to overpay for control of Paramount. There is a desperate need to find product to fill the widening void made possible through technology.

Remember the promise of cable? For years we heard the same predictions for its bright future that we now hear for the information highway. The proliferation of channels was to usher in an era of diverse cultural experience, educational as well as entertaining. But we now see that most of cable is neither educational nor entertaining. The programming content has not kept up with the technological explosion.

Gore and the administration have said some earnest-sounding things about making sure that we build in room for quality programming and that we avoid creating haves and have-nots by providing equal access. "This is not about the right to play video games," said Gore. "It's about guaranteeing the right to essential services."

The administration has endorsed legislation that will remove virtually all remaining regulations on the $200 billion domestic TV communications market. Just how a laissez-faire free-for-all would ensure quality or access was not made clear. When CNN anchor Bernard Shaw asked the UCLA panelists: "Is the only good regulator a dead regulator?" media chief Rupert Murdoch replied, "Dead. Yes, dead."

If Murdoch and the others have their way, the new information routes will, like cable, be primarily one-way streets that bring products and advertising into homes while permitting a small amount of "interactivity" and the occasional amateurishly produced programs from the common folk. We will certainly see an explosion of data transmission through fiber-optic networks. But damn it, why isn't the administration interested in building into public access the sort of programming represented by the BBC and public television? Why not force the profit makers to allocate funds for transmissions to the schools?

An unregulated market will not guarantee access, variety or quality. Cable was deregulated in the mid-Eighties and all we have to show for it is hyperinflated profits for the cable monopolies and even dumber programming. Indeed, if cable were halfway decent we wouldn't be so excited about yet another information highway.

Anyone who has lived with computers knows the refrain: Garbage in, garbage out. Without serious debate and planning to preserve the public interest, much of the important potential service of this new technology could end up as roadkill on the information highway. Surely there is a better way. If Al Gore or anyone else is interested in exploring this further, modem me on the Internet. I usually don't have anything better to do than chat on-line when I can't get to sleep.

INSENSÉ

GIVENCHY

MACY'S

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RON HOWARD

a candid conversation with the child-star-turned-director about surviving mayberry, losing hair, outwitting hollywood and explaining away a dildo

There are certain things Ron Howard likes to get off of his chest immediately. "I am not Opie," he announces in a firm voice. "And I am not Richie Cunningham."

Howard can be forgiven for being a bit defensive. Few actors have been as indelibly linked to two such saccharine juvenile roles and lived to tell about it. Howard actually grew up as these characters, spending his childhood as Opie Taylor on "The Andy Griffith Show" and his teenage years as Richie Cunningham on "Happy Days." And that was back before cable and home video gave viewers a multitude of choices. Millions more people regularly watched Howard's shows than see today's top-rated sitcoms, and it's easy to forget how intensely famous he was for 21 years.

It's not that Howard hates his former roles as the son of Mayberry's widower sheriff or the clean-cut Richie Cunningham, who was continuously coming of age in a fictional Milwaukee suburb. It's just that they tend to overshadow his proudest achievement—ascending to the top rank of film directors with such hits as "Backdraft," "Parenthood," "Splash" and "Cocoon."

Thanks to syndication—"Happy Days" and "The Andy Griffith Show" are still seen daily in most of the country—Howard may have the most familiar face among Hollywood directors. And despite a hairline that long ago betrayed him, he's constantly recognized, sometimes as Opie, sometimes as Richie, and he's polite to his fans. But Howard's face lights up when someone approaches him with a comment about one of his films. He's delighted as he relates how a nearby fire briefly shut down a Manhattan location shoot for his new movie "The Paper." While the blaze was being brought under control, a firefighter walked over to him and said, "We'll be out of here in a few minutes. This ain't no 'Backdraft,' Ron."

Howard has cemented his Hollywood reputation as a director the old-fashioned way: His movies sell tickets. "Parenthood," a treatment of modern family life with Steve Martin leading a multigenerational cast, did $135 million worth of business worldwide. "Backdraft," Howard's saga of the men who fight Chicago's fires, grossed an impressive $150 million.

He can also take credit for launching the career of Michael Keaton, who starred in Howard's "Night Shift" and "Gung Ho" and also has the lead in "The Paper." And he gave Tom Hanks his first major film role in the 1984 fantasy-comedy "Splash."

Howard remains faithful to the basics of Hollywood moviemaking: bankable stars, glossy production values and straightforward scripts. He's upfront about his goal as a director: "I want to make sure the story is as engrossing and entertaining as it possibly can be." Critics haven't always agreed on whether he's achieved success. Adjectives such as syrupy and cornball have appeared in reviews of Howard's movies. But he insists that notices for "Cocoon" and "Parenthood" were as favorable as anything he could have written himself. Others, particularly the megabudgeted "Far and Away," starring Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, and the fanciful "Willow," fared less well.

His tenth feature, "The Paper," which stars Keaton, Robert Duvall, Glenn Close and Marisa Tomei, is a return to the kind of ensemble film he does best. The story revolves around a day in the lives of reporters, editors and publishers on a scrappy Manhattan tabloid.

Howard was born in Oklahoma, but his feet are planted in show business in southern California. The son of an actor father, Ron made his first screen appearance before his second birthday. By the age of six, when he signed on to portray Opie Taylor, Howard had compiled a résumé of credits ranging from "Playhouse 90" to "General Electric

"All our children's middle names are based on points of conception. We have a Dallas. We have twin Carlyles, after the hotel. One son has a street name, but that's just because Volvo isn't a very good middle name."

"I created this scenario of how to build an empire on one porno movie. 'Deep Throat' had come out and made $30 million. That would buy a lot of autonomy. Then I began to imagine the marquee: 'Opie Gets Laid.'"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RANDY O'ROURKE

"A lot of kid actors are treated as trained animals. They can do a cute look. They can say the dialogue. And when they're no longer cute and they can't get away with those tricks, they're obsolete."

Theater." During breaks from "The Andy Griffith Show," Howard acted in feature films such as "The Music Man" with Robert Preston. "Happy Days," one of the top-rated Seventies sitcoms, catapulted him, along with Henry "The Fonz" Winkler, into the category of celebrities who could draw teen crowds to shopping-mall publicity events.

But by the time he began working on "Happy Days," Howard's ambition was focused on landing in the director's chair. He approached Roger Corman, the B-movie impresario known for spotting talented newcomers—Francis Coppola, Martin Scorsese and Jonathan Demme among them—and negotiated a quid pro quo in which Corman agreed to let Howard direct a film titled "Grand Theft Auto" if he would also star in it. Appearing with his father, Rance, brother Clint, and a herd of expendable autos, Howard did a credible job of choreographing chases and crashes. He even included an appearance by Cheryl, his wife of two years. If the 1977 feature didn't break new artistic ground, it proved that Howard could earn money for a film's backers. "Grand Theft Auto" cost about $600,000 to make and brought in $15 million at the box office. Howard recalls being disappointed at the time: He still hadn't directed a major studio feature—and he was 23 years old.

He would have to pay his dues for a few years, directing television movies that included "Skyward," a well-received 1980 film with Bette Davis. He finally scored in 1982, when he and his producing partner, Brian Grazer, managed to persuade Henry Winkler and an unknown named Michael Keaton to appear in "Night Shift," a movie based on a true story about a prostitution ring run out of a New York City morgue. Why Winkler and Keaton? Because Belushi and Aykroyd said no.

PLAYBOY *dispatched Contributing Editor* **Warren Kalbacker** *to meet with the 40-year-old who has spent 38 years in show business. Kalbacker reports:*

"The adjective nice has been used so often to describe Howard that I was worried. He played nice characters when he was an actor. As a director, his movies are nice, among other things. He even married his high school sweetheart in 1975—and has stayed married to her. I called on my most vicious, cynical sources in Hollywood, and they all said the same thing. Ron is nice. I began to panic. Nice guys can be boring.

"I shouldn't have worried. Ron is indeed a nice guy, and when I called to schedule our first session, he quickly invited me to join him for lunch. And yes, the clean-cut, all-American Howard does have a taste for white bread—crusty Italian loaves that he breaks into small pieces and dips into olive oil laced with black pepper. He said he'd picked up the taste while traveling in Italy.

"It's important to keep in mind that he's been successful in an environment where the shark is by no means an endangered species. And like many successful men—particularly those who have been dealing with the press since toddlerhood—Howard is both candid and articulate. Much of his freshly scrubbed image is true, but there seemed to be much more to Ron Howard, especially when the subject turned, as it quickly did, to sex."

PLAYBOY: A fan just stopped you on the street and praised *Backdraft*. How does that compare with being recognized as Opie Taylor or Richie Cunningham?

HOWARD: What's happened to me is perfect. I'm not current in a pop sense. When people recognize me there's a warmth that I really appreciate. Once in a while I'd rather not hear it. During my first-ever meeting with Robert De Niro, we were in a Manhattan restaurant and I was excited, trying to talk to him about a film. Over at another table were a bunch of people calling out, "Hey Opie! Hey Cunningham!" I was praying that they'd leave, but in the middle of our conversation they came over and wanted autographs. They were standing in such a way that they didn't see they were talking over Robert De Niro's shoulder. I thought, Boy, these people are really missing the boat here. But it worked out OK. De Niro seemed to be all right with it. And bald guys are tickled to death that I've lost my hair. They'll point at my bald head, "Hey, Ron! I like the haircut." They just love the fact that we've both lost our hair.

"I honestly can't remember when I was anonymous. I learned to write so I could give autographs."

PLAYBOY: You certainly haven't lost your clean-cut image over the years. How much of it is truly you and how much is smart PR?

HOWARD: I've had a couple of near misses, reminders to not fuck around. I honestly can't remember when I was anonymous. I learned to write so I could give autographs. I didn't want to have any secrets from the press, because I didn't feel I'd ever be able to keep them. I always felt there would be a price to pay for any outlandish behavior, like going down to Tijuana to spend a weekend in a bordello. From the time I was a kid in school, there was always some wiseass waiting for me to make an ass out of myself, to do something that they perceived as arrogant. To buy a Porsche. To get in trouble. I never had any interest in living out that cliché for any of those people. I think it probably became a kind of commitment to be different. I also fell madly in love my junior year of high school. Even while *Happy Days* was going crazy and we in the cast were treated like rock stars, I really was committed to Cheryl. The foil-wrapped condom in my wallet—I wouldn't say it absolutely stayed wrapped—didn't get unwrapped on the road. Not for groupies. I was in love with my girlfriend, who was soon to be my wife. We got married at 21.

PLAYBOY: Has your image limited you as a director? Do people expect you to make only wholesome movies?

HOWARD: Yeah. I'm interested in seeing sex when I go to a movie. But I know that when I direct a PG-13 movie, audiences ignore the 13 and say, "Here's one for the whole family." That was my experience with *Parenthood*, which has dildos and Mary Steenburgen giving Steve Martin a blow job. But we didn't really describe the dildo in terms of what it was, and most kids didn't know what it was. Later I had parents tell me, "My kid turned to me in the theater and asked, 'What's that, Dad?'" Once, I had to explain one away in real life as "something to massage the neck."

PLAYBOY: Besides the dildo, how much of *Parenthood* was actually based on real-life experiences?

HOWARD: There's a sequence where the Martha Plimpton and Keanu Reeves characters have taken pictures of themselves making love, and her mom inadvertently picks them up at the photo store. My partner, [producer] Brian Grazer, had that happen to him.

PLAYBOY: What about your personal experiences?

HOWARD: I probably could help you out on the blow jobs, but I won't. Sorry. That's just what my 12½-year-old daughter needs. One of her buddies from school reads the *Playboy Interview* and she comes back home talking about blow jobs. Vibrators would be another area where I'd have to say, "No comment."

PLAYBOY: You and your wife named your children after the places where they were conceived. Is that some sort of Howard family kink?

HOWARD: We didn't want to get into a family-name hassle. All our children's middle names are based on points of conception. We were able to figure them out. We have a Dallas. We have twin Carlyles, after the hotel. One son has a street name for a middle name, but that's just because Volvo isn't a very good middle name.

PLAYBOY: Did some event in your family history inspire you to cover Tom Cruise's penis with a bowl in *Far and Away*?

HOWARD: That was me. No one's ever put a bowl over their dick that I know of. We just thought it was a mischievous thing—a sheltered girl seeing a naked guy lying there would probably lift the bowl, take a look and, instead of being shocked at what a penis looks like, she'd

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ENC 82

kind of like it. I thought it was an interesting and funny choice. It was one of my favorite moments in the movie. And it always got a huge reaction from the audience. It was unexpected that Nicole Kidman's character would do that.

PLAYBOY: Did Cruise request an extra-large bowl for the scene?

HOWARD: No. We just found one that was a pretty good fit. A comfortable fit.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel compelled to feature nudity in your films just to confound the skeptics?

HOWARD: Yeah, especially early in my career. If I'd left nudity out of *Night Shift*, not only would it have been wrong for the movie, it would have become an issue. People would have rolled their eyes and said, "Oh, Ron Howard won't show tits in his movie. That's predictable." *Night Shift* wasn't a thinking person's movie. It was a party movie. A comedy about hookers without nudity wouldn't have been hot or fun to watch. There was a bordello scene with this topless girl in a hot tub. We shot that scene for three days. She was very comfortable, very at ease with the whole thing. Made the crew very happy for three days, I'll tell you. I had a much more erotic and graphic lovemaking scene in *Backdraft* between Bill Baldwin and Jennifer Jason Leigh. They were great. We came up with some good erotic stuff. But when I started showing it to audiences, I got the sense they felt it was tacked on for commercial purposes, that it was gratuitous. I trimmed it down. But it was fascinating to do.

PLAYBOY: Which part of it intrigued you the most?

HOWARD: I was intrigued by the way they handled it as actors. And it was my first exploration into what was actually erotic. I was just beginning to learn about it. People who knew me saw that sequence and were a bit surprised. And I think it was effective. It made me think that someday, in a story where it really was appropriate, that kind of eroticism would be interesting to work with again.

PLAYBOY: You sound tentative.

HOWARD: People aren't interested in fucking shots anymore. It's a huge challenge now to make a sequence that isn't the sort of lovemaking montage you've seen about a zillion times: tight shots going up the leg. Explicit images can be very powerful, but not just out of the blue. It's difficult to shock anyone. Sexuality is not a novelty in films anymore. What's sensational will not make a movie a commercial hit. At the same time, we've been liberated. When something is appropriate, we can deal with it openly and graphically. That's a great place to be. But all these things are pretty subjective, so I wouldn't be able—particularly in this publication—to say that I know something about sexuality that hasn't been explored by other filmmakers. But, God, sex is an important part of my life and everyone else's.

PLAYBOY: You have the distinction of going through puberty in Mayberry. Did it warp you in a serious way?

HOWARD: Puberty under any kind of a spotlight has its nightmarish moments. Going through puberty, you want to feel good about yourself and you don't mind in some small way being viewed as important. But you don't want to be noticed all the time. You've got zits on your face, for Christ's sake. A ninth-grade girl wanted me to sign her thigh. It was just when miniskirts were coming in. Now, that's one I wish I had back. I didn't sign her thigh.

PLAYBOY: How did your other classmates react to you?

HOWARD: Among my peers I was embarrassed to be an actor. It was something not to be talked about. *The Andy Griffith Show* was the number one show in the country, so I always knew there was something I could do that was unusual and that I could function in an adult environment. But I was the butt of a lot of jokes. My character's name, Opie, rhymes with dopey. A few years later they called me Opium. I'd have to get into fights with people. Fortunately, I could sort of hang in.

PLAYBOY: Do you still answer to Opie?

HOWARD: My initial reaction every time I hear "Opie" is a little tightening in the gut. I'm not Opie. But I'm smart enough not to slug anybody. I used to get really tired of it. I'm sure Rob Reiner doesn't want to be called Meathead. Then I began to realize that I'm a baby boomer, and having gone through that phase with all the other baby boomers, there's a connection. I'm someone who grew up in front of people's eyes—as Letterman says when he introduces me. I hosted *Saturday Night Live* ten years ago and we covered this subject in a sketch. Eddie Murphy was playing Raheem the Film Critic, and he introduced me as Opie Cunningham. I had a mustache then, and he said, "We don't like that mustache on you. We want you to shave it off." So while he was trying to shave the mustache off, I was saying, "I'm a director now. I've got a movie out called *Night Shift*." Ever since that I'm always hearing "Opie Cunningham." Once in a while I'd just rather not hear it.

PLAYBOY: One of your high school classmates was model and actress Rene Russo. Did she make puberty more excruciating—or less?

HOWARD: She got a big bang out of the fact that Opie was sitting right in front of her in social studies class. I had this little practice of imagining sex with one girl in each class in each period. Rene Russo was my fourth-period fantasy. She had a great biker-chick look, with white lipstick and ironed hair. She was not part of the mainstream, not cheerleader material. No interest at all in school, but she had a cool sense of humor. I was shocked when she came to our 20th high school reunion, because I don't think she'd been to the tenth. Maybe it was her way of saying, "Hey, look, I succeeded at something. And I still look pretty damn great."

PLAYBOY: Did you ever have a chance to realize your fourth-period fantasy?

HOWARD: No. Rene was pretty intimidating at that time. But she was nice. She would cheat off my tests all the time. I would happily slip her an answer.

PLAYBOY: You're telling us Opie cheated in school?

HOWARD: Yeah. With the Vietnam war going on, getting good grades was important to me. And I wasn't above writing answers on the inside of my glasses.

PLAYBOY: How close did you come to being drafted?

HOWARD: I had a bad number, 41 or 42. I didn't want to go into the Army. And I made up my mind that I wouldn't go to Canada. I took *Happy Days* because I thought—though I hadn't seen an attorney—if I could get on a TV series the studio would try to keep me out of Vietnam. I read an article that said you could get a work deferment if your employment impacted the employment of 30 or more individuals. And a television production crew is 40 or 50 people.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about the *Happy Days* phenomenon.

HOWARD: It was awesome. For a couple of years it was like being in a rock band. We had this young, teen audience. When we'd make an appearance at a mall somewhere it wouldn't be unusual for 15,000 to 20,000 people to show up. You're coming into so many homes. Less so today than in those pre-cable days. But it's still true. I'll bet more people would immediately recognize Tim Allen than any number of movie stars, outside of Tom Cruise and maybe Harrison Ford, Stallone, Schwarzenegger. With *American Graffiti* and *Happy Days*, and *The Andy Griffith Show* kicking into syndication, I was at the height of my visibility. At that point it was difficult to go places. If I went Christmas shopping I had to keep moving. Once I stopped to pay for something, people would start to crowd around. I didn't take it very seriously, but I was glad to be on the wave.

PLAYBOY: You did enjoy the attention?

HOWARD: I got a kick out of it. But I'd already been on *The Andy Griffith Show*. I took the position on *Happy Days* as a veteran. Been there. Done that. I postured. There were times when I wanted to bolt that show. I couldn't argue with its success, but my heart wasn't in it every day. I didn't find the episodes creatively satisfying or challenging. I was chafing to get on with my life. There were times when I'd be driving along the San Diego Freeway and I was supposed to turn onto the Hollywood Freeway to go to work and I'd just want to disappear, keep going to

Tijuana. In retrospect I'm glad I didn't do something dopey like that.

PLAYBOY: Why did you want to bail out?

HOWARD: When my celebrity or recognizability was at its absolute apex it was pretty smothering. I didn't enjoy it. I was just married at that time, and I said to Cheryl, "I bet if I actually pulled this thing off and became a director, this would die down pretty quickly." And she said, "Do it. Do it."

PLAYBOY: When did you make the switch to directing?

HOWARD: From the time I was 18, directing was pretty much all I talked about. I created this scenario of how to build an empire based on one porno movie. *Deep Throat* had come out and I read how it was made for $8000 or something and it made $30 million. And I thought, Hmmm, that would buy a lot of autonomy. Then I began to imagine the marquee: *Opie Gets Laid*. I'd be kicked out of the business, but I'd have all this money to make independent films.

PLAYBOY: How close did we come to seeing a version of *Deep Opie*?

HOWARD: *Happy Days* was going through a transition from a gentle comedy to a broader kind of show. Fonzie had started out as a minor character. Henry Winkler had a brilliant take on him, and the writers and the audience could sense it. It was a real phenomenon. And it was someone's idea at the network to change the show to *Fonzie's Happy Days*. As a kid I had seen this, because on *The Andy Griffith Show* Andy was the straight man and Don Knotts was wildly popular, winning the Emmy almost every year. So I understood that there was a role for me on the show as the straight man. Winkler and I talked openly about what was going on. We acted well together and remained good friends. But the network's wanting to change the name of the show was tough for me to take. I felt slighted. My contract was over, and Paramount and ABC assumed that I would re-sign because they were offering to double my salary.

When it came down to deal-making time it was nerve-racking. Here I am, 20 years old, sitting in this meeting with no agents or lawyers with me. I told them I understood what was going on with the characters, but that I didn't sign on to be on somebody else's show. I just wouldn't do it. Couldn't do it. Apparently [producer] Garry Marshall stepped in and told them not to change the name. I've enjoyed gambling once in a while. It turned out to be a good decision. I was on *Happy Days* seven and a half years. When my contract ended, I left the show and took a producing and directing deal at NBC. The show ran another three or four years after that.

PLAYBOY: And Ronny Howard had discovered clout.

HOWARD: *Happy Days* was important for

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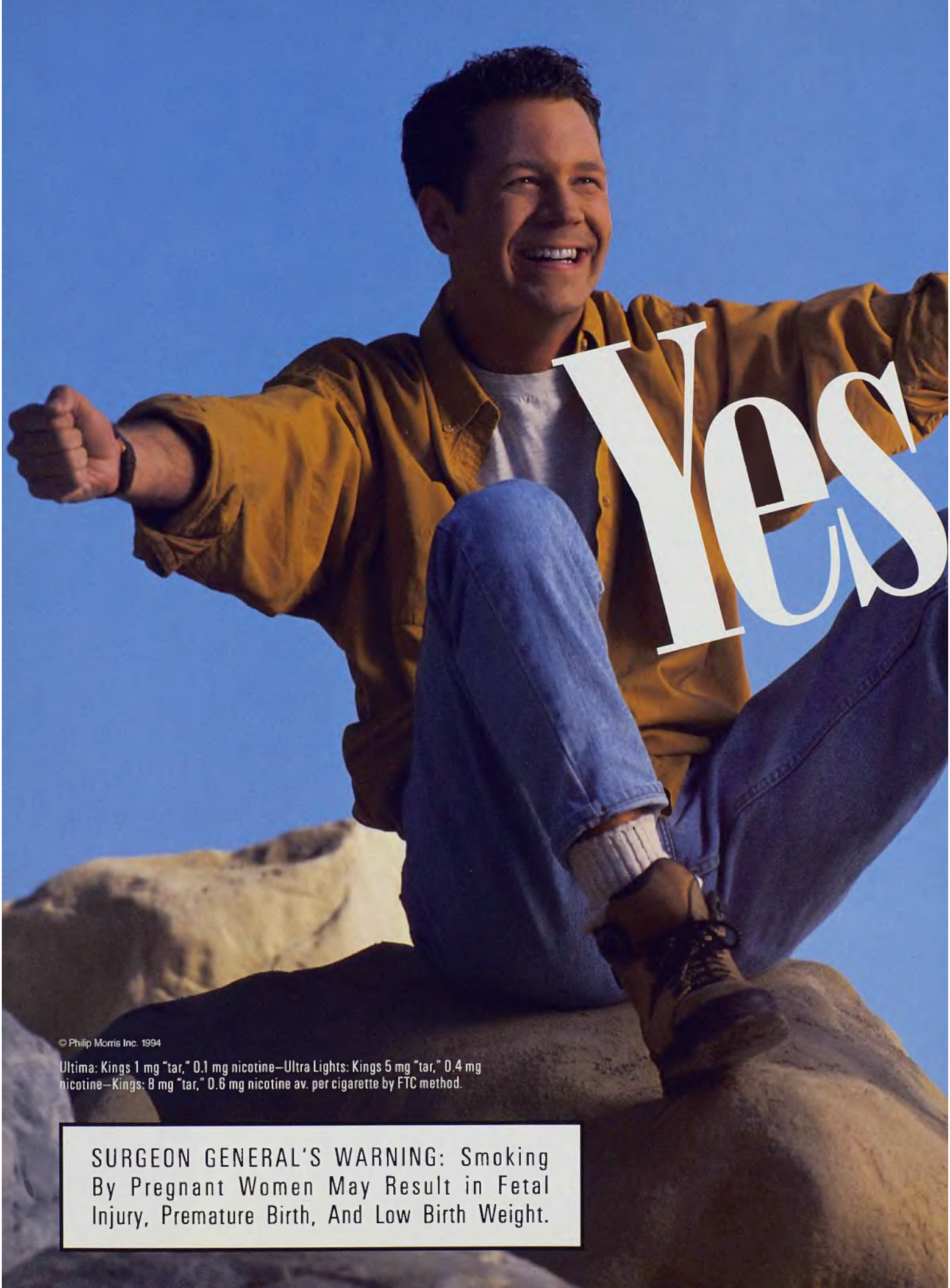

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me because I got a crash course in the business. I began to discover leverage and power, how the industry works, how the networks make decisions. I'd been sheltered up to that point. *Happy Days* was a coming-of-age period for a person who knew he wanted to become a director and maybe a producer.

PLAYBOY: But who definitely didn't want to be an adult actor?

HOWARD: I didn't think I was going to be a movie star. I don't exude that kind of danger on-screen. I have an affable quality. But I was making the transition. I was getting good dramatic work in television movies. In the middle of doing *Happy Days* I got nominated for a Golden Globe for best supporting actor for a movie I did with John Wayne, *The Shootist*. And there was talk that I would get nominated for an Oscar. Every year Disney still sends me a family comedy they want me to star in. I'd probably go with a hairpiece.

PLAYBOY: You grew up in the public eye. How did you manage to avoid occasionally making a fool of yourself?

HOWARD: As I grew up, I wanted to emulate my father as a man. Now, as a father myself, I often think about how he might handle situations. You don't see him living an extreme lifestyle. He's a very moderate guy, almost an ascetic. He's relentlessly evenhanded and moral, that Midwestern, hardworking, no-nonsense breed of man. I've always admired that about him.

PLAYBOY: Those aren't qualities one often associates with Hollywood.

HOWARD: Being in this business is not filling a void for me. Most people get into this business as the ultimate act of rebellion. For me, rebellion would have been to get out of the business. When kids are 14 years old and they say they want to be an actor or director, their parents say, "No way. What are you thinking?" As a result, people who go into the business tend to be more rebellious. They develop a code of behavior that may be a little more experimental, a little more dangerous. They make asses out of themselves and it's not a big deal. Then, all of a sudden, they break through, and they're concerned about what people think of them. Suddenly it's, "Geez, I can't wear women's underwear out on the beach anymore. Someone will take a picture of me." Well, that's not the way I am. That's not what I do. There isn't a side of me that sneaks off across the border to dress in women's nightwear and have wild episodes.

PLAYBOY: How did you avoid the crash that seems to befall so many child actors?

HOWARD: I see myself as a quirk. I don't know very many kids who successfully—or painlessly—made the transition from child actor to adult actor. My transition was about as good as it gets. My parents always felt a little guilty about having gotten me into the business. Even today I periodically have to reassure them that I'm really happy with my life. They often see me tied up in knots.

PLAYBOY: So you're a quirk who has no regrets?

HOWARD: I don't because it worked out very well for me. The ease I feel on the set of a motion picture is a huge advantage for me. People tell me I never get upset, that I don't seem to be tense. Well, I'm unbelievably tense when I'm working. I just don't show it because it's comfortable for me to be there. When I was eight or nine years old a guy had a nervous breakdown right in front of me in the middle of a take on *The Andy Griffith Show*. All of a sudden he went off the script and drifted into this diatribe, wound up sobbing, fell off his chair and curled up into the fetal position. A bizarre experience. At the time I wondered if he was ad-libbing. Did he just forget his lines? Sometimes I don't feel very calm or composed, but having acted serves me well as a director. I understand what motivates people and what they're feeling.

PLAYBOY: Will any of the four Howard children follow in your footsteps?

HOWARD: Cheryl and I decided against that from the beginning. A lot of kid actors are treated as trained animals. They can do a cute look. They can say the

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dialogue. They gain enough technical proficiency to be able to hit the mark. And when they're no longer cute and they can't get away with those tricks, they're obsolete.

I wouldn't want to subject my kids to that. Not that I think they're without talent. They're clearly an interesting bunch and they are all drawn to various things artistic. You'll have to put in "he said, beaming." But being a child actor can be brutal. If you succeed, you're an outcast. It's unavoidable that child actors will have to prove themselves twice over, because they're not fresh anymore. If your child really wants to be an actor, the odds will be a lot better for a career if he or she waits.

PLAYBOY: When did Ronny Howard become Ron Howard?

HOWARD: I tried to get it changed for *American Graffiti*, but they'd already done the credits. So after that I went with Ron.

PLAYBOY: George Lucas' *American Graffiti* is a landmark coming-of-age film. Was it a coming-of-age experience for you as well?

HOWARD: It was a liberating experience. Being on location. Working all night. It was the first time I didn't have parental supervision. On the nights I wasn't working, I'd go off to San Francisco and try to sneak into clubs. I looked so young I'd always get thrown out. I'd walk in the door and it was like doing a U-turn. But I got an eyeful. While we were filming *American Graffiti* I followed George Lucas around with a Super-8 camera. I bugged him like crazy. He liked it, though.

PLAYBOY: Describe your documentary on the making of *American Graffiti*.

HOWARD: Unfortunately, my mom lost all that footage. You know how some people complain about their baseball cards being thrown away? My mom dumped out all the Super-8 reels.

PLAYBOY: Is George Lucas a mentor?

HOWARD: We became real good friends. I have called him for advice. When we were doing *American Graffiti*, he said he wanted to do this science-fiction thing, like a serial in the old days with a comic-book feel. He couldn't begin to describe it in any way that was at all compelling. *Star Wars* just sounded bizarre. That's the thing about George. He's always been able to do something that you haven't quite seen before. Whether it was using the music the way he did in *American Graffiti* or the nonstop action in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* or the special effects in *Star Wars*. When he's at his best, he's making those kinds of breakthroughs. I think that's why he doesn't make a lot of films. I'm a little more content just to try to cook up a good story and get some good actors and to go out and make it.

PLAYBOY: Is that how you decided to make *The Paper*?

HOWARD: Coming off *Backdraft* and *Far and Away* I really wanted to do something that was logistically simpler. There were some terrific performances in both *Backdraft* and *Far and Away*. But I felt that my attention was pulled toward these big sequences that cost a lot of money and risk people's lives and are very difficult to execute cinematically. So I was looking for something simple. *The Paper* is not a deep, probing drama. It was a great excuse for me to hang around at *The New York Daily News* and *The New York Post* for hours and hours. And the actors started hanging around as well, particularly Michael Keaton. This is not a movie for kids. It allows the audience to look behind the scenes of the headline business, to relate to the pressures and stresses urbanites feel and everyone relates to. As soon as we started our research, I realized just how smart and funny that world is. There's a dry glibness and rhythm to the speech and the delivery. They have very good timing. It reminded me a lot of TV writers or actors.

PLAYBOY: Some journalists might not be so thrilled by that comparison.

HOWARD: As a director it reminded me of watching Thoroughbreds run. What was exciting—and a huge relief—was that the likes of Michael Keaton and Robert Duvall and Glenn Close and Marisa Tomei really came set to work. I had heard that Duvall was kind of cut-and-dried and just wanted to do one or two takes and move on. And that he didn't have much patience for the process. I thought he would be more set in his ways. I found that to be untrue. He was eager to try different takes and variations. He was looking to be directed. He has great taste, so it wasn't like he was far off. But he wanted the help in finessing the performance.

PLAYBOY: You have made some high-grossing films, but do you feel you have attained the critical and artistic success of a Martin Scorsese or an Oliver Stone?

HOWARD: I really don't think I'm quite there yet. But I don't want to answer in a way that makes it seem like my goal is to grow up and be Oliver Stone. There's no doubt that it's an uphill battle to get rave reviews for the kind of story I'm drawn to. I know on a commercial level I'm right up there in terms of who the studios would like to bet on. I've been reliable. I have stature.

I had a great conversation with Clint Eastwood after I saw his *Unforgiven*. He has a reputation for making movies in an ultraefficient fashion. Fewer days of shooting. Fewer takes. A throwback to John Ford, who never would do more than a couple of takes.

PLAYBOY: Were you seeking advice on how to become an efficient filmmaker?

HOWARD: Not necessarily, but that was my question. I thought *Unforgiven* had a polish that was extraordinary and difficult to achieve, because I know what it's like to work outside in the elements. So I asked him if he took more time to do this, given that it clearly was a project

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he'd been nursing along for years.

PLAYBOY: Eastwood's answer?

HOWARD: He said, "Nope. Just did it."

PLAYBOY: Your kind of story is upbeat. Do you think you've been typecast as the director from Mayberry?

HOWARD: Yeah. Mainstream moviemaker. I know I carry a sensibility born out of the kind of popular entertainment I grew up being part of. That's part of my outlook. Likable characters. And there's the celebration of the human spirit. I look around, I talk with people, look at their lives, read the paper and notice even with my own life that there are those moments when a person feels victorious. They feel they've achieved something very difficult. That's the stuff of memories, what makes life worth living. Each person has a highlight reel. Some people might have a perverted one [*laughs*], and what's fun and rewarding for them might not be for someone else. I find those moments rewarding as a moviegoer. But it has to be handled in the right way or it can be awfully corny and syrupy. But when it's handled well I find it rewarding. That's consistent with my personality.

PLAYBOY: You and Scorsese both directed films for B-movie impresario Roger Corman. Have you compared notes?

HOWARD: I'm a great admirer of Scorsese. Earlier this year I tracked him down and had lunch with him. Scorsese creates brilliant sequences. You might like one story more than another, but there will always be a great sequence, whether it's the boxing or one of the arguments between the brothers in *Raging Bull*, or Ray Liotta's cocaine-addled paranoia in *GoodFellas*. It's a brilliant sequence. He's trying things all the time. Sometimes it works well, and sometimes it doesn't work for everybody. He told me there's a classic storytelling style and approach that I embrace. And I think he was saying to me, "Relax, it's OK. That's what you do." Scorsese had come up with a list of 50 films for his daughter to watch.

PLAYBOY: Did any of your films make the list?

HOWARD: He didn't say anything about that. We were talking about classics. I don't think any of mine have reached classic status yet. My guess would be *Cocoon* is the leading possibility. *Backdraft* has established a passionate following. It has had real staying power in its post-release life. *Far and Away* is really a girl's movie.

PLAYBOY: Some critics were less than kind to *Far and Away*.

HOWARD: Many of them were. It would have been great if I could have made it earlier. I'd been working on that idea for eight years, from the time of *Splash*. There were times on *Far and Away* when it would flash through my mind that while a certain scene made sense for the movie, it wasn't exactly the way I see the world today. The movie has a kind of innocence. That was the choice I'd made eight years before, and it was still right for the movie as I was making it. But at times during the shooting and editing I would say, "This is a sensibility that is more representative of my outlook eight years ago. I think I've covered this ground." I love a great romance, and that's what *Far and Away* is. A romp like *It Happened One Night*. And I think it contradicted a lot of people's expectations, which were that the movie was going to be a sophisticated, historical drama about the Irish immigration. I'd seen the bleak look at the immigrant experience and didn't think we could do better than that.

PLAYBOY: But you wound up with a big, expensive film.

HOWARD: I'd always conceived of it as a modest film. The fact that it was shot in 70-millimeter became a marketing element. Maybe it was impossible to do the movie that was floating around in my head as inexpensively as I thought it might be done. But I certainly knew it wasn't a high-concept, easy-to-market movie. That's why it was nerve-racking when it became an expensive film. And it was competing against rock-and-roll party movies in an early summer market. *Far and Away* seems to be effective in

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its ability to entertain, but it isn't that kind of ride.

PLAYBOY: Were the critics waiting in ambush?

HOWARD: That's the first time a wave of negative criticism has hit me. I was frustrated by the way the movie was received critically and blindsided because the audience screenings were wonderful—with applause at the end of every preview. And I had a great time working on that movie. It was a dream come true. I got along well with Tom and Nicole. We went to great locations. The experience was perfect up until the film's release.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel there's ground that you have to recover since *Far and Away*?

HOWARD: Both *Backdraft* and *Parenthood* were very profitable movies, so I don't, thankfully, feel that pressure. Once the dust settled, *Far and Away* was perfectly respectable. I was relieved when we finally were able to generate enough money worldwide so that the studio broke even. Had it really flopped, I might not be so philosophical about it. But I was able to shake that off after a while and say, "Well, nobody's getting rich off this movie, but nobody is getting hurt." They always say that once you establish yourself, you're allowed about three flops in a row. Nobody ever doubts that people are going to have an occasional flop.

PLAYBOY: Were you anxious when Tom Cruise invited you to discuss the movie at a Church of Scientology compound?

HOWARD: Yeah. There are certain things that you put up with. I chased John Belushi through the streets to try to get him for *Night Shift*. I jumped on a plane once and flew to New Orleans to have a meeting with Eddie Murphy. And flew right back. It was unbelievably inconvenient, but I did it. One day we were set to have a story meeting with Tom Cruise, and he was at a Scientology headquarters just outside of Palm Springs. It wasn't a big deal. It was interesting. I didn't feel that I was being recruited.

PLAYBOY: Was Cruise holding out for something in return for starring in *Far and Away*?

HOWARD: No. He was already in the movie. It was just where he happened to be. We wanted to have a story conference, he was there and so we scooted up and spent the day and had the meeting. I didn't feel I had to become a Scientologist because I had spent the day up there. I know a bunch of Scientologists. I've had almost no conversations with any of them about Scientology, beyond their lamenting that it's a burden because people are pretty judgmental about it. None of them makes a big deal out of it.

PLAYBOY: Did Cruise insist that on *Far and Away* you use sound-recording equipment developed by Scientologists?

HOWARD: That was some equipment of Tom's. He may have met people through Scientology he thought were good sound engineers and started working on it. I don't think the equipment is church-owned or -financed. I think Tom financed it. Having spent time around George Lucas, who's always pushing the technological envelope, I found the equipment interesting. One of the reasons that I went ahead and took the leap and used it on the movie was that I knew it could only help us. *Far and Away* was one of the first times the equipment was used—if not its maiden voyage. It doesn't so much create an effect for the audience involving speaker systems; it has more to do with recording technique, so that actors can go from speaking very loudly to speaking very softly, and it's not up to some poor sound mixer to catch that. There was this rumor going around that really bugged me—that Cruise didn't like the sound of his voice. But this equipment would never impact the quality of his voice or change its pitch or anything. And he never said one thing to me about that being a goal.

PLAYBOY: You, Penny Marshall and Rob Reiner are film directors who all came out of the sitcom world. That seems to be unlikely training for movie directing.

HOWARD: We happened to be the first class to graduate from TV. People coming out of television seek to find a balance between the good idea that they can get behind and one that they can communicate thematically, keeping it lively. Comedy writing, acting and directing have a lot to do with rhythm. You have to feel where that spot is for the laugh. You develop an ear. Some funny things said in the wrong rhythm are no longer funny. Some unfunny things said in the right rhythm can actually be funny. That's where actors like Michael Keaton and Tom Hanks have a tremendous advantage. They understand what that rhythm is about, and they have this ability to tweak those lines so they don't sound like dialogue anymore. Hanks did two years on *Bosom Buddies*, which was as sitcom as they get—a good one. Keaton had been on a couple of sitcoms that didn't work. But he had worked in that style.

PLAYBOY: How important is humor—just plain yucks—in your movies?

HOWARD: I love storytelling. But as much as I keep trying to stretch as a director and work in different genres, there's one thing I always come back to. It's the thrill of sitting in the back of a theater, hearing one of those really big laughs come through—like when Michael Keaton explodes into "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" a million times in *The Paper*. I love feeling a little authorship or a sense of responsibility for getting people to feel that. Any kind of humor is like playing with a hand grenade. When it works it can be very exciting. When it doesn't, people immediately write it off as dopey. But then I use that term all the time. Dopiness is OK in my book as long as it's good. *Wayne's World* is a real dopey movie, but

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it's very well-executed.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you get enough respect?

HOWARD: Actors give me a lot of respect. They want to work with me. *Splash* was the turning point. It was Tom Hanks' first major film. Daryl Hannah had been in films but was not a movie star. John Candy had been in some films but hadn't really done a big part. Actors loved *Splash*. They liked the way it established Hanks. I've established two people successfully, Keaton and Hanks. I don't claim credit for Kevin Costner's career. I put him in a party scene in *Night Shift* because I needed someone who could speak a line. Years later I saw him again and asked if I had been nice to him that day. He said yes.

PLAYBOY: You may have established Keaton, but he wasn't your first choice for *Night Shift*, was he?

HOWARD: The studio took a total chance on Keaton. At the time he was doing stand-up. We had a budget for the movie. But really we had to get it cast. The idea was to get Belushi and Dan Aykroyd. It was up to me to try to get to Belushi. My partner, Brian Grazer—doing his neophyte producer thing—and I managed what we thought was going to be a five-minute meeting. Belushi's holding court. And suddenly he grows expansive. He starts talking about *Happy Days*. He starts talking about *The Andy Griffith Show*. And he tells me, "You're pretty funny. You know comedy. You could direct a comedy." And we're sitting around drinking beers with him for about three hours. No toots in there. So when we left we were high-fiving it. We thought we had it. It turned out we still couldn't get him to read the script. Never did get him to read it. We wound up getting the movie made anyway. And casting Michael Keaton. Belushi died while we were making the picture.

PLAYBOY: We talked about sex earlier. What about power?

HOWARD: What is power in our business? It boils down to the ability to get people to say yes—which is almost impossible. So there has to be fear involved. People have to be afraid to say no. No is the easy and safe answer when someone's talking about investing millions in a project. When you reach a position where people are hesitant to say no because they feel they might be missing out on something good, then you have power.

PLAYBOY: We assume you get your phone calls returned real fast.

HOWARD: I get my phone calls returned pretty quickly nowadays. But this business has little patience for those who are not hot. That's a reality everybody lives with. You fight for the opportunity to prove yourself, so that once you do prove yourself, things become a little easier. Now I don't have to be a gladiator every day. Now people want to seriously consider my ideas. It's a great feeling. It's not like everybody says yes to me all day long, every day. But it's difficult for people to just cavalierly say no. I was familiar with that reaction for a long time when it came to my directing. You don't want it to be too easy for them to say no. That's what I fight for in this business.

PLAYBOY: You work in a business that is renowned for big egos. How big is your ego?

HOWARD: I don't overpower people. That's not in my nature. I don't provoke people to perform at a higher level because everybody in this business at this level wants to achieve. All I do is try to ask difficult questions. I hate discussing this because I run the risk of sounding as though I really know what I'm doing and that I'm marvelously consistent. I don't have some great insight to offer. There's a good scene in *All That Jazz* where the director, who is played by Roy Scheider, is watching in the editing room and he's cursing at the screen, at the actor: "Why is he doing that? I can't believe it." And then he pauses. "Why? Because I'm the asshole who told him to do it that way."

PLAYBOY: You and producer Brian Grazer have been partners in moviemaking for several years. You're known as a nice guy, while he has a reputation as a driven, aggressive money man. Tell us about your relationship.

HOWARD: We're an odd couple. I think a lot of people probably scratch their heads and ask how the hell that partnership has sustained itself. Now, after almost ten years of working together, we know it works. We were introduced in 1977 or 1978 by this very cool woman named Deanne Barkley, one of the first top female power executives in Hollywood. She said, "You guys have to meet each other. You're going to be running the business." A couple of years later, we were the two youngest guys on the lot with offices.

PLAYBOY: Is Grazer the player in the partnership and Howard the artist?

HOWARD: Yeah. There are some great players out there and he's one of them. He has a knack for it. He's a good industry strategist. He knows how to read people, what they want to do, what they're looking for—not just the agents and studio executives but actors, writers and directors as well. The true players are not writers, directors and actors, though some revel in it. The purest players—and I don't put a good or bad connotation on the word players—are people who make it their business to take an idea and gather enough momentum to get it financed and maneuver the project through this maze of insecurity, fear and ego. They understand the subtlety of the process enough to sense when they have the leverage to make a move, to know when they're holding a flush or when they have to fall back and regroup. It's sales-driven, yet there's nothing tangible to sell. So there's a lot of talk. Brian Grazer is one of the best. We make big calls together if we have something we're really trying to accomplish.

PLAYBOY: What are you trying to accomplish when you're sitting in the director's chair?

HOWARD: A big objective for a director is to get everybody to see the movie in roughly the same way. When everybody sees the same movie in their minds—it's obviously inexact—then the director can edit suggestions from the cinematographer, from actors, from whomever. The key is to be meticulous about casting. I call other directors. I call Bob Zemeckis. Oliver Stone. Steven Spielberg. Jonathan Demme. Casting is agony to me. It's important, yet I hate putting people through that process.

PLAYBOY: And now we have to ask the obvious question about casting.

HOWARD: I've never quite had an indecent proposal, but once in a while you'll get a girl in with a very short skirt who almost . . . but I've never had an indecent proposal. [*Laughs*] Everything's very businesslike, because it's too emotional otherwise. I can't do: "Let's meet at your house. Let's meet at a hotel." There was a lot of nudity in *Night Shift*. I had to interview a woman and say, "We need to look at your breasts." That was weird. People are ambitious. After I cast Shelley Long in *Night Shift* she called me and said, "I'd like to come over to your house." She came over and she was wearing a wig, looking dowdy. And I said, "Hi, Shelley." And she said, "Oh, did you recognize me?" And I said, "Yeah." We sat down and started talking and she said, "You may wonder why I have this wig on." The question had crossed my mind. [*Laughs*] She wanted to play *all* the girls in the movie. And she took a shot at it. I respected the effort, but I wasn't going to let her do it.

PLAYBOY: You've been involved in the business side of movies more than most directors. Let's trace your interest in commerce.

HOWARD: I thought about the idea of buying a one-minute commercial on *Happy Days* and saying, "Hi, I'm Ron Howard. You've seen me over the years on *Happy Days* and *The Andy Griffith Show*. Now I want to direct a movie. Send me a dollar."

PLAYBOY: We assume you didn't consult a securities lawyer.

HOWARD: I found out it was illegal and decided it could be pretty humiliating. *Splash* was flashy and showy and a huge hit. Brian and I became informal partners then. But we started kicking around the notion of trying to raise some money and gain influence. And in late 1984 or early 1985, Wall Street was

(continued on page 146)

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Snow White Redux

a politically correct parable for our times

ONCE THERE was a young princess who was not at all unpleasant to look at and had a temperament that many found to be more pleasant than most other people's. Her nickname was Snow White, indicative of the discriminatory notions of associating pleasant qualities with light and unpleasant qualities with darkness. Thus, at an early age, Snow White was an unwitting if fortunate target for this type of colorist thinking. When Snow White was quite young, her mother was stricken ill, grew more advanced in nonhealth and finally was rendered nonviable. Her father, the king, grieved for what can be considered a healthy period of time, then asked another woman to be his queen. Snow White did her best to please her new mother-of-step, but a cold distance remained between them.

The queen's prized possession was a magic mirror that would answer truthfully any question asked it. Now, years of social conditioning in a male hierarchical dictatorship had left the queen insecure about her own self-worth. Physical beauty was the one standard she cared about now, and she defined herself solely in regard to her personal appearance. So every morning the queen would ask her mirror:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
who's the fairest one of all?"

Her mirror would answer:

"For all it's worth, O my queen,
your beauty is the fairest to be seen."

That dialogue went on regularly

humor

By JAMES FINN GARNER

ILLUSTRATION BY KINUKO Y. CRAFT

until once, when the queen was having a bad day and was desperately in need of support, she asked the usual question and the mirror answered:

"Alas, if worth be based on beauty,
Snow White has surpassed you, cutie."

At this the queen flew into a rage. The chance to work with Snow White to form a strong bond of sisterhood had long passed. Instead, the queen indulged in an adopted masculine power trip and ordered the royal woodsperson to take Snow White into the forest and kill her. And, possibly to impress the males in the royal court, she barbarously ordered that the girl's heart be cut out and brought back to her.

The woodsperson sadly agreed to these orders and led the girl, who was now actually a young womon, into the middle of the forest. But his connections to the earth and seasons had made him a kind soul, and he couldn't bear to harm the girl. He told Snow White of the oppressive and unsisterly order of the queen and told her to run as deep as she could into the forest.

The frightened Snow White did as she was told. The woodsperson, fearing the queen's wrath but unwilling to take another life merely to indulge her vanity, went into town and had the candy maker concoct a heart of red marzipan. When he presented this to the queen, she hungrily devoured the heart in a sickening display of pseudocannibalism.

Meanwhile, Snow White ran deep into the woods. Just when she thought she had fled as far as she could from civilization and all its unhealthy influences, she stumbled upon a cottage. Inside she saw seven tiny beds set in a row and all unmade. She also saw seven sets of dishes piled high in the sink and seven Barcaloungers in front of seven remote-controlled televisions. She surmised that the cottage belonged either to seven little men or to one sloppy numerologist. The beds looked so inviting that the tired womon curled up on one and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

When she awoke several hours later, she saw the faces of seven vertically challenged men surrounding the bed. She sat up with a start and gasped. One of the men said, "You see that? Just like a flighty woman: resting peacefully one minute, up and screaming the next."

"I agree," said another. "She'll disrupt our strong bond of brotherhood and create competition among us for her affections. I say we throw her in the river in a sack full of rocks."

"I agree we should get rid of her," said a third, "but why degrade the ecology? Let's just feed her to a bear or something and let her become part of the food chain."

"Hear! Hear!"

"Sound thinking, brother."

When Snow White finally regained her senses, she begged, "Please, please don't kill me. I meant no harm by sleeping on your bed. I thought no one would even notice."

"Ah, you see?" said one of the men. "Female preoccupations are already surfacing. She's complaining that we don't make our beds."

"Kill her! Kill her!"

"Please, no!" she cried. "I have traveled so deep into these woods because my mother-of-step, the queen, ordered me killed."

"See that? It's internecine female vindictiveness!"

"Don't try to play the victim with us, kid!"

"Quiet!" boomed one of the men, who had flaming-red hair and a nonhuman animal skin on his head. Snow White quickly realized that he was their leader and that her fate rested in his hands. "Explain yourself. What's your name, and why have you really come here?"

"My name is Snow White," she began, "and I've already told you: My mother-of-step, the queen, ordered a woodsperson to take me into the forest and kill me, but he took pity and told me to run away into the woods as far as I could."

"Just like a woman," grumbled one of the men under his breath. "Gets a man to do her dirty work."

The leader held up his hands for silence. He said, "Well, Snow White, if that's your story, I guess we'll have to believe you."

Snow White started to resent her treatment but tried not to let it show. "And who are you guys, anyway?"

"We are known as the Seven Towering Giants," said the leader. Snow White's suppression of a giggle did not go unnoticed. The leader continued: "We are towering in spirit and so are giants among the men of the forest. We used to earn our living by digging in our mines, but we decided that such a rape of the planet was immoral. Besides, the bottom fell out of the metals market. So now we are dedicated stewards of the earth and live here in harmony with nature. To make ends meet, we also conduct retreats for men who need to get in touch with their primitive masculine identities."

"So what does that involve," asked Snow White, "aside from drinking milk straight from the carton?"

"Your sarcasm is ill-advised," warned the leader of the Seven Towering Giants. "My fellow giants want to get rid of your corrupting feminine presence, and I might not be able to stop them, understand? My men, we must speak our hearts openly and honestly. Let us adjourn to the sweat lodge."

The seven little men scampered out the front door, whooping and stripping off all their clothes. Snow White didn't know what to do while waiting. For fear of stepping on anything that might be scurrying amid the debris on the floor, she stayed on the bed, though she did manage to make it without stepping off.

Snow White heard drumming and shouts, and soon after, the Seven Towering Giants came back into the cottage. They didn't smell as bad as she thought they would and, thankfully, they all wore loincloths.

"Agggh! Look what she's done to my bed! I want her out of here. I want to change my vote."

"Calm down, brother," said the leader. "Don't you see? This is just what we were talking about: contrasts. We can better measure our progress as true men if there is a female around for purposes of comparison."

The men grumbled among themselves about the wisdom of their decision. But Snow White had had enough. "I resent being kept around like an object, just a yardstick for your egos and penises!"

"Fair enough," the leader said. "You're free to make your way back through the woods. Give our regards to the queen."

"Well, I guess I can stay until I figure out a new plan," she said.

"Very well," said the leader, "but we have a few ground rules. No dusting. No straightening up. And no rinsing out underwear in the sink."

"And no peeking into the sweat lodge."

"And stay away from our drums."

Meanwhile, back at the castle, the queen rejoiced at the thought that her rival in beauty had been eliminated. She puttered around her boudoir reading copies of *Glamour* and *Elle*, and indulged herself with three whole pieces of chocolate without purging. Later, she confidently strolled up to her magic mirror and asked the same sad question:

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
who's the fairest one of all?"

The mirror replied:

"Your weight is perfect for your shape and height,

(concluded on page 139)

"May I use your phone? I should call my wife and tell her I'll be a little late."

a roaring
retrospective
of photos by, and of,
playboy's pinup
queen: bunny yeager

BUNNY'S HONEYS

text by BUCK HENRY

THERE'S A PHOTOGRAPH from the late Forties of a woman getting an award for being selected as Queen of the Sports Carnival. She's wearing a one-piece black bathing suit, standing near the pool of the Monte Carlo Hotel in Miami Beach. A tall, instantly recognizable man is handing her a trophy. The woman has extremely long legs and she is approximately the same height as the man. She looks happy, as if she expected to win. The man looks slightly, well, intimidated. His name is Joe DiMaggio. Her name is Bunny Yeager.

Bunny is one of Miami's most enduring attractions, up there with Morris Lapidus' world-famous architecture, Joe's Stone Crab restaurant, the House of Serpents and all those fabulous mansions built for deadbeat Arab princes, religious con artists and semiretired gangsters. She earned her landmark

Bunny Yeager began posing for pinup shutterbugs in Miami Beach in the late Forties. But she wanted to work on the other side of the camera. So in August 1953, on the cover of U.S. Camera magazine, she launched her new career, joining the male-dominated club of pinup photographers. On the opposite page, Bunny poses with December 1958 Playmate Joyce Nizzari (far left), August 1958 Playmate Myrna Weber (center) and model Maria Stinger (right). Above, Bunny shot Betty Andrews (left) and Christy Fausheé (right) as they rode the waves.

The year was 1956, the month was December, and the issue above marked our third anniversary. PLAYBOY had become the fastest-growing men's magazine in America, partly as a result of the efforts of Bunny Yeager, queen of the PLAYBOY centerfold. Bunny discovered our December 1956 Playmate Lisa Winters (above) at a bus stop in Miami.

On our May 1959 cover, Playmate Cindy Fuller (at left and above left) is among several women who celebrated PLAYBOY's House Party in a frolicsome pictorial shot by Bunny. Working under Hef's supervision, Bunny brought an intimate perspective on the female form to the magazine, photographing eight centerfold pictorials for PLAYBOY in all.

status in the mid-Fifties. Having won the beauty contests and posed for the best-known photographers, Bunny decided she could do it better herself. And she did. Over the next several decades, she beat the boys at their own game, shooting glamour-and-cheesecake photographs and selling them to the best-known publications in the world. She was called "the world's prettiest photographer." She seemed to have a special gift for putting her subjects at ease, for making unnatural poses—of semiclad and unclad women bending, stretching, jumping in the air and running in the surf—seem natural. The photographs are uninhibited without being sleazy or cheap. The models look as if they trusted her. As if they were having a good time. And they probably were.

Bunny didn't like the bathing suits being sold back then, so she designed and manufactured her own line. She wrote and published almost a score of books—of her own photographs and on how to take photographs, including the best-selling *Photographing the Female Figure*, one of the most popular guides for students of photography and, as I fondly recall, a perennial favorite

Playmate Joyce Nizzari (oppasite page) launges paolside in a Bunny shat, and Betty Andrews poses far her on deck (above). Bunny shaws off her abundant appeal as a madel (right) in a September 1959 pictorial that ran in PLAYBOY.

of high school boys everywhere.

Over the years, Bunny turned out many PLAYBOY pictorials, including the now famous Christmas centerfold of Betty Page in her Santa hat. The Yeager–Page relationship occupies a special niche in the history of cheesecake. Bunny's pictures of Betty on the beach and Betty in the "jungle" cavorting with various dangerous beasts are among the most cherished in the world of girlie pix. Bunny was one of the last photographers to shoot Betty Page before the legendary dark queen of pinups vanished in the Sixties. And when Betty surfaced a year ago, living quietly somewhere in California and seemingly unaware of the efforts of her fans to unlock the secret of her mysterious disappearance, it was Bunny who talked with her for *Interview* magazine.

Today, Bunny continues to take photographs in her Miami studio. She has been in a number of films and on television shows. She is the editor and publisher of *Florida Stage and Screen News*, a trade newspaper. She has been assembling retrospectives of her photos for publication. And she still has those great long legs.

Bunny was a double threat at phato sessians: She wielded the camera and passed along tips on hair styling and makeup. At left, madel Caral DuVall strikes a classic pose. Belaw, Bunny (right) and April 1963 Playmate Sandra Settani (left) take a break fram a beach shoat.

Bunny's experience in front of the camera taught her to work fast behind the comera, saving her models the difficulty of holding the poses for too long. Here is more of Maria Stinger (above) and 19-year-old Playmate Lisa Winters (left), who had never modeled prior to meeting Bunny. Pictured below is model Donny Sutton.

Riding a new wave of interest in her work, Bunny is especially appreciated for her photos of pinup Betty Page. Page fans take note: Bunny has signed two contracts to provide Betty Page photos for a series of pinup trading cards and a set of lithograph prints. The photo of Page spreading Christmas cheer (top left) is a classic, going from our January 1955 centerfold to lasting fame. The other photos on these pages feature a more exotic Betty. At right, a shot from *Betty Page in Jungleland* comic book.

article by **LISA PALAC**

a former antiporn crusader

muses on the positive powers of smut

and its growing feminist audience

HOW DIRTY PICTURES CHANGED MY LIFE

BURN IT," I said. "Burn every last bit of it. Or it's over."

I pointed at the stockpile of hard-core porn that had just slid out of the closet in an avalanche. If looks could kill, my boyfriend would have dropped dead. How could he, Mr. Sensitive Guy, enjoy such disgusting trash? I was livid. I paced around his tiny one-room apartment, devising his punishment. "Either all this sleazy shit goes or I go."

He looked at me like he was about to cry; his fingers nervously picked at the edges of his flannel shirt. "I'll get rid of it all, I promise," he whispered. "But first will you watch just one video with me?"

The nerve. Here I am threatening to walk, and he's got the audacity to ask me to watch a fuck film before I go. He prattled on about how he just wanted a chance to show me why this stuff turned him on and that it didn't mean he didn't love me. If I didn't like it he would, as agreed, torch everything in a purging bonfire. I crossed my arms and chewed on the inside of my lip for a minute. If I was going to make him destroy his life's collection of porno, I guess I could allow him one last fling. So that evening we watched *Sleepless Nights*. It was the first dirty movie I ever saw. A seminal film.

I was 20 years old then. Now I'm 30. Since that time I've watched hundreds of X-rated videos, patronized many erotic theaters, put money down for live sex shows and even run up a few phone sex bills. Today I make porn for a living. I edit an erotic magazine called *Future Sex*, and recently I produced *Cyborgasm*, a virtual audio CD. I'm a firm believer that if you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.

Until I sat down and watched an adult film, the only thing I knew about porn was that I shouldn't be looking at it. Growing up female, I quickly learned that girls don't get to look at girlie magazines. Sure, you could take your clothes off for the camera (becoming, of course, a total slut and disgracing your family), but the pleasure was for his eyes only. The message to us girls was: Stay a virgin until you get married, then procreate and don't bother finding your clitoris. Whatever you do, stay away from porn because it's a man's world, honey.

Ironically, certain strains of feminism gave a similar sermon. Pornography can only exploit, oppress and degrade you. It will destroy any female in its path unless you can destroy it first. And if you don't believe this, you have obviously been brainwashed by the Patriarchy.

If anything, the forbidden aspect of pornography made me a little curious, but I wasn't going to risk renting a porn video. So Greg's

PAINTING BY RAFAL OLBINSKI

challenge to watch with him gave me the chance to see for myself what all the fuss was about.

At the time, I considered myself an antiporn feminist. Before that I was a rock-and-roll chick from Chicago. I grew up on the northwest side of the city, not too far from Wrigley Field—the last in a line of four Polish-Catholic, middle-class kids. My childhood was carved out of a loaf of Wonder Bread. It was like, you know, normal.

"But how did you get so interested in sex?" I'm always asked. I interpret this question to mean, "What terrible trauma did you experience as a child to make you so perverted?" The answer: I was a corrupted papist.

Catholic school was 12 long years of wool-plaid penance, confessing to empty boxes of sin and silently debating whether Mary stayed a virgin even after Jesus was born. I would stare up at the crucifix and wonder how much it must have hurt. Then I would wonder what Jesus looked like naked. Because of my profane thoughts, I always feared that I'd become a nun. Of course, I never got that calling. I chalked it up to the fact that God wouldn't pick someone who mentally undressed His only son.

Or perhaps I simply inherited a kinky gene. My brothers read PLAYBOY. My dad read *Hustler*. I know that because I used to steal peeks at it every time I had the chance. Whenever I would start to feel bored, I'd think, Maybe I should go look at that *Hustler* magazine again. My father had a couple of them hidden with his fishing tackle in the basement. On hot summer days I'd go downstairs, lie on the cool concrete floor and study those bizarre naked pictures. The one I remember most was of an Asian woman smoking a cigarette out of her pussy. It was the weirdest thing I'd ever seen. One day the magazines weren't there anymore. My mother found them and threw them out. I didn't look at sex magazines again until I got to college.

I moved to Minneapolis in the early Eighties and enrolled in premed at the University of Minnesota. Eventually, I dropped out of premed and went to art school, where I came out as a film major. My roommate came out as a lesbian. She was the first dyke I ever knew. Suzie was from California and was totally rad. Together we ate our first mouthfuls of feminism.

I had never heard the word feminist before. My mother wasn't a feminist, my older sister didn't call herself a feminist. Yet feminism gave me the words to describe my experience. I quickly learned that being treated with less respect simply because I was female was called sexism, and it was not OK. Feminism illuminated the offenses that I had chalked up to being a girl: enduring public comments on the size of my breasts, being paid less than my male counterparts for the same work, putting up with shoddy contraception. This knowledge was power—power to take control of my life.

Suzie and I resolved to be women, not girls. We tromped on every bit of sexism in popular culture. We marched for choice. We resented having to be constantly on guard against the threat of rape. We mourned the plight of women across the globe who lived in squalid cages. We turned into pink sticks of dynamite, the crackle and spit of our fast-burning fuses getting louder all the time.

Pornography, of course, was the big bang. At that time, Minneapolis was a hotbed of radical antiporn politics. Catharine MacKinnon and Andrea Dworkin were teaching a class on porn at the U of M, and they drafted the very first feminist-inspired antipornography law, which defined pornography as a form of sex discrimination. There was a demonstration on campus against the *Story of O*, and fliers were distributed denouncing S&M as just another bourgeois word for violence. *Not a Love Story*, a documentary about one woman's adverse experience in the adult business, became a Women's Studies classic. One woman set herself on fire at Shinder's Bookstore on Hennepin Avenue, a martyr to the fight for a porn-free society. The message was clear: This battle was as important as the ending of the Vietnam war.

Meanwhile, the Meese commission was in full swing, bringing the disturbing coercion testimony of *Deep Throat* star Linda "Lovelace" Marchiano into the living rooms of America and alleging a link between pornography and violence. Women Against Pornography toured the heartland with its slide show featuring the infamous *Hustler* cover of a woman being pushed through a meat grinder. The tenet seemed to be: Get rid of porn and you'll get rid of all injustice against women. So I enlisted.

I had never watched an adult film, bought an explicit sex magazine or known anyone outside my family who did. Aside from a few stolen glances at my father's collection, the only pornography I saw was in the classroom. This carefully selected group of pornographic images didn't appear very liberating—she's tied up and gagged, with clothespins biting down on her nipples; she's spreading her legs wide open showing pink; his come is squirting all over her face. All were described as inherently degrading and oppressive. No other interpretation was offered. I studied the images (which were supposedly representative of all porn), added my firsthand experience of being sized up as a piece of ass and agreed that pornography was the reason women were oppressed. Pornography bred sexism. Like Justice Potter Stewart, I knew pornography when I saw it, and by now I'd seen enough to swallow the rally cries of the antiporn movement unquestioningly. I chanted and marched and applauded the spray-painting of LIES ABOUT WOMEN over Virginia Slims ads and across the fronts of black-veiled XXX bookstores. And I learned the slogan: "Porn is the theory, rape is the practice."

But soon I began to wonder how it all fit in with what I did in my bedroom. I still liked men, even if I didn't like their piggish behavior. And I liked sleeping with them even more. I began to question the definition of pornography that I'd been taught. Yes, the images I'd seen offended me, but surely there were sexual images that weren't sexist. Where were the erotic alternatives? If looking at pictures of people having sex was wrong, then I hadn't come far from Catholic school after all. Plus, lumping all men under the heading Sexist Patriarchy seemed unfair. The guys that I hung out with were caring, respectful and intelligent. Could they suddenly turn into psychopathic rapists if I waved a porn mag in their faces? I had a lot of questions. And then my boyfriend's porn came tumbling out of the closet.

•

"Ready?" he asked, looking at me with dark eyes that seemed full of some corrupt knowledge I didn't yet have. We were both nervous; he was afraid I was going to hate it and leave him. My fear was more complicated.

"Yeah," I said, my voice cracking. Greg slipped *Sleepless Nights* into the VCR. I began churning up shame-filled scenarios: What if my roommate were to walk in and catch us watching this dirty movie? Or worse, what if I get so turned on by this hideous smut that I become a full-blown porn addict? I could hear a voice saying, "What a disgusting girl. No one's going to want you once they find out about this."

Or what if I laugh?

My initial reaction was, Boy, is this stupid. Everything was bad: lame script, lousy acting, garish lighting, crippled disco soundtrack, anachronistic garter belts and repulsive leading men. As a film student I was appalled that the director didn't bother with the basics of good filmmaking. The plot was forgettable. I vaguely remember a contrived sex scene on a pool table. I

(continued on page 88)

"I'll bet they scared the crap out of Adam and Eve."

Bad girls

meet the babes who've been there done it had it nailed it nailed it shut

sharon stone
(right) Hollywood's voracious main dish, temporarily sated by a cigar.

drew barrymore
(left) Once *E.T.*'s famous fledgling, now a bird of prey.

SHE IS DIRTY and disarming, hypnotic and mercurial. She is everything your mother warned you about. She can turn up on the front page, like Amy Fisher or Heidi Fleiss, or she can anonymously corrupt an entire high school class. She's a bad girl—and she's a handful.

Like a tattoo, she is virtually impossible to get rid of. She could be from the wrong side of the tracks or she could be the wife of the rich guy you caddied for the summer of your sophomore year. Doesn't matter, because all bad girls have one thing in common: the ability to bring you low. Whereas good girls are nurturers, bad girls are terminators. They are the women who run with the wolves—then eat them. You'll jeopardize your job, betray your morals and risk your family. Bad-girl chic has a velvety vise grip on our culture. These days, you can see the overriding expression of a bad girl on the face (and in the petulant private life) of a runway supermodel; a bad attitude is a necessary accessory to good fashion. The trend has also put a dimple in the women's movement. Bad girls, long adept at picking up things, have suddenly picked up an ideology: the intriguing "do me" feminism. The bad girl has achieved most-favored-notion status, one that speaks to a generation of women who understand the power and provocation of being good at being bad.

Born To Be Bad— And Then Some

La Toya Jackson
Amy Fisher
Heidi Fleiss
Drew Barrymore
Shannen Doherty
Tonya Harding
Fergie
La Cicciolina
Sean Young
Princess Stephanie of Monaco
Stephanie Seymour
Naomi Campbell
Traci Lords
Gennifer Flowers
Jessica Hahn
Donna Rice
Mae West

Bad Girls, Good Choices

Sharon Stone
Basic Instinct

Lena Olin
Romeo Is Bleeding

Drew Barrymore
Poison Ivy

Rebecca De Mornay
Risky Business

Theresa Russell
Black Widow

Jessica Rabbit
Who Framed Roger Rabbit

Heather Locklear
Melrose Place

Marilyn Chambers
Behind the Green Door

Not As Bad As They Wanna Be

Madonna
Sandra Bernhard
Camille Paglia
Roseanne Arnold
Shelley Winters
Sylvia Miles
RuPaul

When Music Soothes The Savage Breast

Best band name:
Hole
Best lyric:
"I'll fuck you till your dick is blue."
—LIZ PHAIR
Best advice for mental wellness:
In "Rebel Girl," Bikini Kill suggests,
"Wipe your come on your parents' bed."

Where They Leave Wet Spots

backseats
front seats
Sheep Meadow in Central Park
elevators
cockpits
in the middle of a threesome
under bleachers
under tables
on top of you
Tiffany's
taxis

Accessories For The Perky-Butt Set

another bad girl
bite marks
handcuffs
gum
beeper
prior convictions
rose tattoo
dangerous boyfriend
spare panties
Rough Rider condoms
backstage pass from Whitesnake concert
incredibly dark glasses
Axl Rose

Anthems From The "Smeared Lipstick Songbook"

Sugar Walls
Push It
Whole Lotta Love
Let's Get It On
The Marine Corps Hymn
I Wanna Be Sedated

Bad Boys

Joey Buttafuoco
John Gotti
Claus von Bulow
Mickey Rourke
William Kennedy Smith
Wilt Chamberlain
Mick Jagger

Pick-Up Lines From "The Torn-Stocking Manual Of Style"

"What are you looking at?"
"You're kind of ugly. I like that."
"Nice car."
"Can you help me get rid of this guy?"
"Remember me? I went to school with your son."

Painful Truths

(1) She will sleep with your best friend, as if she hasn't already.
(2) She will cost you your youth, your optimism, your hair, your 401(k).
(3) She will make you lose weight and introduce you to cold sweats.
(4) She will leave it up to you to break it off with her, which you will. Six times.
(5) She will always return.

Good Girl	Bad Girl	Good Luck
"NO"	"YES"	"THIS MIGHT HURT A LITTLE"
BAZAAR	COSMO	*EASYRIDERS*
60 MINUTES	*NYPD BLUE*	*MIDNIGHT BLUE*
BAPTIST	PROTESTANT	CATHOLIC
CLEAN SHEETS	DIRTY SHEETS	STICKY SHEETS
CHARDONNAY	LONG ISLAND ICED TEA	CRANBERRY JUICE
BABY-SITS	HOUSE-SITS	LAP-SITS
BRINGS A GIFT	*BRINGS NOTHING*	STEALS SOMETHING OF YOURS
COTTON	LEATHER	LATEX
DIRTY DANCES	THRASH *DANCES*	TABLE DANCES
RESPECT	LUST	FEAR

DIRTY PICTURES (continued from page 82)

"Pornography made me aware that my sexual imagination wasn't limited to the heat of the moment."

waited for the violent rape scene, but it never happened.

"Is that all?" I asked when it was over. I expected my porn research to yield some kind of groundbreaking vision, the way my initial glimpses of feminism had.

It's hard to remember what made me want to watch another one. Part of it was like social anthropology, peeling back the layers to see what I could see. And the unladylike act of watching porn was piquantly rebellious. But as we watched other X-rated films, I noticed they all suffered from the same plague of filmic badness. I spent my early viewing hours counting pimples on performers' asses and mimicking the orgasmic fakery of the starlets.

A paradox emerged that I didn't understand. Sometimes I'd see an image of a woman on all fours begging for a guy's cock and think, How humiliating. Other times during similar scenes, the actress' eyes filled with fire so genuine, and the actor stroked her hair so tenderly while she sucked him off, that it seemed romantic, like an unfiltered moment of pleasure. I began to separate the images, recognizing that all of them weren't the same. I began to have flashes of lust.

But I wanted what Greg was having. He was getting something out of these movies that I wasn't. The movies didn't turn me off, but they didn't completely turn me on either. I decided I needed to be alone with pornography. I wondered what might turn me on, if anything. God only knew what could happen to a girl who got excited by thinking of a naked Jesus. I wanted to perform an experiment. I had to get a little dirty.

My first date was with an "all-lesbian" action feature called *Aerobisex Girls*. I tried not to care about the plot and I didn't wonder about the performers' family histories. The movie featured an oily orgy where the women shook with the fury of real, uncontrollable orgasms. I could feel the heat between my legs. I started fingering myself in sync with the women in the film. I opened and closed my eyes, imagining I was part of their scene, replaying certain close-ups over and over. Then my mind began moving back and forth between the real-time video and the frozen frames of cherished erotic memories. I fed the screen with my own fantasies, splicing together an erotic sequence that played only in my head. When I came, it was intense.

•

Now I knew firsthand what men do with sex magazines: Guys don't buy porno to look at women and think, I'd like to marry her. They masturbate to it. They jerk off. Masturbation is such a big part of every man's life, and to a much lesser extent every woman's, yet nobody talks about it. Men do it and don't talk about it, while women don't talk about it and don't do it. This is a fact. Studies like the *Kinsey Report* and the *Hite Report* have documented the high percentage of women who do not masturbate. The statistics are corroborated by our language. There aren't even words to describe female self-stimulation. Jerking, wanking and beating off all involve a penis, not a clitoris. It's a testimony to how cut off women are from their sexuality, both physically and psychologically.

I didn't masturbate until I was nearly 20 years old and a vibrator hit me on the head—literally. It rolled off a high shelf and bonked me. As if I were a cartoon character, a light bulb went on above my head and I decided to give myself a buzz. It was the first time I had an orgasm. I had never thought much about touching myself until then. Imagine a guy who doesn't masturbate until an appliance hits him on the head at the age of 20.

At the beginning of my porn adventures I was looking for a political theory instead of a sexual experience, and that's why it hadn't been working. Now I had the carnal knowledge that so few women possessed: how to use porn and come. What's important about this isn't just that I learned how to get aroused physically by pornography, but that I became sexually autonomous. I was now in complete control of my own erotic destiny. My experience was sexual liberation in action. I now knew how to use my mind to turn a two-dimensional image into a flesh-and-blood erotic response and how to explore sexual fantasies. Pornography made me aware that my sexual imagination wasn't limited to the heat of the moment or a sensual reminiscence. I could think about anything. I could use anything—books, magazines, videos—for erotic inspiration.

One of my formative sources of inspiration was a journal titled *Caught Looking*. Written by a group of East Coast feminist activists, this book combined academic refutations of the antiporn argument with hard-core sex pictures. As its title implied, it gave women the rare opportunity to look at a wide variety of pornographic images. This book confirmed what I had by now realized: The censorship of pornography is unfeminist. Here was a whole new breed of women who were reclaiming the power of female sexuality. I felt a part of that breed.

Soon I was reading *On Our Backs*, a lesbian sex magazine edited by a woman named Susie Bright. This was pornography created by women for women—how revolutionary! It challenged countless stereotypes about lesbian sex being boring and vanilla, and ripped apart the notion that porn was only for men. I uncovered Candida Royalle's series of feminist porn videos and watched every one with a feeling of fervent camaraderie. Other books, such as Nancy Friday's *My Secret Garden*, which detailed women's wide-ranging sexual fantasies, and *Coming to Power*, edited by the lesbian S&M group Samois, further validated my position that female sexuality was a powerful force that could not be pigeonholed politically.

My newfound sexual freedom was sweet, but finding pornography I liked was difficult. As I waded through the swamp of split beavers and raging hard-ons, I felt by turns critical, angry, depressed, pensive, embarrassed and bored. I began a relentless search for the right stuff. Often, I was surprised at the things that made me wet; things that would doubtless get labeled as "male oriented" and "degrading" by good feminist soldiers. Still, the good parts were so rare, I spent more time fingering the fast-forward button than anything else. I wanted images that reflected my own erotic desires and depicted authentic female sexuality. I scanned for cute guys with long hair, punk, butchy women, plots with lots of psychosexual tension, come shots where he doesn't pull out and, most of all, genuine female orgasms.

It seemed the biggest problem with pornography wasn't that it was evil-smelling and immoral—it was artificial and predictable.

Also, it's usually described as offensive. Yet I found that much of what is offensive about porn has to do with interpretations, not sexual acts. Take the controversial example of a woman sucking a man's cock until he comes all over her face. This image can be presented in a crass and repellent way, or it can be depicted as sensuous and

(continued on page 145)

"Tell him to come. We have to go."

Playboy's Electronic Lexicon

don't know your dcc from your epg? read this asap

IF YOU'RE afraid to plug an MD into an A/V for fear of blowing up the whole shebang, you're not alone. These days, it almost takes ESP to keep on top of the technobabble that's standard operating procedure in consumer electronics. To resolve this, we've created a cheat sheet of electronics abbreviations to guide you the next time some jargon-spouter tries to sell you something.

AI: artificial intelligence. Computer technology that simulates human intelligence, now being built into cameras, televisions, etc. Open the pod door, Hal. *(continued on page 148)*

modern living by JONATHAN TAKIFF

dbx

SCMS

DSS

Hi-8

W-VHS

CD-ROM

PCMCIA

HDTV

DSD

FMV

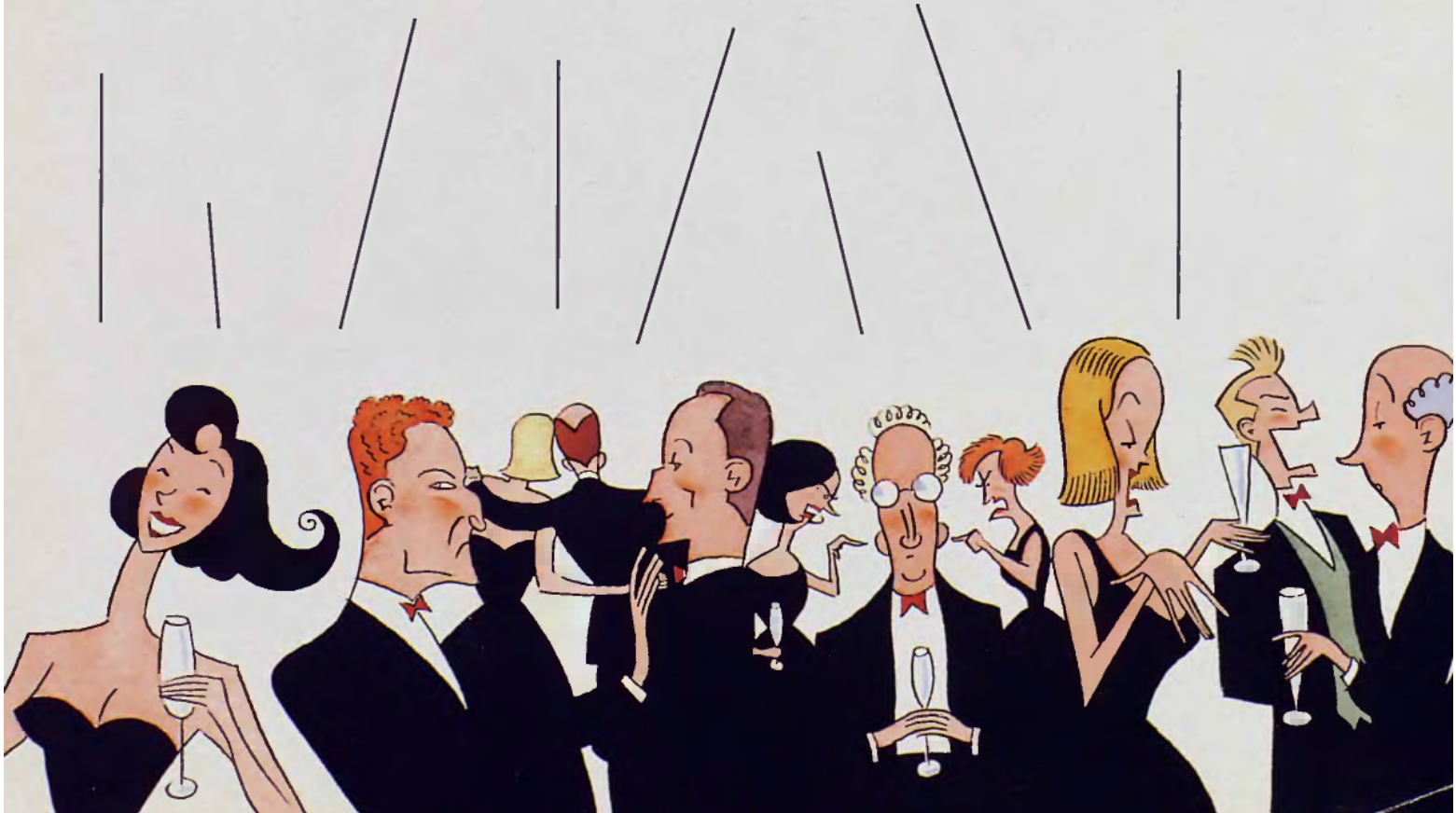


ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

MTS/SAP

MPEG

ESH

VR

S-VHS

DCC

CD+G

RBDS

PIP

CD-WORM

MD

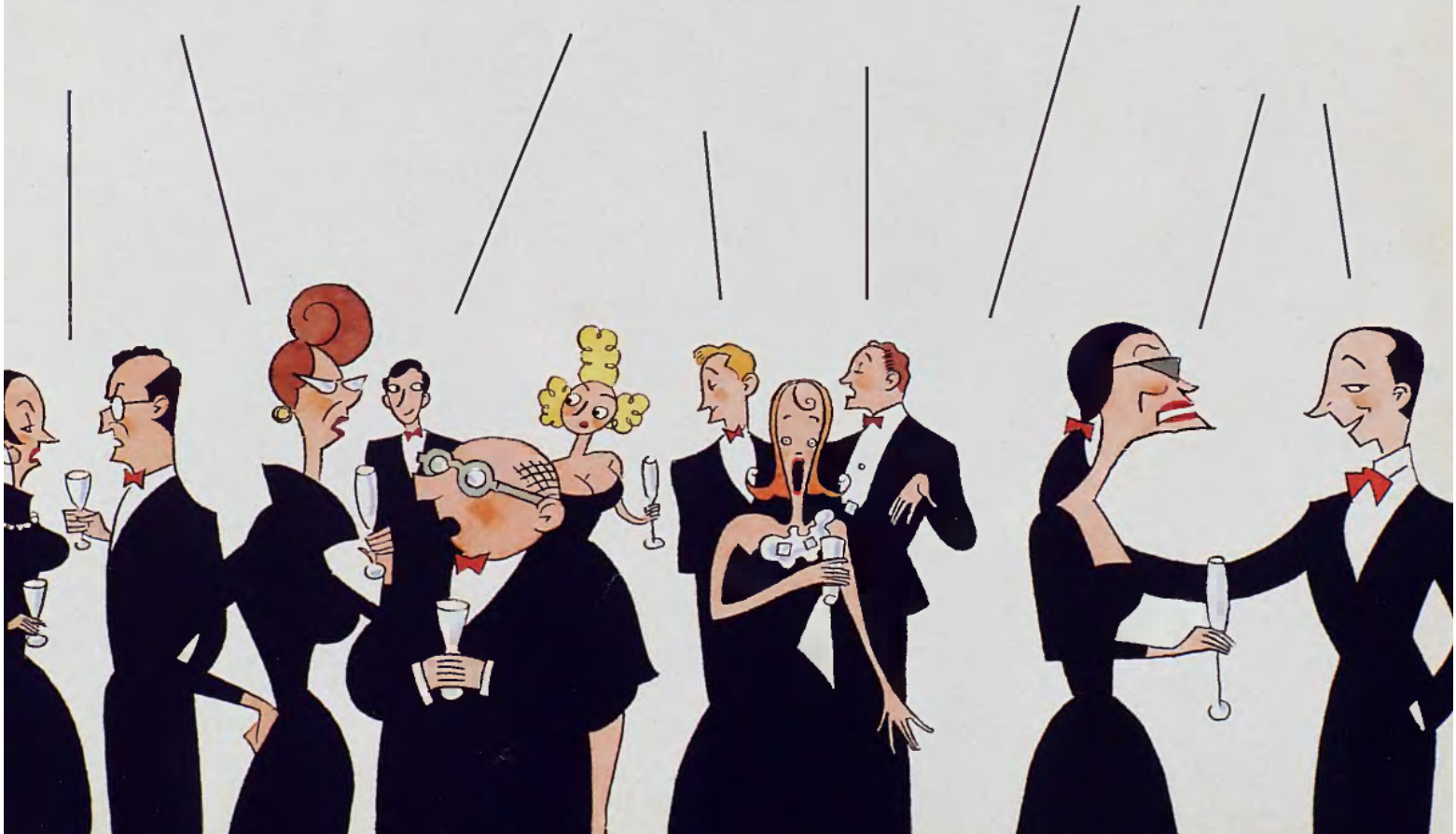
3DO

TVCR

THX

LD

PDA



ON YOUR MARKS

get set: miss may is a woman on the go

SHAE MARKS is one beautiful collection of contradictions. This becomes clear the moment I open the door to greet her. Based on her photo and the conversations we've had on the phone, I fully expect to find a tall, bold woman.

Instead, I discover a polite waif clad in faded jeans, a sweatshirt and sneakers, carrying an armload of books. I think for a second that some schoolgirl has accidentally knocked on my door. But when she speaks, I realize that this is the same person. Oh, and those aren't books. "These are albums of my photo shoot in Los Angeles," she says offhandedly, and plops them onto a table.

The contradictions continue to reveal themselves: Although Shae delivers cars from auctions to a wholesale lot for a living, she got lost on the way to the interview. She weighs just over a hundred pounds, but she eats a meal—including a fried cheese appetizer—fit for a hungry man. Clearly, she was born to be in front of the camera, yet she hopes one day to work behind it. The biggest contradiction of all? Shae Marks says of herself, "I am very insecure." She says this staring me straight in the eye with all of the assuredness of the queen of England. The

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

If you want to discuss bodies with Shae, we recommend you stick to bodies of water. Above, she demonstrotes her watery version of a perfect day. Competing in races aboard her Thunder Jet isn't just exhilarating—it's also dangerous. Ten competitors slalom around buoys and one onother. "You don't wont to fall off," Shae says nervously.

incongruity of these things doesn't immediately occur to Shae. But when I point it out, she explains each seeming conflict. Of course she can have no sense of direction and still earn money driving. "We drive in packs, and I'm always in the middle. I was always a passenger before I took the job, and I didn't have to pay much attention." As for the high-fat food cooked in oil, well, she doesn't really have to think about it: "I work out all the time."

But those are just the little things. I'm more concerned with how she could dismiss the possibility of putting her looks to good use in her career. "Well, I'm thinking about going into broadcasting," she says. "But I'd also like to do camera work or maybe screenwriting." And this is how the conversation

goes. What you hear between Shae's frequent bouts of laughter are the words of an ambitious 21-year-old, one who still looks at the world as if she were a child, one who sees possibilities everywhere she looks.

She won't commit to one specific goal, because, Shae says, gesturing in the air, "I have to see where this opportunity with PLAYBOY leads me. I can't make my next decision until I see where this goes."

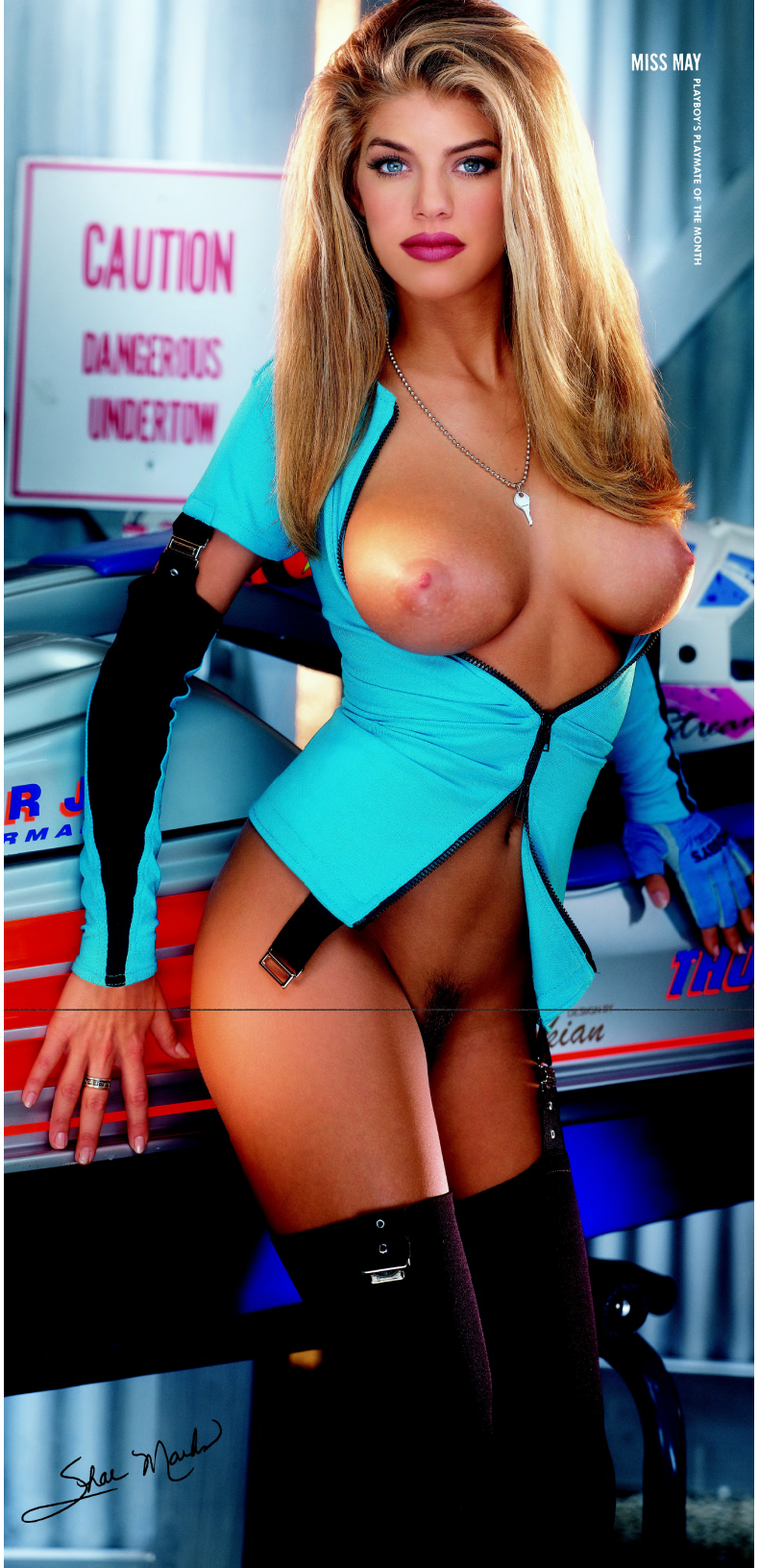
Still, Shae spends plenty of time exploring her options. "I play this computer game," she offers as further explanation. "It consists of a series of choices that take you on a quest. It relates to my life because I have so many decisions to make and I'm in the process of choosing different paths."

I steer her back to the confidence question. "Well," she says, laughing, "I'm real self-confident one-on-one. But if I'm in a place where I don't know people, I won't look at them and I don't talk. At parties I sit on the back porch."

We finish our conversation and I ask her to drop me off at a restaurant. Watching her eat all that food has made me hungry. We hop into her sports car and she revs the engine. We spend the next 20 minutes lost but not worried. I get the idea that for Shae Marks, the journey is more fun than the destination.

—SPIKE GILLESPIE

An admitted workout fanatic, Shae prefers a life of perpetual motion. "My favorite toy is my Rollerblades, because I can exercise without a gym. I can pack them up and take them anywhere I want to go. I can't take my cat or my computer."


MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
CAUTION
DANGEROUS
UNDERTOW

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Shae Marks

BUST: 34 D WAIST: 23 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'4 WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 6-1-72 BIRTHPLACE: New Orleans, Louisiana.

AMBITIONS: Earn a journalism degree, work in entertainment. Enter the national Jet Ski competition.

TURN-ONS: Convertible Porsches, men in suits, sushi, volleyball at the beach, working out.

TURNOFFS: People without ambition, rush hour traffic, overconfident men!

MAD, MADDER, MADDEST: Bad pick up lines, overstyled hair, assuming I've said yes before I have.

NEVER AGAIN: Will I be afraid to speak my mind or speak up for myself.

ONE THING I'M NOT: A housekeeper! Don't clean, can't cook. I'll do the books, you do the laundry.

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE: To my mother for making me strong and independent. I'm very grateful to have her as a mom and a friend.

Yes-a cheerleader

Iggy and I in Mexico

Senior Picture

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Roger suspected his wife was cheating on him and asked a friend to follow her one afternoon. The next day the friend reported that the husband's suspicions were justified.

"I saw her and a guy head into the park and go at each other hot and heavy right there," he recounted.

"How long do you think this has been going on?" the disconsolate man asked.

"From the mosquito bites on his ass, I'd say pretty much all spring."

I'm going to tell you what I tell everyone who sits in that chair," the IRS agent said to the nervous taxpayer. "It's a privilege to live in this great country and you should pay your taxes with a smile."

"Phew, what a relief," the man said, sighing. "For a minute there, I thought you were going to ask me for money."

Back in pioneer days, a fellow moved his family west, settled on some land and built a cabin. He hung a bell from the porch to summon him in an emergency.

One day while the man was out hunting, the bell rang. He ran back at full speed. "What's wrong?" he panted. His wife explained that she wanted him to taste her apple pie while it was still warm. "Sarah," he reminded her, "the bell is only for emergencies."

The next day the man went out to gather wood. Again the bell rang. "What's wrong?" he asked as he ran up. His son explained that he had cleaned the fireplace and polished the harness as he'd been told. "Jesse," he said, "remember, the bell's only for emergencies."

That afternoon he went out hunting again. Once more the bell rang. As he ran in the direction of the cabin, he saw smoke curling to the sky. Closer still, he saw his wife and son staggering out of the remains of their home, their clothes in tatters, arrows lodged everywhere.

"Well," he said with a satisfied sigh, "that's more like it."

Doctor, I've decided to get a vasectomy."

"Mr. Glenn, this is a serious decision," the physician advised. "Have you talked it over with your wife and children?"

"Oh, sure," Glenn replied. "They're in favor of it 15 to 2."

A fascist, a communist and a Jew were the only customers in a café when there was a sudden flash of blinding light and God appeared. "I have come to grant each of you a wish," He said. "Who first?"

The fascist jumped to his feet. "It would be a benefit to mankind if you killed all communists," he said.

"What about you?" God asked, turning to the communist.

"The world would be a more peaceful place if you killed all the fascists," he said.

"And you?" He asked the Jew.

"Well, if you decide to grant the first two wishes," he replied, "I'll just settle for another cup of coffee."

Honey, sit down," the husband told his wife. "I have good news and bad news."

"What's the bad news?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm a woman trapped in a man's body," he tearfully confessed.

"Oh, my God!" she gasped. "What's the good news?"

"I'm gay."

A mouse was desperately trying to escape from a cat when, luckily, he spotted a crevice in a wall. Diving in, he waited for the cat to leave.

Suddenly, he heard the sound of barking. Aha, he thought, where there's a dog, there's no cat. He ventured a few feet out from the wall and was instantly snatched by the cat.

The stunned mouse looked up at the menacing feline. "Some of us," the cat snarled, "are bilingual."

When a passerby saw a man peddling hammers on the street, he took pity on him and asked how much the man wanted for one of the tools. "Four dollars," the vendor said.

"That's what they cost at the hardware store."

"I know. That's where I get them."

"But you can't make any money that way," the passerby said.

"You're right, but it beats the hell out of farming for a living."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.*

"I take it that this elaborate ritual-courting display means that you've been receiving my signals about a potential sexual relationship?"

shady characters often make unexpected exits. andria provides quality care for what they leave behind

dogs walked, plants watered

fiction by LAWRENCE BLOCK

"NOW, HERE'S my situation," Keller said. "Ordinarily I have plenty of free time. I take Nelson for a minimum of two long walks a day, and sometimes when the weather's nice we'll be out all afternoon. It's a pleasure for me, and he's tireless, literally tireless. He's an Australian cattle dog, and the breed was developed to drive herds of cattle vast distances. You could probably walk him to Yonkers and back and he'd still be raring to go."

"I've never been to Yonkers," the girl said.

Neither had Keller, but he had passed through it often on the way to and from White Plains. There was no need to mention this.

"The thing is," he went on, "I sometimes have to travel on business, and I don't get much in the way of warning. I get a phone call, and two hours later I'm on a plane halfway across the country, and I may not get back for two weeks. Last time I boarded Nelson, and I don't want to do that again."

"No."

"Aside from the fact that the kennels expect you to make reservations a week in advance," he said, "I think it's rotten for the dog. Last time, well, he was different when I picked him up. It was days before he was his old self again."

"I know what you mean."

"So I'd like to be able to call you," he *(continued on page 112)*

PAINTING BY KENT WILLIAMS

TGICF...

working nine to five—
in comfort

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE

THERE MAY have been a time when copywriters, art directors and other "creative types" were the only ones allowed to dress casually for work—but not anymore. Menswear has eased up in the Nineties and so, too, have American businesses. Even in the boardrooms of such traditionally conservative companies as John Hancock Financial Services of Boston (where managers were photographed for this feature), power dressing for its own sake is passé. The uptight navy blue suits with linebacker shoulder pads that were de rigueur a decade ago are gone, replaced by single- and double-breasted styles with softer shoulders and relaxed, comfortable fits. And that's just for Monday through Thursday. On the final day of the workweek, many firms—Hancock included—are taking workplace comfort a step further by implementing casual or "dress-down" Fridays. By any name, it simply means that employers

It's business attire as usual for the men at John Hancock. Arnold Garron, standing by the window, combines a wool chalk-striped double-breasted suit, by CK Calvin Klein, $630; a cotton shirt, by Ike Behar, $98; a silk tie, by XMI 325 Series, $48; and shoes, by Cole-Haan, $198. David P. Carlon (seated) wears a viscose rayon suit, from Assets by Andrew Fezza, $495; a striped cotton shirt, by Andrew Fezza, $60; a silk tie, by Robert Talbott Best of Class, $95; and shoes, by Allen-Edmonds, $230. Lined up, front to back: Denis Collet sports a wool chalk-striped suit, from KM by Krizia, $595; a cotton shirt, by Robert Stock Furnishings, $35; o silk tie, by Robert Talbott, $65; and shoes, by Johnston & Murphy, $225. George Mirabile combines a wool windowpane-plaid suit, by Austin Reed, $395; a striped cotton shirt, by Robert Stock Furnishings, $35; and a silk tie, by Tommy Hilfiger, $37. Seth Kilgore mates a wool double-breosted suit, by Valentino, $895; with a cotton shirt, by Bass, $39; ond a silk tie, by Robert Talbott, $65. And Robert J. Martin teams a double-breasted suit, by Hugo Boss, $955; with a cotton-and-polyester shirt, from Editions by Van Heusen, $26; and a silk tie, by Nick Hilton Collection, about $70.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN GOODMAN

THANK GOD IT'S CASUAL FRIDAY

are recognizing what we've known all along: The more comfortable you are, the more you'll get done. To that end, we would like to offer a few pointers on dressing down with style. *Sports jackets:* Choose a loose, unconstructed style or an even more casual shirt jacket. *Pants:* Blue jeans may be too casual, so try khaki pants or a pair of natural-colored jeans. *Shirts:* Want to go tieless? Try a banded-collar shirt or a knit polo. Otherwise, wear a sport shirt with a tie. *Ties:* Check out the latest Friday ties by Superba, a style of neckwear that is designed with unstuffy patterns and worn tucked into a shirt for a casual feel.

Friday threads: Garran has chosen a linen blazer, from R & B & Co. by Nick Hilton Collection, $550; a cotton sport shirt, by Hugo Boss, $89; linen trousers, by CK Calvin Klein, $150; a silk dress-down Friday tie, by Superba, $25; socks, by Gold Toe, $5; and nubuck bucks, by G.H. Bass & Co., $77. Carlon combines a wool checked sports jacket, from Assets by Andrew Fezza, $325; with a banded-collar shirt, by CK Calvin Klein, $52; twill trousers, from Nautica by David Chu, $49; socks, by Gold Toe, $8; and suede loafers, by Allen-Edmonds, $230. Martin pairs a linen sports jacket, by Structure, $195; with a polo shirt, by Wilke-Rodriguez, $75; twill khakis, by DKNY, $67; a belt, by Daniel Craig, $150; and suede shoes, by Kenneth Cole, about $140. Mirabile wears a checked linen/rayon sports jacket, by Wilke-Rodriguez, $195; a linen polo shirt, by Gentry Portofino, $150; jeans, by Structure, $34; a leather belt, by Cole-Haan, $48; and shoes, by G.H. Bass & Co., $75. Kilgore sports a linen shirt jacket, from Colours by Alexander Julian, $225; a striped linen banded-collar shirt, by Structure, $54; cotton khakis, by Wilke-Rodriguez, about $70; and a belt, by Torino, $40. Collet teams a windowpane-plaid sports jacket, by Hugo Boss, $560; with a striped banded-collar shirt, from KM by Krizia, $75; cotton trousers, by Zanella Outdoor, $165; and shoes, by G.H. Bass & Co., about $90.

GROOMING BY PAUL DEVINE FOR ENNIS, INC.

Where & How to Buy on page 141.

dogs walked, plants watered (continued from page 106)

"Suppose she let Nelson off the leash? Suppose she fell in love with him and never brought him back?"

said, "when I find out I have to travel. You could come in every day and feed him and give him fresh water and take him for a walk twice a day. That's something you could do, right?"

"It's what I do," she said. "I have regular clients who don't have the time to give their pets enough attention, and I have other clients who hire me just when they go out of town, and I go to their houses and take care of their pets and their houseplants."

"But in the meantime," Keller said, "I thought you and Nelson should get to know each other, because who knows how he'll react if I disappear one day and a few hours later you turn up and enter the apartment? He's pretty territorial."

"But if Nelson and I already knew each other——"

"That's what I was getting at," he said. "Suppose you were to walk him, I don't know, twice a week? He's not stupid, he'd get the idea right away. Then, by the time I had to leave town, you'd already be an old friend. He wouldn't go nuts when you tried to enter the apartment or resist when you tried to lead him out of it. Does that make sense to you? And what would be a fair price?"

They worked it out. She would walk Nelson for a full hour twice a week, on Tuesday mornings and Friday afternoons, and for this Keller would pay her $50 a week. Then, when Keller was out of town, she would get $50 a day in return for which she would see to Nelson's food and water and walk him twice daily.

"Why don't we start now?" she suggested. "How about it, Nelson? Want to go for a walk?" The dog recognized the word but looked uncertain. "Walk, walk, walk!" she said, and his tail set to wagging.

When they were out the door Keller began to worry. Suppose she never brought the dog back? Then what?

DOGS WALKED, PLANTS WATERED, the notice had read. RESPONSIBLE YOUNG WOMAN WILL PROVIDE QUALITY CARE FOR YOUR FLORA AND FAUNA. CALL ANDRIA.

The notice had appeared on the community bulletin board at the neighborhood Gristede's, where Keller bought Grape-Nuts for himself and Milk-Bones for Nelson. There had been a phone number, and he had copied it down and dialed it, and now his dog was in the care and custody of this allegedly responsible young woman. All he really knew about her was that she didn't know how to spell her own name. Suppose she let Nelson off the leash? Suppose she sold him to vivisectionists? Suppose she fell in love with him and never brought him back?

Keller went into the bathroom and stared hard at himself in the mirror. "Grow up," he said sternly.

•

An hour and ten minutes after they'd left, Nelson and Andria returned. "He's a pleasure to walk," she said. "No, don't pay me for today. It would be like paying an actor for an audition. You can start paying me on Tuesday. Incidentally, it's only fair to tell you that the payment you suggested is higher than my usual rates."

"That's all right."

"You're sure? Well, thanks, because I can use it. I'll see you on Tuesday morning."

She showed up Tuesday morning and again Friday afternoon. When she brought Nelson back on Friday, she asked Keller if he wanted a full report.

"On what?" he wondered.

"On our walk," she said. "On what he did. You know."

"Did he bite anyone? Did he come up with a really good recipe for chili?"

"Some owners want you to give them a tree-by-tree report."

"Hey, call me irresponsible," Keller said, "but I figure there are things we're not meant to know."

•

After a couple of weeks he gave her a key. "Because there's no reason for me to stick around just to let you in," he said. "If I'm not going to be here, I'll leave the money in an envelope on the desk." A week later he forced himself to leave the apartment half an hour before she was due to arrive. When he printed her name in block capitals on the envelope it looked strange to him, and the next time he saw her he raised the subject. "The notice you posted had your name spelled with an I," he said. "Is that how you spell it, or was it a misprint?"

"Both," she said. "I originally spelled it with an E, like everybody else in the world, but people tended to give it the European pronunciation, uhn-DRAY-uh, and I hate that. This way they mostly say it right, ANN-dree-uh, though now I get the occasional person who says uhn-DRY-uh, which doesn't even sound like a name. I would probably be better off changing my name altogether."

"That seems extreme."

"Do you think so? I've changed it every year or so since I was 16 years old. I'm forever running possible names through my mind. What do you think of Hastings?"

"Distinctive."

"Right, but is it the direction I want to go? That's what I can't decide. I've also been giving some consideration to Jane, and you can't even compare the two, can you?"

"Apples and oranges," Keller said.

"When the time comes," Andria said, "I'll know what to do."

•

One morning Keller left the house with Nelson a few minutes after nine and didn't get home until almost one. He was unhooking Nelson's leash when the phone rang. Dot said, "Keller, I miss you. I haven't seen you in ages. I wish you'd come see me sometime."

"One of these days," he said.

He filled Nelson's water dish, then went out and caught a cab to Grand Central and a train to White Plains. There was no car waiting for him, so he found a taxi to take him to the old Victorian house on Taunton Place. Dot was on the porch, wearing a floral print housedress and sipping a tall glass of iced tea. "He's upstairs," she said, "but he's got somebody with him. Sit down, pour some iced tea for yourself. It's a hot one, isn't it?"

"It's not that bad," he said, taking a chair, pouring from the Thermos jug into a glass with Wilma Flintstone depicted on its side. "I think Nelson likes the heat."

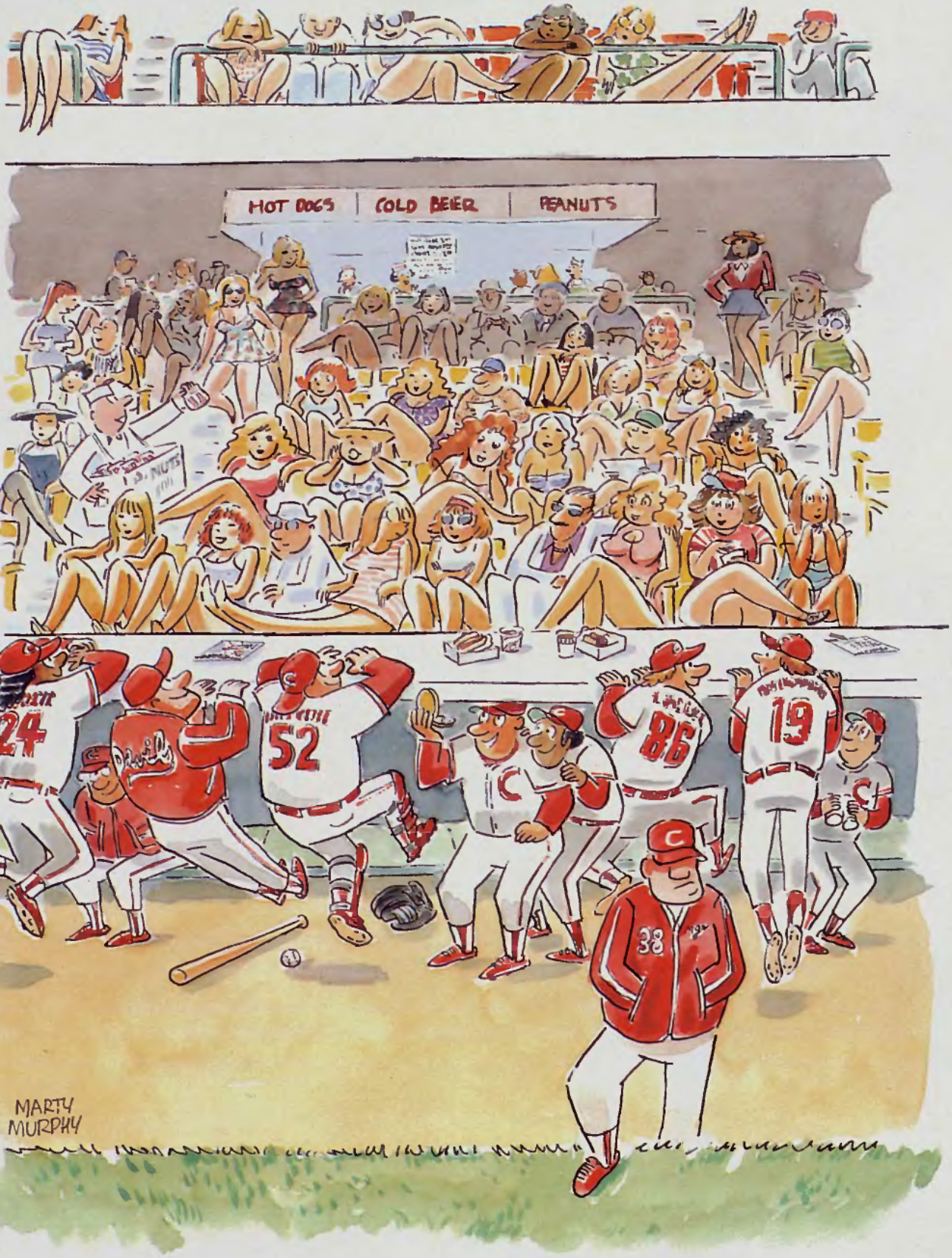
"A few months ago you were saying he liked the cold."

"I think he likes weather," Keller said. "He'd probably like an earthquake, if we had one." He thought about it. "I might be wrong about that," he conceded. "I don't think he'd feel very secure in an earthquake."

"Neither would I, Keller. Am I ever going to meet Nelson the Wonder Dog? Why don't you bring him out here sometime?"

"Someday." He turned her glass so that he could see the picture on it. "Pebbles," he said. A buzzer sounded, one long and two short. "What was it Fred used to say? It's driving me crazy. I can hear him saying it but I can't remember what it was."

(continued on page 140)



"I thought opening day would never get here!"

DENIS LEARY

comedy's angry young man defends red meat, condones tough talk and explains the real difference between irish and italians

Denis Leary first captivated us with his one-man show, "No Cure for Cancer," a high-decibel diatribe on tobacco, meat and masculinity. Leary minced neither words nor music. The show's leadoff song was titled "Asshole." And through it all, he puffed butts and swigged from longnecks. "The New York Times" pronounced his efforts "terribly, angrily funny." After its stage run, "No Cure for Cancer" appeared as a Showtime special and was issued as a CD and as a book.

Massachusetts-born Leary, who remains "blood connected and proud" of his Irish roots, is also proud of his dues-paying years in comedy clubs and as an actor, college instructor, rocker, poet and pizza deliveryman. The course of "life experience," he claims, made him a better storyteller and kept him out of the dreaded sitcom world and away from its corrupting big bucks. Leary insists he has turned down several television offers.

Although leery about selling out, he did have a price, and when MTV opted for an in-your-face series of promos, he signed. (He later did spots for Nike as well.) His MTV tag line, "I think you hear me knocking, and I think I'm coming in," proved prophetic. Nowadays others are writing much of his material. After several small movie roles, he's currently starring with Judy Davis and Kevin Spacey in "The Ref." Leary plays a burglar on the lam who takes refuge in the home of a bickering married couple. Another one-man show and several other projects are, as he puts it, "in the drawer."

Warren Kalbacker met with Leary in—what else?—a smoke-filled room. "The offstage Denis Leary is soft-spoken and thoughtful," says Kalbacker. "And tolerant. He confides that he finds male bashing funny and adds that he has no problem at all with Asians or Italians dressing in green on St. Patrick's Day."

1.

PLAYBOY: You proudly savor red meat, beers and shots, and Marlboros. Have you ever considered having your cholesterol checked?

LEARY: Never had it checked. How do they do that, anyway? Do they take your blood? The things that you're not supposed to eat taste fucking great. Suck down a piece of beef, that tastes great. So the arteries get clogged that much more and maybe you gain a couple of pounds. Big deal. The detriment is balanced by the pure fucking pleasure of the taste. It relaxes you and makes you feel great for two hours afterward.

2.

PLAYBOY: Share with us your appreciation of tobacco.

LEARY: Cigarettes tend to be much more about addiction and keeping your hands busy and nervous habit. There are cigarettes during the day that taste great and there are some that just happen to be there. A cigar is a whole different event. A cigar is about taste. You make a point of enjoying them after a meal or if you're out having a drink. It's not about inhaling. It's about savoring. Almost anything Cuban is great if you can get your hands on one. Especially if it's fresh. We should make a little deal with Fidel for cigars. He needs it now. He's getting old. Let him be part owner of a baseball team. They love baseball down there. They have some great players.

3.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever have lunch with vegetarians?

LEARY: Vegetarians always have that look at the table when you're eating something else. They're looking at your food the whole time, thinking, Fuck, I really want to eat that meat. It's OK if somebody says, "I don't like the taste of meat. Never have." Fine. It's the ones who have been there and then try to convince you so there will be more people like them and they won't always want to be eating what you're eating. There are vegetarians who don't eat anything with a face. Paul McCartney said that, didn't he? What the fuck is that about?

4.

PLAYBOY: Could a sensitive man lurk within that cloud of smoke, beneath that loud, leather-clad exterior?

LEARY: You speak from your own experience. Growing up Irish Catholic and working class, there wasn't a lot of hugging and kissing and talking about things. Italian guys were always hugging and kissing one another. Irish were very loud, but very staid. The men I knew expressed feelings in other ways. You'd beat the shit out of a guy and then stand him up and buy him a drink as opposed to kissing him on the cheek. It takes a little bit longer and it takes a little more out of you.

5.

PLAYBOY: Are you going to be the guy who finds something good to say about a Catholic priest this year?

LEARY: All the shit they're finding out about the priests is not only frightening but unbelievable. We used to have a headmaster, Father Reynolds, who came from the neighborhood. A tough, Irish, Golden Gloves boxer. We were scared shitless of him. When he told us to cut our hair and tuck our shirts in, we did it. But at the same time he was one of those guys who, if you were a troublemaker, would pull you aside and have a little talk with you. "Let me tell you something," he'd say. "I used to be a troublemaker." So you got the tough-guy thing, and by the time you were ready to graduate you felt this guy was all right. It was always about growing up a little bit and being careful. He'd say, "It's fun now but you've got to watch that stuff. You have to get a job."

6.

PLAYBOY: Your passion for playing hockey is well known. Are those front teeth your own?

LEARY: Oh, yeah. These are all real. Hockey is, without a doubt, the most exciting sport to play. It's the speed. It's the best workout in the world. Every part of your body is working and it's a very improvisational game. You're not thinking about what you're doing. It's hard to describe to somebody who hasn't played it. It's like basketball but more extreme. In basketball contact is not as constant and intentional as it is in hockey. There's also the chance you're going to get belted up against the boards a couple of times. That's a great wake-up call for several enzymes in the body that get released only when you're seeing stars. I'm eager to play against Gretzky. Apparently he's the same size as me, but he never gets knocked down. *(continued on page 152)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK OCKENFELS III

sports

by kevin cook

playboy's

1994 baseball preview

we pick the winners and losers, as baseball reinvents october

THE COLLEGE baseball coach Rod Dedeaux had a rule: "Never think. It can only hurt the ballclub."

Mitch Williams thought he would jam Joe Carter. Williams had Carter where he wanted him with men on base in the World Series' final game. Sticky jams were Mitch's specialty; he was always wiggling out of sword-pierced boxes. In the playoffs against Atlanta, trying to make a great play, he had fumbled a bunt, then nodded when Phillies manager Jim Fregosi came to the mound to say, "Take the easy out." So Williams grabbed the next bunt, whirled off-balance and threw blindly to third for a miracle out that helped kill the Braves.

A week later he self-destructed in game four of the Series, a disastrous 15–14 loss. And now, in the last inning of the last game, with the Phils up by two runs, he walked the leadoff man. Paul Molitor soon singled. It was one of those temple of doom moments: A double would plate the winning run, but a game-ending double play would make Mitch a hero.

He thought Carter might be looking for a slider. A fastball inside, then, might become the grounder to short Philadelphia needed. Williams visualized a 90-miles-per-hour fastball on Carter's hands, the perfect pitch. It could have been perfect, too, except that the pitch was so sluggishly horrid that the hitter didn't recognize it as a fastball. (In Toronto's sudsy locker room Carter would say he hit a slider; Mitch had to correct him.) He turned that flider into a dent in Sky Dome's upper deck, making the Blue Jays the first World Series repeaters since the 1977–1978 Yankees.

Now the Wild Goat slouches toward Houston. The trade is his punishment. It's also a new chance. Most things in baseball are like that. Horrible and/or terrific, as hard to figure as a flider.

The Mitchless Phillies can afford to be upbeat. They look at this year as a chance to atone for their recent flop. They are the new Gashouse Gang, a bunch of burly, unshaven, chaw-packing dudes who went from last place in 1992 to NL champs a year ago. "We may appear to be scumbags," says their Popeye-look-alike second baseman, Mickey Morandini, "but nobody ever defined what a ballplayer is supposed to look like."

Still, the Phillies define overachievement. They needed injury-free summers from six brittle regulars and 43 suspenseful saves by Williams to slip into the Series. It won't happen again. They're phinished.

In the playoffs they beat the game's best team, the Braves, who have now been the best team for three years straight. But Atlanta keeps running afoul of postseason fate, including Mitch's miracle throw last year and Lonnie Smith's brain cramp in the 1991 Series—when Smith lost his bearings on the bases, stranding the Braves' winning run forever at third.

Of course Atlanta is also the decade's luckiest team. For the last dying gasp of the 1992 playoffs they sent up Francisco Cabrera, who had batted ten times all year. He promptly singled home the world's slowest runner to send them to the Series.

So are the Braves lucky or unlucky? You make the call. But if the best team happens to win this time around, Atlanta's cleanup man Fred McGriff can start with the National League's Most Valuable Player award and spend next winter cleaning up on other honors.

The Braves are the class of the newly aligned NL East. Montreal, probably the league's youngest team, isn't quite ready. The Phils gained 27 wins from 1992 to 1993 and will surely give some of them back. Plus they're ugly and should have shown Mitch some loyalty for his 43 saves instead of dumping him for two cheap contracts. So cross them off, too. Now cross off everyone else in the National League. The Giants have lost Will Clark, and their starting pitching isn't as good as it looked a year ago. They are a mortal lock in the new NL West but should fall in the fall to Atlanta, a club so good that it has no business being 0-for-October.

In the American League, Toronto's arms are tired. The Jays survived the stretch last year against the collapsing Yanks and Orioles. Both of their pursuers are better now. The O's have spent big-time to bring a pennant to Camden Yards. Their new first baseman, Rafael Palmeiro, happens to be better than his old Mississippi State teammate Clark, in whose favor he was dumped by the Rangers. Ex-Met Sid Fernandez' twitchy motion will mystify AL hitters all year. But young arms matter more; the Central Division's White Sox have young arms. Come October, Chicago's lineup will prove a match for New York and Baltimore, and the Sox have a younger version of Atlanta's super staff, plus fearless closer Roberto Hernandez.

Give me the Braves over the Sox in the Series.

This prediction is offered hesitantly, like Mitch's pitch, since foresight doesn't go far in the irrational pastime. Atlanta builds a roster better than the 1927 Yankees and goes hungry in the Nineties because three postseasons isn't enough time for the breaks to even out. I love Atlanta and Chicago, but there's also a good chance for an all-Canadian World Series this year—a

ILLUSTRATION BY MIKE BENNY

REALIG
NMENT

puzzling prospect for America's national pastime.

Times are changing. Already there's far less television money for teams to spend on players, and NFL-style revenue sharing among owners is coming. In a year or two the playing field will level out. Rich clubs won't be able to plunder poorer ones, as the Braves did when they snatched McGriff from the Padres to provide some pop for the pennant run. Competition will tighten. Another tier of postseason playoffs will alter the role of fortune's dice.

But even Atlanta fans ought to cheer the new system. With money spread more evenly, brains will mean more. That puts a premium on scouting and money management. Sign the best high schoolers and collegians, track their progress in the minor leagues, test the best of them in the majors, reward the best of the best with big-league security. You can save millions by locking up promising rookies and sophs in multiyear contracts, making everybody happy. You can energize a city that way, showcasing exciting young players now with the hope of pennants later.

That's how they're doing it in the baseball town of the Nineties: Cleveland. Yes, Cleveland, where the Indians' fab new park will be the hub of the city's nightlife. It hosts a roster wonderfully nurtured by general manager John Hart, who has spent three years cultivating this unit—always with one eye on 1994, the Indians' gateway to contention. Hart was the first general manager to learn Nineties-style baseball economics and act accordingly. In 1991, the year the Tribe went 57–105, he invested a few million in his best young players. He paid them more than they were then worth but less than they would be worth in a few years. When Hart stole Cooperstown-bound outfielder Kenny Lofton from Houston, his club was ready to win a year early.

Then came the news that their fine young closer, Steve Olin, and teammate Tim Crews were dead—killed in a Florida boating accident. After that it seemed heartless to play the season at all. The black-patched Indians struggled to finish 76–86. Now, though, the wound is partly salved by Hart's success. As Gateway opens, the GM has added a couple of fine old mercenaries. Eddie Murray will protect Albert Belle in the lineup. Pitcher Dennis Martinez—an actual no-fooling unannounced candidate for president of Nicaragua in 1996—anchors the rotation. The Indians, featuring a future Hall of Famer in Carlos Baerga, are poised to revive a town that has been baseball-dead for 40 years. Best of all, they've done it the right way, the smart new way.

There is new thinking all over. The Giants, ignoring the common wisdom that San Francisco was baseball-dead, spruced up their home, scheduled a host of day games and made Candlestick Park a focus of sunny afternoons. Spurning the wisdom that said free agent zillionaires flop, they wooed and won the exceptional Barry Bonds, a $44 million bargain. This year, they'll win the new NL West by a mile.

Colorado and Florida also showed how to market baseball fun. You can't go anywhere without seeing their clever designs—the Marlins' teal caps, the Rockies' purple and black. Florida cracked the once-sacred 3 million mark in attendance while Colorado, where turnstiles spin with less wind resistance, skied to the ridiculous total of 4.5 million fans.

In fact, while the Braves and Giants staged what was widely bemoaned as the last true pennant race, the game crushed every attendance record. Some of that was the result of better marketing. With the diamond-studded

(continued on page 154)

"Yes sir, the place wouldn't be the same without old Bosley here!"

Barely There

from new york to paris to milan, this spring, beauty is skin deep

TIME WAS when a fashion runway actually featured clothes. Yet as designers rolled out their spring lines, a new trend was clearly underway: supermodels showing more skin than attire. We don't mean pretty women flashing just a sneak peek of cleavage; we're talking about fashion's power-pouters making some sexy statements. Featured here are Angelika (far left, with Sinéad haircut) and Eve (with camera), who have proved that the best models need only one name and skimpy undies to make a point. Then there are the gorgeous buddies of the rich and famous, including Naomi Campbell (right, with cross necklace) and Christy Turlington (bottom left, see-through shirt, piled-high curls). Rocking knockout Helena Christensen (in strategically placed suspenders, far right) scampered topless on Hawaiian beaches in Chris Isaak's *Wicked Game* video, while Tyra Banks (below right, in black mini and dreadlocks) appears regularly on *The Fresh Prince of Bel Air*. And let's not forget modeldom's reigning queen, Claudia Schiffer (bottom far right, black dress, white bra), and crown princess Kate Moss (below, in her Calvins). And who are the designers? Who cares?

PLAYBOY PROFILE

WHERE THERE'S SCHMOKE...

By ROGER SIMON

baltimore mayor kurt schmoke has a pal in the white house, a plan to decriminalize drugs and a career on fire

GEORGETOWN, ONE MONTH after the election of Bill Clinton. The center of the universe. The home of Katharine Graham, chairman of the Washington Post Company. An A-list party. Secret Service on the rooftops, gawkers across the street behind yellow police tape.

One by one cabs pull up to the door. Cabs, not limousines. If New York is about money, if Chicago is about politics, if Los Angeles is about glitter and if Buffalo is about chicken wings, Washington is about power. Which is why a cab will do nicely. In Washington it is not what you are driving but where you are driving to.

Clinton, though yet to be inaugurated, is already operating on Clinton Standard Time, which is 45 minutes to an hour behind the rest of the world. So the A-list is assembled and waiting patiently inside the splendid home. Katharine Graham has gathered the usual suspects: Ted Kennedy, Sam Nunn, George Mitchell, William Safire, Ethel Kennedy, Ben Bradlee, Sally Quinn, Ron Brown, Robert McNamara and, of course, Kurt Schmoke.

Who? Who is that last guy, whose name sounds like it should be attached to a Prussian field marshal?

He is the mayor of Baltimore, who suddenly finds himself not only invited to join the A-list but ascending to the A-plus-list as he finds his name card at Bill Clinton's table. But why the sudden status? Why has everyone from office seekers to senior ministers from the government of India been asking Kurt Schmoke to plead their cases to the new president? Because Kurt Schmoke has arrived at the vital center where decisions are made, policy is developed, programs are formulated and tax dollars are distributed. And Kurt Schmoke has earned his new status the old-fashioned way: He has delivered the votes.

In the presidential election of 1992, the state of Maryland returned a higher percentage of the vote for Bill Clinton than any state except Arkansas. "Kurt Schmoke," a Clinton aide says, bestowing one of the highest accolades of politics, "was an early and consistent supporter."

Schmoke was also an early and consistent supporter of dramatic changes in the way America contends with its drug plague. BALTIMORE MAYOR SUPPORTS LEGALIZATION OF ILLICIT DRUGS, stated a *New York Times* headline on September 30, 1988. What Schmoke had said in his maiden speech to the U.S. Conference of Mayors at its annual meeting in Washington and later before Congress was that the war on drugs was an obvious loser. Drug users, he said, should be treated as patients to be cured, not as criminals to be prosecuted. Whatever caution and whatever subtleties he expressed then and afterward, the stark simplicity of the headline stuck and nothing has given Schmoke as much national attention. Everything else on his résumé, for example, suggested a Clinton Cabinet position—most obviously as Secretary of Housing and Urban Development. But Schmoke discouraged the feelers. "Can you imagine what the Republicans would do with me?" he asked, as he pushed for Henry Cisneros, who got the job. The controversy was also at least a minor factor in Schmoke's decision in 1993 not to run for governor of Maryland. But for all the heat he has taken since 1988 for his opinions, Schmoke has stayed the course.

Clinton has made it clear that he is opposed to legalizing drugs. Schmoke was therefore pleased when Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders called for a dialogue on the subject late last year, though White House press secretary Dee Dee Myers said: "The president is against legalizing drugs and he's not interested in studying the issue." Nevertheless, Schmoke pursues the goal of drug-policy reform.

He also remains close to power in *(continued on page 134)*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
HERB RITTS

ELLE

the swimsuit supermodel as you've never seen her before

FOR A WOMAN whose perfectly honed, statuesque frame earned her the nickname "The Body," supermodel Elle Macpherson has a decidedly cerebral approach to her work. "As opposed to posing in a swimsuit, where there's more innuendo involved, nudity requires less implication," she says. "But this isn't about sex per se as much as it is an idea of sensuality." Best known to Americans for her sensational starring appearances in *Sports Illustrated*'s swimsuit issue, Elle is a national institution in her native Australia, where her form has a higher profile than Ayers Rock. Her TV special *The Making of the 1993 Elle Macpherson Calendar* was the ratings smash of the year there. Now nude for all the world to see—both here and in a new film, *Sirens*—Australia's darling is a bit concerned about the reaction down under. "Australians don't want to be disappointed by anything I do," she says. So why challenge their loyalty? "I've wanted to work with Herb Ritts for years—there's a purity to his work that I admire. And

what we've done for PLAYBOY parallels an idea in *Sirens*. It's not just 'Come fuck me' sexy." The idea is both purer and more fun, she says. "It's about the power of sensuality—but with a wink." Young Eleanor Macpherson never figgered (as Elle says in her lilt of an accent) to be a model. "I come from a strict academic background," she says. "My aunt was a model, but when people said I might be one too, I thought, Heaven forbid! My aunt wore weird clothes, slept a lot and didn't eat much." But after Elle won a slot in law school and was looking to pay for her textbooks, she sent her prom photos to a Sydney modeling agency. Suddenly she was off to New York for "a most unusual career." Aptly enough, *Elle* magazine was her first high-profile forum. Soon came bigger fame: four covers of *SI*'s swimsuit issue. Now comes a

STYLING BY KATE HARRINGTON FOR VISAGES, NY
HAIR BY PETER SAVIC FOR PAUL MITCHELL SALON HAIRCARE
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new chapter: film roles and this meeting of sensual minds with photographer Ritts, which is sure to make some waves back home. "We studied old pinup photos," Elle says of her powwows with Ritts, "and tried to add a little camp to the sensuality." A determined actress whose only previous film role was a cameo in Woody Allen's *Alice*, she gained 15 pounds to play Sheela in *Sirens*. "Most women weren't lean in the Thirties, when *Sirens* takes place," she explains. But she melted those pounds before posing for Ritts. A Thirties look worked for the movie, but what you see on these pages was about "creating something modern, done with a very modern body." She hopes the photos are both stimulating and entertaining. Nudity is not sex or art or pornography. Such judgments depend on the beholder. For Elle, the beholdee, the idea is to strip away all pretense, giving herself and her public something new to think about.—RALPH MARINO

KURT SCHMOKE *(continued from page 122)*

"The talk with Gore went well and Schmoke was ready to return to Baltimore when the White House phoned."

Washington. Not long before Christmas last year, for example, he joined a handful of other mayors and a few governors to talk with Vice President Al Gore about empowerment zones, which would provide subsidies, tax incentives and other government muscle to keep inner-city businesses from fleeing to the suburbs. Baltimore has already benefited from Clinton's $50 million Summer of Service program, in which young men and women worked on education, health and conservation projects. Clinton received 430 applicants for the program and Baltimore was one of 11 sites where it took place. Schmoke's friend Cisneros at HUD has kicked in another $50 million to raze high-rise public housing and replace it with scattered townhouses in an effort to break up concentrations of poverty. "I want Baltimore to be one of the handful of cities to showcase Clinton's urban policy," Schmoke said. "If Clinton has a pilot program somewhere, I want it to be in Baltimore."

The talk with Gore went well and Schmoke was ready to return to Baltimore when the White House phoned. "The president had just come back from seeing a football game at Sidwell Friends [daughter Chelsea's private school] and had asked that if any of us were still around, he'd like to talk with us," Schmoke says. "As if I'm going to say: 'I have to get back to Baltimore, I want to miss the traffic.' So I said: 'Yeah, I think I could meet with him.' So we went over and he was sitting around casually in the Oval Office. You try to keep it light, because, you know, gosh, the man has all kinds of pressures, but he kept pressing us: 'What's going on? What's your big concern?'"

Crime, Schmoke told the president. He did not discuss drug-policy reform. He knew that he and the president still disagreed. Schmoke believes that if Clinton "simply allowed Dr. Elders and Lee Brown [director of the Office of National Drug Control Policy] to devise a plan to move our resources much more toward the public health approach, so that we could get a dramatic expansion of drug treatment programs, I think it would have a dramatic impact on rates of addiction and crime."

Shortly afterward Clinton gave a major speech about crime in which he talked much more about guns than about drugs, but managed to refer to Schmoke as "a dear friend of mine." Schmoke promptly wrote the president a letter. "I'm never shy about asking," Schmoke says, "so I asked him to increase drug treatment slots in Baltimore from our current 5300 to 15,000. I think that kind of expansion could have an impact on crime in the cities and he wouldn't have to change the drug laws." Schmoke sums up his current plans with a memory. "My father used to say: 'By the yard, life is hard. By the inch, life's a cinch.' So I'm used to inching along."

Schmoke has tried, however, to envision Baltimore several inches down the road, in the year 2020.

"We can, if we choose, do something truly extraordinary over the next 30 years," he says. "Duplicate our successes in the Inner Harbor"—the waterfront renovation that led the way for other progress—"and once and for all let justice prevail by opening every door of opportunity to the weakest and most disadvantaged among us. That's not just a vision of a city, that's a vision of a city in grace."

Grace, perhaps, is what American cities will need in the next century. But it will not be a grace bestowed by God. It will be a grace earned by humanity. "Don't wring your hands," Schmoke likes to tell people. "Build with them."

Schmoke has been building his own career since his youth: He was a high school sports star, a Yale undergraduate, a Rhodes scholar, a Harvard Law graduate; he served on the domestic policy staff of Jimmy Carter, was assistant United States attorney, Baltimore state's attorney and is now, at 44, in his second term as mayor.

He has, as they say, arrows in his quiver: He is trim and athletic-looking. He has a career untouched by personal or political scandal. He is bright, personable and has a smile you could read by.

When Bill Cosby created his TV family, the Huxtables, a black doctor married to a black lawyer with kids who did not take dope, steal cars or talk street to their parents, there were howls that this was not a realistic portrayal of black life in America. Consider, however, that Kurt Schmoke is a lawyer. His wife is an ophthalmologist with an inner-city practice, and they have two kids who do not get in trouble.

And yet the Schmokes have plenty that could make a good TV episode: Gregory Schmoke, then 20, showed up one day during his father's mayoral reelection campaign sporting an earring. Mayor Schmoke, who considers collar pins to be the outer limit of appropriate accessories ("I was born buttondown," he admits) ordered Gregory to remove it. Gregory worked out a compromise: He would remove the earring for campaign appearances and replace it for his personal life.

That worked fine until Gregory showed up one day wearing dreadlocks. His father says "he looked like he had fallen asleep at Woodstock and just woke up." Mayor Schmoke, whose own hair rarely is allowed to grow longer than a quarter of an inch, put his foot down: The dreadlocks had to go.

"No," Gregory said.

The mayor evaluated this. "My father always told me that when I was old enough to say no to him, I was old enough to leave his house," he told his son. So Gregory left the house. And now lives on his own.

But, in a Nineties way, it is all working. His father is still proud of him. "He is a poet," Schmoke says. And Gregory accepts the fact that because of his dress and hair and race he is constantly being stopped on the streets of Baltimore by police looking for crime suspects.

•

The Northeast Market in East Baltimore is a low-walled shed of concrete floors and wooden beams built in 1885 so farmers and craftsmen could sell their wares. Today, the purpose remains the same. There are chickens hanging by their feet, heads of lettuce, pyramids of tomatoes, homemade potato chips, Cajun rice and fish on beds of ice.

Kurt Schmoke strides inside and sits down on a plastic chair at a small table near Harry's Delicatessen. He is wearing a blue blazer with gold buttons, a blue buttondown shirt, a striped tie, gray slacks and tasseled cordovan loafers. (When he is in a wild mood, he will sometimes wear red suspenders under the blazer.)

A woman in an orange cloth coat, the middle button missing, sits down heavily across from the mayor and immediately begins speaking. "I can't get street cleaning," she says. "The cars are parked there and the street cleaners can't get through. I pay taxes. My husband is an amputee. He can't park in front of our place."

The mayor nods. "We can get you a handicapped parking sign," he says.

"And the streets?" she says, not letting go. "What are you going to do about the dirty streets?"

"We'll get the streets cleaned," the mayor says. An aide has been writing since the moment the woman began talking and now takes down her address. Her problem is treated with the same seriousness as, say, a police strike. The woman gets up and gives a nod but no thank-you. Why should she? She pays taxes.

Another woman instantly takes her

DRUGS DECRIMINALIZED

how schmoke would do it

Reversing America's stance on drugs is a formidable challenge—and hardly a popular one for a big-city mayor. To explore the practicalities of the vision, Roger Simon sat down with Baltimore's Kurt Schmoke and asked some basic questions.

Q: How would national drug decriminalization operate?

A: Working through the public health system, communities would identify addicts, register them and allow professionals to treat them as patients.

Q: So we would have storefront drug clinics in every city and town distributing drugs?

A: Or private doctors. If we were to define drug abuse as a disease, then physicians would be allowed to provide people who have the disease with methadone, heroin, cocaine or whatever the doctors felt would be the best approach to eventually getting those people off of a particular drug.

Q: But some drugs would still be illegal?

A: Yes, based on harm. I don't think there is any reason to legalize PCP.

Q: How about crack?

A: Crack is still subject to some debate and research. I believe that the people who said crack is immediately addictive were fanning the flames in the same way that people did with *Reefer Madness* back in the Thirties. But crack is a very serious problem and, yes, there would be more restrictions on it.

Q: So PCP is out. Crack may be out. Would any other drugs remain illegal?

A: I would look at LSD and hallucinogens as being on the more harmful side.

Q: What do we do about children and drugs? And what's the age limit?

A: Drugs would still be illegal for children. Children are 18 and under.

Q: Some substances would still be illegal for everyone, and you would still have a whole age group for which all drugs are illegal. So won't you still be fighting a war against drugs?

A: Correct. There are people who believe we can become a 100 percent drug-free America. I don't believe that is possible any more than becoming a 100 percent alcohol-free society was achievable during Prohibition.

I'm talking about reducing the harm to society. A certain level of drug use will have to be tolerated.

But I believe that the current harm to society would be reduced by pulling a substantial part of the addict population into the public health system and away from the clutches of organized criminals.

Q: Has this worked anywhere?

A: In the Liverpool, England model, health professionals allow people to inject pure forms of heroin or take a smokable form of the drug. These people can still perform duties and work. They are not zombies nodding off in the streets. It costs Liverpool about $150 a year for a physician to give a heroin addict a prescription-level dose of heroin. It would cost $150 a day for that same addict to get that purity of drug on the black market.

Also, the relationship between illegal drugs and crime has been demonstrated in New Haven, Connecticut's needle exchange program. The program's initial focus was on AIDS prevention, but for two years running there was a substantial reduction in crime because the program also gave the addicts preference for drug treatment slots.

They discovered that when people have access to drug treatment, their criminal activity diminishes.

Q: Just so we are clear: The goal of decriminalization is to get people off of drugs eventually?

A: Correct.

Q: Not to maintain them on drugs?

A: It is to allow a health professional to make the judgment about the best way to get people off drugs. And to prevent people from starting drugs. We are not going to allow the advertising or commercialization of drugs. That's how my position is different from some of the proponents of free-market legalization, who simply want to treat it the same way we do cigarettes. That's not what I am talking about. What I want to do is destroy the street-level market that drives the crime.

Q: Will marijuana be fully legalized? Will it be approved for recreational use?

A: No. I would medicalize marijuana like the other drugs. But I would not allow cigarette companies to go into the business.

Q: So marijuana would not be sold in stores?

A: Correct. You would get it from a doctor.

Q: What's the first step in your program?

A: The first step would be to set up a national commission to explain why we are changing strategy and making this a public health war rather than a criminal justice war. There is a need for national education on this. Since 1914 we have been telling people this is a war against evil. We can't just stop without an explanation.

After a period of preparation, every state would implement the new program at the same time.

Q: You have been talking about this for six years now. Is there any reason for hope?

A: A lot of reason for hope. The fact that [Surgeon General Joycelyn] Elders questioned our drug policy is a signal that policymakers are debating this question and are seriously considering a different direction.

Q: You used to call it drug decriminalization. Now you call it drug medicalization. Is there any difference?

A: No, it's simply a matter of trying to get to the hearts and minds of people. When I walk into a room and tell people I want to discuss the legalization of drugs, I immediately lose most of my audience. Even when I say decriminalization, many of them assume I am talking about a free-market legalization of drugs. On the other hand, when I ask, "Do you think we've won the war on drugs? Do you think we are winning the war? Do you think that doing more of the same in the next ten years will win the war?" then I get an openness among people and a willingness to debate the issue.

Q: In wading into this controversy, have you paid a price?

A: It is a cross to bear. But it is something I chose to do. I knew I was going to get tagged as being Mr. Drugs.

But I can tell you with certainty what America is going to look like if we don't change our current approach: That vision is a nightmare of increased urban violence, the spread of AIDS and higher levels of hard-core addiction.

place. The line inches forward a notch. "My neighborhood is so bad," she says.

"Crime?" asks the mayor.

The woman nods. Crime dominates the agenda in Baltimore and has been Schmoke's most vexing failure. Murders routinely lead the 11 o'clock news. It seems like everybody in the city has a crime story. In 1984, when Schmoke was state's attorney for Baltimore, his seven-year-old Toyota Corolla was stolen from under a bright streetlight directly in front of his house. The thieves banged up the car and when it was recovered, Schmoke took it to an auto repair shop, where it was stolen again.

About a year later, Schmoke left a breakfast meeting at 8:30 A.M., and out on the sidewalk a friend was threatened by a man with a six-inch knife. Schmoke told him to put the knife away and go about his business. The man refused and uttered threats and racial slurs. Finally Schmoke said to him: "Sir, you're going to spend the day in jail." Then he walked over to a phone, called the police and had the man arrested.

Schmoke wanted the man to know, however, that he had been given every chance. "I told you not to keep flashing that knife at me," Schmoke told him. As he was led away, the man wailed: "But I didn't know it was you."

The woman with the crime problem crosses her legs and rubs her foot. "It's the drugs," she is telling him. "Elmore Avenue. They come in with their drugs and their stolen cars. We need the police. Where are the police?"

"Alf Winkler is your district commander," Schmoke says. "I'll talk to him and get back to you."

Schmoke is a policy wonk. But he has never been a nerd. He was an outstanding quarterback in high school, leading his team to an undefeated season. He was a scrambler of the Fran Tarkenton school. One of his coaches was George Young, now general manager of the New York Giants, who advised him: "Throw short; run long." In Schmoke's entire football career he never completed a pass longer than 15 yards, though he once ran for 90. He went on to play football and lacrosse at Yale, to the surprise of many in New Haven. "When I got to college I think I was the only black there who didn't play basketball," Schmoke says.

Even today, Schmoke concentrates on short gains, on the ground game. It may be the right strategy for a time of smaller budgets and expanding problems. Schmoke doesn't shrink from the challenge. The policy wonk's bumper sticker could be: NEED HELP? CALL SOMEONE WITH CHARISMA.

•

Schmoke leaves the Northeast Market, his lunch still uneaten, and hustles off to his next appointment. His life is not normal. "We don't know how the Huxtables do it," Schmoke once said. "Nobody ever washes the clothes in that household."

In 1991, when Schmoke was rushed to a hospital with chest pains in what turned out to be not a heart attack but a warning, his first thoughts turned to what others have sacrificed for the job. "When I thought it was a heart attack, I was thinking of Harold Washington," Schmoke said then, speaking of the former mayor of Chicago. "He just keeled over. And I thought: I ought to take it easy. But I want to do this job."

Today, on doctor's orders, Schmoke exercises on a Vitamaster 790, a treadmill set up in his inner office amid the Scandinavian furniture and rosewood paneling. He stands on the treadmill and puts his papers in front of him and talks to his staff while treading forward, getting nowhere.

A cynic might say it is a metaphor for urban life, but Schmoke does not see things that way. In fact, he is an optimistic man. He believes that cities are still viable economic and cultural centers. He also believes that they are starting to look good to people again. After all, the suburbs don't seem much better.

"As crime and other urban problems increase in the suburbs, the city doesn't look so bad," Schmoke says. "People will once again look to the amenities and conveniences of city life. I don't see us attracting a lot of people in the short term, but our population decline will slow."

In 1970 Baltimore had a population of around 950,000. In the 1990 census, it was counted at 720,000 (though Schmoke believes the count was 20,000 to 30,000 short). "We built services for a city of about 900,000," Schmoke says. "Firehouses, recreation centers, libraries. And now we don't have 900,000 people anymore. We are in a hiring freeze and a cutback of employees. Probably more cutbacks are on the way. Yet the expectation of community residents is very high for services."

Which is putting it mildly. Not only do people believe they deserve things because they pay taxes, but even those who do not pay taxes believe that America owes them things: a good job (not just hamburger-flipping), good housing (not just in some high-rise, hellhole project), and a decent life with a certain number of amenities. Kurt Schmoke agrees. If America can't provide those things, what's the point of being American? We might as well be Bulgarians.

Schmoke intends to achieve his incremental successes in a very Schmoke-like way: systematically, logically, practically and organically. Schmoke believes in organic, rather than compartmental, thinking. One of his favorite words is linkages, connections that no one else thought existed. So when he pulled his entire cabinet into a retreat to think about public safety, he wanted more than the same old action plans.

"I want the lighting people to think how we light against crime," he said. "I want the building people to think how we build defensible space. I want to think about employment patterns to stagger hours so we don't pull people out of their homes at predictable times, so there is somebody in the neighborhood 24 hours a day. I want to make it a safer city."

He ordered every member of his cabinet to ride with the police for a night and learn the problems of crime firsthand. He rode, too. And learned something. He learned how easy it is to get shot. He shakes his head, remembering it. "The amount of drug trafficking and handguns is astounding," he says. "We came up on West Holland Street close to midnight. I was with the backup officer. The primary officer had just stopped a guy suspected of carrying a 9mm handgun. It was a typical case. The officer did not have probable cause to search the man, but he had probable cause to stop him. So as he stops him, the man fumbles around, pulls out the gun and pulls the trigger. Just like that. The gun had three bullets in it, but it jammed. When I got there, the officer was still shaking."

This is a moment that occurs in an American city every day. But this time, it has had one small, positive effect. In the past, Baltimore auctioned off the guns that the police had confiscated from criminals. Now, Schmoke orders them melted down, taking them out of circulation forever. Which earns him a spot on the National Rifle Association's hit list.

"I remember how the people came out of their houses on West Holland Street," Schmoke says. "It was a real poor area. The folks were packed in like sardines. They had complaints about the police. Not racial problems. In general, blacks and whites want the same thing. It is only the ones on the fringes who don't: the white racist skinheads and the black separatists, the black militants."

Schmoke remembers the days when he accompanied his father to the Deep South and saw signs that read COLORED IN BACK. He remembers that his mother was unable to try on dresses in department stores, an example of Baltimore's peculiar racial history—black people could buy in the stores, they just couldn't try on clothes in the stores. He remembers how his father and mother, both college graduates, could not find decent jobs in the private sector (his father became a civilian chemist for the Army and his mother a clerk for the Social Security Administration). And he remembers how in 1976, as a young lawyer, with his wife a young doctor, he had trouble renting an apartment in a city where he had been a high school hero.

"I came back from law school and my wife and I had trouble getting an apartment on Bolton Hill," he says. "It was

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very nasty. I would arrange things on the phone, and show up and be told that nothing was available. But I was a spectator in the civil rights movement. I watched it on TV."

Even Schmoke's name has a racial history. In the South, the family name used to be Smoak. "But a white man down the road from where we lived had the same name," Schmoke's father Murray says. "And our mail used to get mixed up. And he came by the house one day and told my father, 'We can't keep having this mix-up. You pick a new name.' And in those days, in the South, you didn't argue with a white man."

But Kurt Schmoke, who entered the Baltimore school system the first year it was integrated by the Supreme Court's *Brown vs. Board of Education* decision in 1954, also remembers going to a junior high that was half black and half Jewish. (He still uses words like *genug* and zaftig.)

Schmoke had the benefit of meeting different kids, learning about them, visiting their homes and having them visit his. "The saddest thing about Baltimore today is that the public schools are now 85 percent black," he says. "Thirty-nine years after *Brown vs. Board of Education*, an attempt to have an integrated society and integrated schools, we have virtually resegregated the schools. There is no possibility of mixing, of exchange. And it has to do largely with middle-class flight. They abandoned the public schools.

"The overwhelming majority of the black electorate shares the same values as the overwhelming majority of the white electorate," he goes on. "Most are proud of my accomplishments. And I said to black people: 'I had the benefits of a lot of work you people did over the past 50 years. This is what you wanted.'"

It was a subtle, though powerful, challenge to the black community. Those who had struggled for civil rights, who had sacrificed, who had felt the sting of the tear gas and the blast of the fire hoses, were being asked to ask themselves: What did we do it for? Didn't we do it so that someday our children, children like Kurt Schmoke, could grow up and be mayor or governor or senator or even president?

Well, here he is.

•

In Upton, an inner-city neighborhood, two lots are split by a windblown street. A sign stands in the dust: NEW TOWNHOUSES: THREE BEDROOM, TWO BATHS. $62,500. MONTHLY PAYMENTS START FROM $274 WITH SPECIAL TENANCY. PARTNERS IN PROGRESS. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF BALTIMORE BUSINESS AND GOVERNMENT PARTNERSHIP. KURT SCHMOKE, MAYOR.

It is the Nehemiah Housing Project, built at a cost of $30 million. "Dollars are the answer to a majority of our problems," Schmoke says. "In the old days the federal government gave us the $30 million. Now it is some private sector, some city, some state and then you get a federal grant to close the gap. Today, the federal government provides the incentives and you do the rest."

It has been an excruciatingly difficult process, balancing the needs, rules and egos of several different public and private agencies, but today ground will be broken. And the Nehemiah Project (Nehemiah was the biblical engineer who built the walls of Jerusalem) will provide 300 homes for 1200 people.

Schmoke sits on a raised platform with every heavyweight in the state: both senators, the governor, a congressman, and Jim Rouse, builder of Harborplace. Schmoke is introduced as a man of "vision, passion and concern," and speaks for about 90 seconds. "The ingenuity, courage and money that built the waterfront can now build the home front," he says.

Gilbert White, age ten, a student at West Side Elementary School, wearing striped shorts and a red T-shirt, hangs by the edge of the platform. Earlier, when the mayor had stripped off his blazer and tossed a football with some kids, Gilbert had run back and forth with them. Now, he listens, clutching a program of the day's events.

"He came to my school," he says of the mayor. "And he's a good mayor."

Why is that?

"Helping black people," Gilbert says.

Anything else?

Gilbert looks at Schmoke and then at the crowd and sees the wide snouts of the minicams focused on Schmoke, the reporters scribbling down his words. Anything else? Here is a black man who has made it in life not by selling drugs or women, not by putting a basketball in a hoop or a football over a goal line, but by going to school and reading and writing and working.

"Wish he was my father," Gilbert blurts out. "I wish he was my father."

In one small, smudged hand Gilbert White still clutches the program, and on it is the autograph he has obtained from Kurt Schmoke. It is a piece of paper he may preserve and treasure. If he takes the mayor's example to heart, Gilbert White may one day reach high office and hang it framed on his wall. And what words of wisdom did Mayor Schmoke sign, what winged rhetoric, what soaring heights of inspiration did he provide?

"To Gilbert White," the autograph reads. "From Mayor Kurt Schmoke."

"Search party? No, we're making an automobile commercial."

Snow White (continued from page 70)

"With cunning and malice she began to devise a plan to ensure the nonviability of her daughter-of-step."

But for sheer oomph! you can't beat Snow White."

At this news the queen clenched her fists and screamed at the top of her lungs. For years her insecurities had been eating away at her until now they turned her into someone who was morally out of the mainstream. With cunning and malice she began to devise a plan to ensure the nonviability of her daughter-of-step.

A few days later, Snow White, to be sure she didn't touch or rearrange anything, was meditating on the floor in the middle of the cottage. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. Snow White opened it to find a chronologically gifted woman with a basket in her hand. By the look of her clothes she was apparently unfettered by the confines of regular employment.

"Help a woman of unreliable income, dearie," she said, "and buy one of my apples."

Snow White thought for a moment. In protest against agribusiness conglomerates, she had a personal rule against buying food from middlepersons. But her heart went out to the economically marginalized woman, so she said yes. What Snow White didn't know was that this was really the queen in disguise and that the apple had been chemically and genetically altered so that whoever bit it would sleep forever.

When Snow White handed over the money for the apple, you would have expected the queen to be gleeful that her plan for revenge was working. Instead, as she looked at Snow White's fine complexion and slim, taut body, she felt alternating waves of envy and self-revulsion. Finally, she burst into tears.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" asked Snow White.

"You're so young and beautiful," sobbed the disguised queen, "and I'm horrible to look at and getting worse."

"You shouldn't say that. After all, beauty comes from inside a person."

"I've been telling myself that for years," said the queen, "and I still don't believe it. How do you stay in such perfect shape?"

"Well, I meditate, work out in step aerobics three hours a day and eat only half portions of anything placed in front of me. Would you like me to show you?"

"Oh, yes, yes, please," said the queen. So they started out with 30 minutes of simple hatha-yoga meditation, then worked out on the steps for another hour. As they relaxed afterward, Snow White cut her apple in half and gave one half to the queen. Without thinking, the queen bit into it, and both of them fell into a deep sleep.

Later that day, the Seven Towering Giants returned from a retreat in the woods, elaborately decked out in nonhuman animal skins, feathers and mud. With them was a prince from a nearby kingdom who had come on this male retreat to find a cure for his impotence (or, as he preferred to call it, his involuntary suspension of phallocentric activity). They were all laughing and high-fiving until they noticed the bodies and stopped short.

"What has happened?" questioned the prince.

"Apparently our houseguest and this other woman got into some sort of catfight and killed each other," surmised one giant.

"If they thought that by doing this they could make us slaves to our weaker emotions, they are wrong," fumed another.

"Well, as long as we have to dispose of them, let's practice one of those Viking funerals we've all read about."

"You know," said the prince, "this might sound a little sick, but I trust you guys. I find that younger one to be attractive. Extremely attractive. Would you fellows mind . . . um . . . waiting outside while I——"

"Stop right there!" said the leader of the giants. "Those half-eaten apple pieces, that filthy costume—this has all the earmarks of some sort of magic spell. They're not really dead at all."

"Whew," sighed the prince, "that makes me feel better. So, could you guys take five and let me——"

"Hold it, Prince," said the leader. "Does Snow White make you feel like a man again?"

"She certainly does. Now could you guys——"

"Don't touch her. You'll break the spell." The leader thought for a minute and said, "My brothers, I see certain economic possibilities arising from this. If we kept Snow White around here in this state, we could advertise our retreats as impotency therapy."

The giants nodded in agreement with this idea, but the prince interrupted, "But what about me? I've already paid for my retreat. Why don't I get to take the cure?"

"No dice, Prince," said the leader. "You can look, but don't touch. Otherwise you'll break the spell. Tell you what, though. You can have the other one if you want."

"I don't want to sound classist," said the prince, "but she's not of a high enough caliber for me."

"That's pretty big talk from a man shooting blanks," said one of the giants, and everybody but the prince laughed.

The leader said, "Come on, brothers, let's lift these two off the floor and decide how we can best display them." It took three giants for each female, but they managed to get both bodies aloft. As soon as they did, however, the pieces of poison apple fell from the mouths of Snow White and the queen, and they awoke from the spell.

"What do you think you're doing? Put us down!" they shouted. The giants were so startled they almost dropped the womyn to the floor.

"That was the most sickening thing I have ever heard!" shouted the queen. "Offering us around as if we were pieces of property!"

"And *you*," said Snow White to the prince, "trying to make it with a girl in a coma! Yuck!"

"Hey, don't blame me," said the prince. "It's a medical condition."

The leader of the giants said, "Don't start tossing blame around. You both broke into our property in the first place. I can call the police."

"Don't try it, Napoléon," said the queen. "This forest is the property of the crown. You are the ones who are trespassing!"

This rejoinder caused quite a stir, but not as big a commotion as when the queen warned: "And another thing. While we were immobile and you all blathered on in your sexist way, I had a personal awakening. From now on, I am going to dedicate my life to healing the rift between womyn's souls and their bodies. I am going to teach womyn to accept their natural body images and become whole again. Snow White and I are going to build a womyn's spa and conference center on this very spot, where we can hold retreats, caucuses and ovariums for the sisters of the world."

There was much shouting and name-calling, but the queen eventually got her way. Before the Seven Towering Giants could be evicted from their home, though, they packed up their sweat lodge and moved deeper into the woods. The prince stayed on at the spa as a cute but harmless tennis pro. And Snow White and the queen became good friends and earned worldwide fame for their contributions to sisterhood. The giants were never heard from again, save for little muddy footprints that were sometimes found in the morning outside the windows of the spa's locker room.

dogs walked, plants watered (continued from page 112)

"The bodyguard spent the day in a chair outside Dinsmore's office, riffling the pages of 'Iron Man' magazine."

"Yabba-dabba-doo?"

"Yabba-dabba-doo, that's it. There was a song, *Aba Daba Honeymoon*, but I don't suppose it had anything to do with Fred Flintstone."

Dot gave him a look. "That buzzer means he's ready for you," she said. "No rush, you can finish your tea. Or take it with you."

"Yabba-dabba-doo," Keller said.

•

Someone drove him back to the station and 20 minutes later he was on the train to New York. As soon as he got home he called Andria. He started to dial the number that had appeared on her notice at Gristede's, then remembered what she'd told him the previous Tuesday or the Friday before, whenever it was. She had moved and didn't have a new phone yet. Meanwhile, she had a beeper.

"And I'll keep it even after I have a phone," she said, "because I'm out walking dogs all the time, so how could you reach me if you needed me on short notice?"

He called her beeper number and punched in his own number at the signal. She called back within five minutes.

"I figure a few days," he told her. "But it could run a week, maybe longer."

"No problem," she assured him. "I have the key. The elevator attendant knows it's all right to let me up, and Nelson thinks I'm his madcap aunt. If you run out of dog food I'll buy more. What else is there?"

"I don't know. Do you think I should leave the TV on for him?"

"Is that what you ordinarily do when you leave him alone?"

The truth of the matter was that he didn't leave Nelson alone much. More often than not lately he either took the dog along or stayed home himself. Nelson had unquestionably changed his life. He walked more than he ever used to, and he also stayed in more.

"I guess I won't leave it on," he said. "He never takes any real interest in what I'm watching."

"He's a pretty cultured guy," she said. "Have you tried him on *Masterpiece Theater*?"

•

Keller flew to Omaha, where the target was an executive of a telemarketing firm. The man's name was Dinsmore, and he lived with his wife and children in a nicely landscaped suburban house. He would have been a cinch to take out, but someone local had tried and missed, and the man thus knew what to expect and had changed his routine accordingly. His house had a high-tech security system, and a private security guard was posted out front from dusk to dawn. Police cruisers, marked and unmarked, drove past the house at all hours.

He had hired a personal bodyguard, too, who called for him in the morning, stayed at his side all through the day and saw him to his door in the evening. The bodyguard was a wildly overdeveloped young man with a mane of ragged yellow hair. He looked like a professional wrestler stuffed into a business suit.

Short of leasing a plane and dive-bombing the house, Keller couldn't see an easy way to do it. Security was tight at the business premises, where access was limited to persons with photo ID badges. Even if you got past the guards, the blond bodyguard spent the whole day in a chair outside of Dinsmore's office, riffling the pages of *Iron Man* magazine.

The right move, he thought, was to go home. Come back in six weeks. By then the bodyguard would have walked off the job in steroid-inspired rage, or Dinsmore, chafing at his hulking presence, would have fired him. Failing that, the two would have relaxed their guard. The cops would be less attentive as well.

Keller would look for an opening, and it wouldn't take long to find one.

But he couldn't do that. Whoever wanted the man dead wasn't willing to wait.

"Time's what's short," his contact explained. "Soldiers, firepower, that's easy. You want a few guys in cars, somebody blocks the streets, somebody rams his car, no problem."

Wonderful. Omaha, meet Delta Force. Not too long ago Keller had imagined himself as a tight-lipped loner in the Old West, riding into town to kill a man he'd never met. Now he was Lee Marvin, leading a ragged band of losers on a commando raid.

"We'll see," Keller said. "I'll think of something."

•

The fourth night there he went for a walk. It was a nice night and he'd driven downtown, where a man on foot didn't arouse suspicion. But there was something wrong, and he'd been walking for almost 15 minutes before he finally figured out what it was.

He missed the dog.

For years Keller had been alone. He had grown used to it, finding his own way, keeping his own counsel. Ever since childhood he'd been solitary and secretive by nature, and his line of work made these traits professional requirements.

Once, in a shop in Soho, he'd seen a British World War Two poster. It showed a man winking, his mouth a thin line. The caption read, WHAT I KNOW I KEEP TO MYSELF, evidently the English equivalent of LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS. Keller had thought about the poster for hours and returned the following day to price it. The price had been reasonable enough, but he'd realized during the negotiations that the sight of that canny face, winking forever across the room at him, would soon become oppressive. The man on the poster, advising privacy, would himself constitute an invasion of it. How could you kiss a girl with that face looking on? How could you pick your nose?

The sentiment, though, stayed with him. On the train to and from White Plains, on a flight home with his mission accomplished, the Englishman's motto would sound in his mind like a mantra. What he knew he kept to himself.

But he had broken that habit with Nelson.

Perhaps the best thing about dogs, it seemed to Keller, was that you could talk to them. They made much better listeners than human beings. You didn't have to worry that you were boring them, or that they'd heard a particular story before, or that they'd think less of you for what you were revealing about yourself. You could tell them anything, secure in the knowledge that the matter would end right there. They wouldn't pass it on to somebody else, nor would they throw it back in your face in the course of an argument.

Which was not to say they didn't listen. It was quite clear to Keller that Nelson listened. When you talked to him you didn't have the feeling that you were talking to a wall, or to a gerbil or a goldfish. Nelson didn't necessarily understand what you told him, but he damn well listened.

And Keller told him everything. The longings that had begun stirring during therapy—to open up, to divulge old secrets, to reveal oneself to oneself—now found full expression on the long walks he took with Nelson and the long evenings they spent at home.

"I never set out to do this for a living," he told Nelson one afternoon in the park. "And for a while, you know, it was just something I'd done a couple of times. It wasn't who I was.

"Except it got so it *was* who I was, and I didn't realize it. How I found out, see, I'd meet somebody who'd heard of me,

and he'd show something that would surprise me, whether it was fear or respect, whatever it was. He'd be reacting to a killer, and that would puzzle me, because I didn't know that's what I was.

"I remember in high school how they did all this career counseling, showing you how to figure out what you wanted to do in life and then how to take steps in that direction. I think I told you how those years were sort of a blur for me. I went through them like somebody with a light concussion, I saw everything through a well. But when they got on this career stuff, I just didn't have a clue. There was this test, questions like 'Would you rather pull weeds or sell cabbages or teach needlepoint?' and I couldn't finish the test. Every question was utterly baffling.

"And then I woke up one day and realized I had a career, and it consisted of taking people out. I never had any interest in it or any aptitude for it, but it turns out you don't need any. All you need is to be able to do it. I did it once because somebody told me to, and I did it a second time because somebody told me to, and before I knew it, it was what I did. Then, once I'd defined myself, I started to learn the technical aspects. Guns, other tools, unarmed techniques. How to get around people. Stuff that you ought to know.

"The thing is, there's not all that much you have to know. It's not like the careers they told you about in high school. You don't prepare for it. Maybe there are things that happen to you along the way that prepare you for it, but that's not something you choose.

"What do you think? Do you want to split a hot dog? Or should we head on home?"

Back from his solitary walk, Keller looked at the phone and wished there were a way he could call Nelson. He'd avoided getting an answering machine, seeing great potential for disaster in such a device, but it would be useful now. He could call up and talk, and Nelson would be able to hear him.

And, if he really opened up and spoke his mind, it would all be there on the tape where anybody could retrieve it. No, he decided, it was just as well he didn't have a machine.

•

At noon the following day he was in his rented car when Dinsmore and his bodyguard drove downtown and parked in front of a restaurant in the Old Market district. Keller waited outside for a few minutes, then found a parking space and went in after them. The hostess seated Keller just two tables away from Dinsmore. Keller ordered shrimp scampi and watched Dinsmore and the wrestler

WHERE & HOW TO BUY

PLAYBOY expands your purchasing power by providing a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 28, 108–111 and 163, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

STYLE

Page 26: "Pucker Up": **Sports jacket** by *Hugo Boss*, at Charivari, NYC. **Jacket** by *Paul Smith*, at Paul Smith, NYC. **Suit** by *Austin Reed*. **Shirts:** By *Nautica*, at Nautica stores and select Bloomingdale's. By *Bass*, at Macy's, NYC. **Tie** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Macy's and Bloomingdale's. "Shirting the Issue": **Shirt jacket** by *Alexander Julian*, for information, 919-942-4563. **Jacket** from *KM by Krizia*. **Jacket** by *STNT*, at Fred Segal Melrose, Los Angeles, and Ultimo, Chicago. **Jacket** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Macy's, NYC. **Engineer's jacket** by *French Connection*. "Hot Shopping: Minneapolis": *Intoto*, 612-822-2414. *Ragstock*, 612-823-6690. *Bacio*, 612-825-4226. *InVision Optics*, 612-825-1650. *Rolling Soles*, 612-823-5711. "Clothes Line": Bloomingdale's Personal Shopper, 212-705-3030. **Jeans** by *Polo Ralph Lauren*, at Polo Ralph Lauren. **Tailored clothing** by *Giorgio Armani*, at Giorgio Armani boutiques. **Sneakers** by *Reebok*, 800-843-4444. **Boots** available at Pop Cowboy, NYC. "Belting It Out": By *DeVecci*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC and Saks Fifth Avenue. By *J.O.E.*, at Boyds, Philadelphia and Joseph Abboud, Boston. By *Dopia Vita*, at department and specialty stores. By *Jamie Belt*, at department and specialty stores. By *Willis & Geiger*, 800-223-1408.

WIRED

Page 28: "And the Winner Is . . .": **CD movies:** By *Sega*, 800-USA-SEGA. By *CD-I*, 800-824-2567. By *New Machine*, 800-999-7995. "Sounding Off": **A/V receivers:** By *Sony*, 800-342-5721. By *Technics*, 210-348-9090. By *Pioneer*, 800-421-1404. "Mega CD Players": **CD players:** By *Sony*, 800-342-5721. By *JVC*, 800-252-5722. "Wild Things": **Mind Lab DLS** by *Synetic Systems*, 800-388-6345. **Job hunt software** by *Scope International*, 704-535-0614. **Cellular phone** by *Nokia*, 800-666-5553.

TGICF

Page 108: "Arnold Garron": **Suit** by *CK Calvin Klein*. **Dress shirt** by *Ike Behar*. **Tie** by *XMI 325 Series*, at Bloomingdale's and Lord & Taylor. **Shoes** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan. "David Carlon": **Suit and shirt** by *Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott Best of Class*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC and Robert Talbott. **Shoes** by *Allen-Edmonds*. "Denis Collet": **Suit** from *KM by Krizia*. **Dress shirt** by *Robert Stock Furnishings*, 212-239-0490. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC and Robert Talbott. **Shoes** by *Johnston & Murphy*, 800-424-2854. "George Mirabile": **Suit** by *Austin Reed*. **Dress shirt** by *Robert Stock Furnishings*, 212-239-0490. **Tie** by *Tommy Hilfiger*, at Robert Talbott. "Seth Kilgore": **Suit** by *Valentino*. **Dress shirt** by *Bass*, at A&S, NYC. **Tie** by *Robert Talbott*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC. "Robert J. Martin": **Suit** by *Hugo Boss*. **Dress shirt** from *Editions by Van Heusen*, at Filene's. **Tie** by *Nick Hilton Collection*, at Barneys New York. Page 110: "Garron": **Sports jacket** by *Nick Hilton Collection*, at Barneys New York. **Shirt** by *Hugo Boss*, at Charivari, NYC. **Trousers** by *CK Calvin Klein*. **Tie** by *Superba*, at department stores. **Socks** by *Gold Toe*. "Carlon": **Sports jacket** from *Assets by Andrew Fezza*, at Bloomingdale's. **Shirt** by *CK Calvin Klein*. **Trousers** from *Nautica by David Chu*. **Socks** by *Gold Toe*. **Shoes** by *Allen-Edmonds*. "Martin": **Sports jacket** by *Structure*, at Structure. **Shirt** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Macy's. **Pants** by *DKNY*, at Louis, Boston and Saks Fifth Avenue. **Belt** by *Daniel Craig*. **Shoes** by *Kenneth Cole*, at Kenneth Cole. "Mirabile": **Sports jacket** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Shirt** by *Gentry Portofino*, at Ron Ross, 818-788-8700. **Jeans** by *Structure*, at Structure. **Belt** by *Cole-Haan*, at Cole-Haan. **Shoes** by *GH Bass & Co.*, 800-950-2277. "Kilgore": **Shirt jacket** by *Alexander Julian*, at Macy's. **Shirt** by *Structure*, at Structure. **Pants** by *Wilke-Rodriguez*, at Macy's, NYC. **Belt** by *Torino*, 800-932-9402. "Collet": **Sports jacket** by *Hugo Boss*, at Bergdorf Goodman Men, NYC. **Shirt** from *KM by Krizia*, at Dillard's. **Trousers** by *Zanella Outdoor*, at Saks Fifth Avenue. **Belt** by *Alexander Julian*, at A&S, Macy's and Lord & Taylor. **Socks** by *Gold Toe*. **Shoes** by *GH Bass & Co.*

ON THE SCENE

Page 163: By *Contax*, 800-526-0266, ext. 315. By *Rollei*, 210-808-9010. By *Nikon*, 800-NIKONUF. By *Canon*, 800-828-4040.

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each put away an enormous steak.

A couple of hours later he called Dot in White Plains. "Guy's 40 pounds overweight and he tucked into a porterhouse the size of a manhole cover," he said. "Put half a shaker of salt on it first. How much of a rush are these people in? Because they shouldn't have to wait too long before a stroke or a coronary closes the account."

"There's no cause like a natural cause," Dot said. "But you know what they say about time, Keller."

"It's of the essence?"

"Yabba-dabba-doo," Dot said.

•

The next day Dinsmore and his bodyguard had the same table at the same restaurant. This time a third man accompanied them. He looked to be a business associate of Dinsmore's. Keller couldn't overhear the conversation—he was seated a little farther away this time—but he could see that Dinsmore and the third man were doing the talking, while the bodyguard divided his attention between the food on his plate and the other diners in the room. Keller had brought a newspaper along and managed to have his eyes on it when the bodyguard glanced his way.

At one point Dinsmore got to his feet, and Keller's pulse quickened. Before he could react, the bodyguard was also standing, and both men walked off to the men's room. Keller stayed where he was and ate his spaghetti carbonara.

He was watching out of the corner of his eye when the two men returned to their table. The bodyguard took a moment to scan the room, while Dinsmore sat down at once and shook some more salt onto his half-eaten steak.

Almost without thinking, Keller let his hand close around his own saltshaker. It was made of glass and fit his fist like a roll of nickels. If he were to hit someone now, the saltshaker would lend considerable authority to the blow.

Damn thing was lethal.

•

That night Keller had a couple of drinks after dinner. He still felt them when he got back to his motel. He walked around the block to sober up, and when he got back to his room he picked up the phone and called Nelson.

He wasn't drunk enough to expect the dog to answer. But it seemed to him that this was a way to make a minimal sort of contact. The phone would ring. The dog would hear it. While he could not be expected to recognize it as his master's voice, Keller would have reached out and touched him, as they said in the phone company ads.

No, of course it didn't make sense. Dialing the number, he knew it didn't make sense. But it wouldn't cost anything, and there wouldn't be a record of the call, so what harm could it do?

The line was busy.

His first reaction—and it was extremely brief—was one of jealous paranoia. The dog was on the phone with someone else, and they were talking about Keller. The thought came and went in an instant, leaving Keller to shake his head in wonder at the mysteries of his own mind. A flood of other explanations came to him, each of them far more probable than the first thought.

Nelson could have lurched into the end table on which the phone sat, knocking it off the hook. Andria, using the phone before or after the walk, could have replaced the receiver incorrectly. Or, most probably, the long distance circuits were overloaded, and any call to New York would be rewarded with a busy signal.

A few minutes later he tried and got a busy signal again.

He walked back and forth, fighting the impulse to call the operator and have her check the line. Eventually he picked up the phone and tried the number a third time, and this time it rang. He let it ring four times, and as it rang he imagined the dog's reaction—the ears pricking up, the alert gleam in the eyes.

"Good boy, Nelson," he said aloud. "I'll be home soon."

•

The next day, Friday, he spent the morning in his motel room. Around eleven he called the restaurant in the Old Market. Dinsmore had arrived at the restaurant at 12:30 on both of his previous visits. Keller booked a table for one at 12:15.

He arrived on time and ordered a cranberry juice spritzer. He looked across at Dinsmore's table, now set for two. If this went well, he thought, he could be home in time to take Nelson for a walk before bedtime.

At 12:30, Dinsmore's table remained empty. Ten minutes later a pair of businesswomen were seated at it. Keller ate his food without tasting it, drank a cup of coffee, paid the check and left.

•

Saturday he went to a movie. Sunday he went to another movie and walked around the Old Market district. Sunday night he sat in his room and looked at the phone. He had already called home twice, letting the phone ring, trying to tell himself he was establishing some kind of psychic contact with his dog. He hadn't had anything to drink, and he knew what he was doing didn't make any sense, but he'd gone ahead and done it anyhow.

He reached for the phone, started to dial a different number, then caught himself and left the room. He made the call from a pay phone, dialing Andria's beeper number, punching in the payphone number after the tone sounded. He didn't know if it would work, didn't know if her beeper would receive more than a seven-number signal, didn't know if she'd be inclined to return a long-distance call. And she might be walking a dog, Nelson or some other client's, and did he really want to stand next to this phone for an hour waiting for her to call back? He couldn't call from his room, because then her call would have to come through the switchboard, and she wouldn't know whom to ask for. Even if she guessed it was him, the name Keller would mean nothing to the motel switchboard, and it was a name he didn't want anyone in Omaha to hear, anyway.

The phone rang almost immediately. He grabbed it and said hello, and she said, "Mr. Keller?"

"Andria," he said, and then couldn't think what to say next. He asked about the dog and she assured him that Nelson was fine.

"But I think he misses you," she said. "He'll be glad when you're home."

"So will I," Keller said. "That's why I called. I had hoped to be back the day before yesterday, but things are taking longer than I thought. I'll be a few more days, maybe longer."

"No problem."

"Well, just so you know," he said. "Listen, I appreciate your calling me back. I may call again if this drags on. I'll reimburse you for the calls."

"You're already paying for this one," she said. "I'm calling from your apartment. I hope that's all right."

"Of course," he said. "But——"

"See, I was here when the beeper went off, and I figured, who else would be calling me from out of town? So I figured it would be all right to use your phone, since it was probably you I'd be calling."

"Sure."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "I've been spending a lot of time here. It's nice and quiet, and Nelson seems to like the company. His ears pricked up just now when I said his name. I think he knows who I'm talking to. Do you want to say hello to him?"

"Well——"

Feeling like an idiot, he said hello to the dog and told him he was a good boy and that he'd see him soon. "He got all excited," Andria assured him. "He didn't bark, he hardly ever barks——"

"It's the dingo in him."

"But he did a lot of panting and pawing the floor. He misses you. We're doing

fine here, me and Nelson, but he'll be glad to see you."

•

Keller got to the restaurant at 12:15 Monday. The hostess recognized him and led him directly to the same table he'd had Friday. He looked over at Dinsmore's table and saw that it was set for four, and that there was a RESERVED card on it.

At 12:30, two men in suits were seated at Dinsmore's table. Keller didn't recognize either of them and began to despair of his entire plan. Then Dinsmore arrived, accompanied by the wrestler.

Keller watched them while he ate his meal. Three men, drinking their drinks and wolfing their steaks, talking heartily, gesturing broadly, while the fourth man, the bodyguard, sat like a coiled spring.

Too many people, Keller thought. Give it another day.

•

The next day he arrived at the same time and the hostess led him to the table he'd reserved. Dinsmore's table had two places set, and a RESERVED sign in place. Keller got to his feet and went to the men's room, where he locked himself in a stall.

A few minutes later he left the men's room and threaded his way through the maze of tables, passing close to the Dinsmore table on his way, bumping into it, reaching out to steady himself.

As far as he could tell, nobody paid him any attention.

He returned to his own table, sat down, waited. At 12:30 Dinsmore's table was still unoccupied. What would he do if they gave it to somebody else? He couldn't try to undo what he'd just done, could he? He didn't see how, not with people sitting at the table.

Risky plan, he thought. Too many ways it could go wrong. If he'd been able to talk it through with Nelson first——

Get a grip on yourself, he told himself.

He was doing just that when Dinsmore and the wrestler turned up, the executive in a testy mood, the bodyguard looking sullen and bored. There was a bad moment when the hostess seemed uncertain where to seat them, but then she worked it out and led them to their usual table.

Keller longed to get out of there. He'd been picking at his veal ever since it had been placed in front of him. It tasted flat, but he figured anything would just then. Could he just put some money on the table and get the hell out? Or did he have to sit there and wait?

Fifteen minutes after his arrival, Dinsmore cried out, clutched his throat and pitched forward onto the table. Half an hour after that, Keller turned in his rental car at the airport and booked his flight home.

•

In the cab from the airport, Keller had to fight the impulse to have the driver stop so he could pick up something for Nelson. He'd changed planes in St. Louis, and he'd spent most of his time between flights in the gift shop, trying to find something for the dog. But what would Nelson do with a snow shaker or a souvenir coffee mug? What did he want with a Cardinals cap, or a sweatshirt with a representation of the Gateway Arch?

"You hardly touched that," the waitress in Omaha had said of his veal. "Do you want a doggie bag?"

He'd been stuck for an answer. "Sorry," he said at last. "I'm a little rattled. That poor man," he added with a gesture toward the table where Dinsmore had been sitting.

"Oh, I'm sure he'll be all right," she said. "He's probably sitting up in his hospital bed right now, joking with his nurses."

Keller didn't think so.

•

"Hey, Mist' Keller," the elevator operator said. "Ain't seen you in a while, sir."

"It's good to be back."

"That dog be glad to see you," the man said. "That Nelson, he's a real good dog."

He was also out, a fact the operator had neglected to mention. Keller unlocked the door and entered the apartment, calling the dog's name and getting no response. He unpacked and decided to delay his shower until the dog was back and the girl had gone for the day.

He could have had several showers. It was fully 40 minutes from the time he sat down in front of the television set until he heard Andria's key in the lock. As soon as the door was open Nelson came flying across the room, leaping up to greet Keller, tail wagging furiously.

Keller felt wonderful. A wave of contentment passed through him, and he got down on his knees to play with his dog.

•

"I'm sorry you had to come home to an empty house," Andria said. "If we'd known you were coming——"

"That's all right."

"Well, I'd better be going. You must be exhausted. You'll want to get to bed."

"Not for a few hours," he said, "but I'll want a shower. There's something about spending a whole day in airports and on planes."

"I know what you mean," she said. "Well, Nelson, what's today? Tuesday? I guess I won't be seeing you until Friday." She petted the dog, then looked across at Keller. "You still want me to give him

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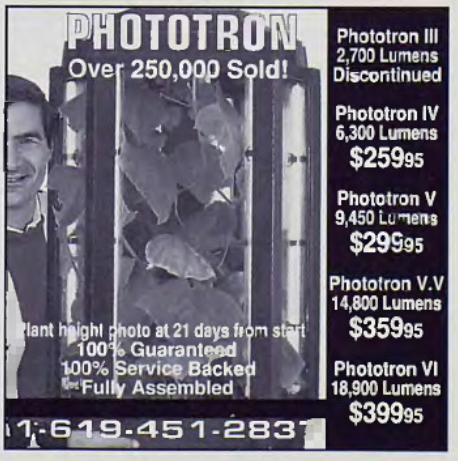

his regular walk on Friday, don't you?"

"Definitely."

"Good, because I'll be looking forward to it. He's my favorite client." She gave the dog another pat. "And thanks for paying me, and for the bonus. It's great of you. I mean, if I wind up having to get a hotel room, I can afford it."

"A hotel room?"

She lowered her eyes. "I wasn't going to mention this," she said, "but it'd give me a bad conscience not to. I don't know how you're going to feel about this, but I'll just go ahead and blurt it out, OK?"

"OK."

"I have sort of been staying here," she said.

"You've sort of——"

"Sort of been living here. See, the place I was staying, it didn't work out, and there's one or two people I could call, but I thought, well, Nelson and I get along so good, and I could really spend lots of time with him if I just, like——"

"Stayed here."

"Right," she said. "So that's what I did. I didn't sleep in your bed, Mr. Keller."

"Why not?"

"Well, I figured you might not like that. And the couch is comfortable, it really is."

She'd tried to keep her impact on his apartment minimal, she told him, stripping her bedding from the couch each morning and stowing it in the closet. And it wasn't as though she had been hanging out there all the time, because when she wasn't walking Nelson she had other clients to attend to.

"Dogs to walk," he said. "Plants to water."

"And cats and fish to feed, and birds. There's this couple on 65th Street with 17 birds, and there's something about birds in cages. I get this urge to open the cages and open the windows and let them all fly away. But I wouldn't, partly because it would make the people really crazy, and partly because it would be terrible for the birds. I don't think they'd last long out there."

"Not in this town," Keller said.

"Just the other day one of them got out of his cage," she said, "and I just about lost it. The windows were closed so he wasn't going anywhere, but he was swooping and diving and I couldn't think how to get him back in his cage."

"What did you do?"

"What I did," she said, "is I centered all my energy in my heart chakra, and I sent this great burst of calming heart energy to the bird, and he calmed right down. Then I just held the cage door open and he flew back in."

"No kidding?"

She nodded. "I should have thought of it right away," she said, "but when you panic you tend to overlook the obvious."

"That's the truth," he said. "Let me ask you something. Do you have a place to stay tonight?"

"Well, not yet."

"Not yet?"

"Well, I didn't know you were coming home tonight. But I know some people I can call, and——"

"You're welcome to stay here," he said.

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Why not?"

"Well, you're home. It wasn't really right for me to stay here when you were out of town."

"It was fine. It meant more company for the dog."

"Well, you're home now. The last thing you need is a houseguest."

"One night won't hurt."

"Well," she said, "it is a little late to start looking for a place to stay."

"You'll stay here."

"But just for the one night."

"Right."

"I appreciate this," she said. "I really do."

•

Keller, freshly showered, stood at the sink and contemplated shaving. But whoever heard of shaving before you went to bed? You shave in the morning, not at night.

Unless, of course, you expect to have your cheek pressed against something other than your pillow.

He got into bed and turned out the light, and Nelson sprang onto the bed beside him, turned around the compulsory three times and lay down.

Keller slept. When he awoke the next morning, Andria was gone. The only trace of her presence was a note assuring him that she would come walk the dog at her usual time on Friday. Keller shaved, walked the dog and rode the train to White Plains.

•

It was another hot day, and once again Dot was on the porch, this time with a pitcher of lemonade. She said, "Keller, you missed your calling. You're a great diagnostician. You gave the man a little time and he died of natural causes."

"These things happen."

"They do," she agreed. "I understand he fell in his food. Probably never get the stains out of his tie."

"It was a nice tie," Keller said.

"They said it was cardiac arrest," Dot said, "and I'll bet they're right, because it's a hell of a rare case when a man dies and his heart goes on beating. How'd you do it, Keller?"

"I centered all my energy in my heart chakra," he said, "and I sent this bolt of heart energy at him, and it was just more than his heart could handle."

She gave him a look. "If I had to guess," she said, "I would have to say potassium cyanide."

"Good guess."

"How?"

"Switched saltshakers with him. The one I gave him had cyanide crystals mixed in with the top layer of salt. He used a lot of salt."

"They say it's bad for you. Wouldn't he taste the cyanide?"

"The amount of salt he used, I don't think he could taste the meat. I'm not sure how much taste cyanide has. Anyway, by the time it occurs to you that you don't like the way it tastes——"

"You're facedown in the lasagna. Cyanide's not traceless, is it? Won't it show up in an autopsy?"

"Only if you look for it."

"And if they look in the saltshaker?"

"When Dinsmore had his attack," he said, "a few people hurried over to see if they could help."

"Decent of them. You don't suppose one of them picked up the saltshaker?"

"It wouldn't surprise me."

"And got rid of it somewhere between the restaurant and the airport?"

"That wouldn't surprise me, either."

He went upstairs to make his report. When he came downstairs again Dot said, "Keller, I'm going to start worrying about you. I think you're going soft."

"Oh?"

"There was only one reason to pick up the saltshaker."

"So they wouldn't find the cyanide," he said.

She shook her head. "If they ever start looking for cyanide, they'll find it in the uneaten food. No, you figured they wouldn't find it, and somebody else would use that salt and get poisoned accidentally."

"No point in drawing heat for no reason," he said.

"Uh-huh."

"No sense in killing people for free, either."

"Oh, I couldn't agree with you more, Keller," she said. "But I still say you're going soft. Centering in your heart choker and all."

"Chakra," he said.

"I stand corrected. What's it mean, anyway?"

"I have no idea."

"You will soon enough, now that you're centered there. Keller, you're turning human. Getting that dog was just the start of it. Next thing you know you'll be saving the whales. You'll be taking in strays, Keller. You watch."

"That's ridiculous," he said. But on the train back to the city he found himself thinking about what she had said. Was there any truth to it?

He didn't think so, but he wasn't absolutely sure. He'd have to talk it over with Nelson.

DIRTY PICTURES *(continued from page 88)*

"Antiporn feminists refuse to acknowledge that women have rich sexual fantasies and the power to choose."

kind. To me, the act itself isn't degrading; feeling my lover come all over me can be the most intimate gift. But no matter how artfully presented, the image is almost always received negatively because people refuse to believe that there can be other interpretations.

The words degrading and oppressive are often presented as absolute, objective terms. I found them to be vague and subjective. Was the act of a woman spreading her legs and wanting sex degrading? Were photographs of her genitals outright demeaning? Why is the image of a woman's sexual appetite seen as oppressive rather than liberating? And if we're going to talk about oppressive images of women, we'd better include laundry soap commercials. The depiction of women as vapid Stepford wives, valued only for their stain-removing talents, is, to me, completely oppressive.

Another thing that really surprised me as I explored this erotic underworld was the lack of violence. I was taught to believe that all porn is violent. However, the majority of commercial porn is rather peacefully formulaic. No knives, no blood, no rape scenes. Instead, there is a lick-suck-fuck formula that ends in orgasm, not murder.

Ultimately, I felt the antiporn feminists viewed women as having no sexual self-awareness. Their arguments for the elimination of porn were flawed. Their claims denied women independence by refusing to acknowledge that women have rich sexual fantasies, powerful libidos and the power to choose.

I chose to discuss sex in a way my older sister probably never did, particularly with my women friends. They related to my journey from antiporn to sex-positive feminism, because many of them were on the same trip. They, too, were fed up with everyone shouting "Don't look!" when it came to porn. They wanted to see it and they wanted me to show it to them. We traded vibrator advice, talked about our erotic fantasies—or lack of them—and shared the secrets of our guilt-ridden, latent masturbatory experiences. We didn't waste time dissing men. We mainly focused on ourselves and figuring out how to power up our own orgasms, though we did agree that the general lack of male nudity was lame. Tits and ass flood our culture, but male bare bodies are almost nowhere in sight. We also found it interesting that pornography is usually discussed as the sexual depiction of women, yet almost all heterosexual porn features women and men. We felt that if porn were to come of age, the images of women would have to change along with the images of men. Paunchy guys with overgrown mustaches who had little to offer except their big dicks weren't our idea of sexy. We wanted bad boys with angel faces who understood the meaning of seduction. We also wanted them to be a little vulnerable.

Men were intrigued but confused by my overt sexuality. It conflicted with their understanding of feminism. A lot of men my age were raised to believe that if you respected women, you didn't look at naked pictures of them. So if I was a feminist, how could I like pornography? To them, the concept of a loudmouthed, sexually self-governing woman was exciting and challenging, and sometimes a bit scary.

Surprisingly, or maybe not, I was never directly attacked by antiporn feminists. People expect me to tell horrifying tales of how I was branded a traitor and run out of Wimmintown on a rail. Actually, the response to my work has always been overwhelmingly positive. I believe it's because more women realize that erotic images have a necessary place in their lives. If a basic tenet of feminism is that women should have the freedom to choose, then it should include making choices about what we do sexually.

Of course, this freedom to go for the erotic gusto exists because of the tremendous gains founding feminists made. If it weren't for social and economic battles won during the past few decades, female sexuality would still be chained in ignorance and silence. The sexual revolution of the Sixties and Seventies paved the way for my generation's erotic liberation.

As a card-carrying feminist, I chose to pursue a career as a pornographer. After college I headed west to San Francisco and worked for two years with my mentor, Susie Bright, as the senior editor at *On Our Backs*. In 1991 I was hired to edit *Future Sex*, a magazine that explores the intersection of sex, technology and culture. I had written about so many aspects of sex, but not this one. What was the link between sex and technology

"It wasn't sexual, but he harassed me about the quality of my work, the fact that I always arrived late, that I didn't get along with anyone in the office . . . little things like that."

anyway? Was it virtual reality sex? Digital porn? Fucking robots? While these concepts were certainly futuristic, I hoped they weren't the only things the future of sex had to offer.

That today's young women are able to think more critically about pornography is the result, in part, of technology. The VCR brought a female audience to porn and gave it the unprecedented opportunity to see what porn is. Video porn allows both women and men to investigate sexual imagery in a more independent way. Moving X-rated images out of public theaters into the privacy of the bedroom gave women safe access to previously off-limit behavior. In fact, women now represent the fastest-growing group of consumers of erotic material.

I now realize that technology may be this generation's key to taking control of our sexual identities. While computer technology may seem isolating rather than unifying at first, personal computers, modems, camcorders and a host of other tools offer the potential for unparalleled erotic communication. Technology puts the means of production back in everyone's hands. We no longer have to depend on someone else's mass-produced idea of eroticism; we can create our own—easily, cost-effectively, often instantly. Moreover, digital technology gives us the chance to transmit our ideas globally, not just locally.

But the depth of female and male sexuality can't be explored if we don't break the mold of prefabricated turn-ons. We've got the power to turn the tired, piston-driven porn formula into a fluid reflection of modern erotic culture. What's hot isn't limited to high heels and big cocks. That's why the genesis of this new erotic entertainment must be influenced by people with more diverse points of view. And I intend to be influential right from the start.

Since I watched *Sleepless Nights* almost nine years ago, I've learned a lot about myself and the power of being female. I've learned that the erotic impulse is a part of being human, that it can't be controlled through warfare or replaced by a silicon chip. Pornography is a mirror reflecting our rosiest desires and our blackest fears. It catches us looking. And these days I like much more of what I see—especially when I've created it.

"I called next door for my date, but she's not ready yet. Do you want to fool around for a half hour or so?"

RON HOWARD

(continued from page 66)

hot—and high on Hollywood. The idea of taking our company public became interesting. No creative group had done that. I went out and bought a blue suit—I didn't have a business suit. Our dog and pony show consisted of me and slides from our movies. We thought it would be fascinating to see if it would work. And it did. We went public at eight dollars a share. I guess we went five or six years as a public company. Then, when our contract expired, we chose to take the company private.

PLAYBOY: That was a controversial move. When you and Grazer proposed to take Imagine Entertainment, your film company, private, the financial press reported that some shareholders weren't happy, because there wouldn't be much of a company left once the two main assets—you and Grazer—quit.

HOWARD: They were saying that you couldn't really walk away from a public company—contract or no contract. Well, in every report we made it clear how long our employment term was. Even at the dog and pony shows we talked about that. But in every situation like that people are going to be protective of the claims they think they might have.

PLAYBOY: Were you disappointed with the way Imagine Entertainment performed as a public company?

HOWARD: Yeah. Our television business did not live up to our expectations. We'd done a number of pilots and a couple of short-lived series, including one that was a spin-off of *Parenthood*. Brian and I were having a great deal more success making the movies. We were profitable. And we were proud of that, because a lot of companies had failed. But it became clear that for us to maximize the shareholders' value—and our own stake in the company—we were going to have to be more aggressive about raising capital, expanding our slate of films and trying to gain some assets, like a television station or distribution business. We were going to have to expand the company, learn to be corporate businessmen. And we did not want to do that.

PLAYBOY: Besides not wanting to dedicate more time to administrative work, you and Grazer also wanted more money, right?

HOWARD: Well, we were in a real catch-22. Initially we'd worked out a business plan that was designed in this way: We would take what amounted to about half of our street value in cash as salary. The company would get the full value, whatever our films could generate. So in our minds we were betting half of our salary, and our back-end profit participation, by not drawing it out but investing it in the company. As things evolved and the business changed and we grew more

successful, the ratio changed from the original 50–50. Five years later we found that instead of betting half of our salary, we were betting more like 70 or 80 percent because even though our earning power had increased, our salaries hadn't. It was out of whack. Our street value went way up because we were having hits. And so we started analyzing the prospects of trying to draw larger salaries.

PLAYBOY: In other words, you wanted a raise?

HOWARD: Yeah. In a way that would work for the company. We spent a lot of time with the board of directors analyzing it and dickering around. Basically, if the company paid us even half of what we could get from a studio, it would in a way be capping its own earnings potential, therefore stunting the stock.

PLAYBOY: Were you hurt by press reports that you were greedy when you succeeded in taking the company private?

HOWARD: No. I wasn't hurt at all by that. Directors' fees have really gone up. Superstar salaries have tripled. How are you going to attract an audience's attention? Right now in our business, one of the few insurance policies is using trade names: movie stars. And the actors want to work with experienced directors, people they trust.

PLAYBOY: You've wrapped your tenth feature film. You have final cut as a director. Satisfied?

HOWARD: Yeah. This is where I've always wanted to be. And I got here a little faster than I expected. After *Cocoon* I was in a position of not having to be a director for hire. I could green-light a movie. I have as much control as I ever imagined. I have final cut. But I'm not surprised that I became a director and that I've succeeded with it. I always thought it was a great job.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel that your name can open a movie?

HOWARD: Yeah. It's unusual. They do research on that, and with my past few movies, the research has shown that between 40 and 50 percent of the people list the fact that I directed it as one of the reasons they come. From the studio's vantage point the fact that I've been around now for three decades and never too far out of sight is something they view as a marketing asset.

PLAYBOY: Will you continue to make movies about likable characters when critics often favor films about the darker side of life?

HOWARD: Yeah. A lot of critics see a darker kind of movie as more artistic. But I'm not sure it's fair to say I would never make one of those movies. I haven't yet. I suspect that one of these days I will. At the same time I doubt that I'll ever get reviews that are better than those for *Parenthood* or *Cocoon* or *Splash*. I'm pleased that I haven't settled in and become a guy who just does scary movies or light romantic comedies or gangster pictures. My films don't usually fit into a studio's plan for a given year. They don't say they need a movie about Irish immigrants, a mermaid picture or a senior citizen film. I feel respected in that regard. But I don't think I've done my best work yet. Most of us don't think of ourselves as craftsmen or technicians. We're storytellers. We're artists. I would hate to be in the situation where studios say—and it's probably inevitable that I'm going to have to face this—I'm just not bankable. I hope it never happens. There are a few directors who escape. John Huston directed until he dropped. That's what I want to do.

PLAYBOY: How does Ron Howard the artist and storyteller feel about the theme-park ride that *Backdraft* spawned at the Universal Studios tour? Is it an embarrassing commercialization of your story about heroism?

HOWARD: No. I was thrilled with that. That's the nature of that movie. That movie was a ride—as much as I liked the story between the brothers. I even got to work on the theme-park ride a little bit. The best part was when I went on it and it scared me. You can feel the heat on that ride.

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Electronic Lexicon *(continued from page 90)*

"DAT never made it as a consumer product, but it's the favored tool of Deadheads in the tapers' section."

A/V: audio/video. The much-heralded marriage of entertainment sights and sounds. Combine an A/V receiver with a big-screen stereo TV set, or a high-fidelity VCR with audio components, and you're ready for a movie-theater-like experience at home.

Caller ID: caller identification. A service that displays the name and/or telephone number of the caller, thus enabling you to decide whether to pick up or take a pass when it's your boss or ex on the line.

CD: compact disc—but you already knew that.

CD+G: compact disc plus graphics. In addition to standard CD audio, CD+Gs carry text information and still images. Great for karaoke.

CD-I: compact disc–interactive. The 16-bit CD-I's resemble conventional CDs but are programmed with a mix of sound, stills, animated graphics and text. (You'll need a CD-I player in order to perfect your massage techniques while watching *Playboy's Complete Massage*, just released by Philips.)

CDMA/TDMA: code division multiple access/time division multiple access. Dual-mode portable cellular phones that improve your chances of getting a channel and receiving data by fax or electronic mail on a connected laptop computer or personal digital assistant.

CDPD: cellular digital packet data. Technology that squeezes more users and information onto existing cellular networks. PDAs need CDPD to send e-mail.

CD-ROM: compact disc–read only memory. An optical data storage medium that can hold more computer text, graphics and audio than even Einstein's brain could absorb. They can't be rerecorded, so it's "read only."

CD32: Commodore's new 32-bit multimedia compact disc system. It plays games, audio CDs and full-motion-video CD movies.

CD-WORM: It's short for compact disc–write once read many times, a term for recordable CD systems that are already on the market for professionals. Affordable consumer versions should be available in about four years.

CEBus: consumer electronics bus. A home automation standard created to ensure that products from different manufacturers will be on the same wavelength, so to speak, when communicating with one another through power lines, telephone wire, coaxial cable and infrared. Beam us home, Scotty, and draw the bath.

CPU: central processing unit. The brains behind any computer. And you thought it was Bill Gates.

DAB/DAR: digital audio broadcasting/digital audio radio. Think of it as the future of radio. Great sound is broadcast "in-band" on current AM/FM frequencies, satellite-delivered to your car roof antenna or zapped through your cable television lines.

DAT: digital audio tape. A sophisticated recording medium using pint-size cassettes with up to four hours of recording time. Digital audio tape never made it as a consumer product, but it's the favored tool of Deadheads crowding the tapers' section.

dbx: Audio signal "companding" (compression, then expansion) system used for noise reduction of stereo TV broadcasts.

DCC: digital compact cassette. An improvement on the analog cassette format, DCC uses digital audio coding to achieve near-CD-quality sound. LCD panels on players display album name, artist and song title. Conventional analog cassettes can also be played on a DCC deck.

Dolby-NR: Dolby noise reduction. Systems of noise reduction invented by Ray Dolby. Good: Dolby B. Better: Dolby C. Best: Dolby S and (professional) SR.

DSD: Dolby surround digital. The first digital-processing system for movie soundtrack reproduction in the home. Sound is sent to three front speakers, two back ones and one subwoofer. Good news, techies: Channel crosstalk (bleeding) problems suffered by even the best four-channel analog Pro Logic gear have been eliminated. DSD laser discs, LD players and A/V receivers will show up next year, and Stateside HDTV will be up and running with DSD as early as 1996.

DSP: digital signal processing. Enhances audio signals in home and car stereos by replicating the acoustics of a club, hall, church, theater or stadium. What, no shower stall?

DSS: digital satellite system. A high-power direct broadcast satellite service that delivers 150 channels to an RCA dish antenna no larger than a pizza. Digital picture and sound performance are equal to that of laser discs—and the system is HDTV-ready.

e-mail: electronic mail. Subscribers send and retrieve messages and notes to and from on-line computer mailboxes. Unlike community bulletin board communiqués, e-mail is private.

EPG: electronic program guide. On-screen TV program grids, such as *FROX*, *Star-Sight Telecast* (already active), *Prevue Express* and *TV Guide On Screen*, that display shows by time slots or let you customize program menus according to channel preferences and type (news, talk shows, movies, etc.).

ESH: electronic superhighway. The dream of presidents and corporate kings to connect our home video and computer terminals to a fiber-optic cable network of data bases and entertainment sources. You'll be able to call up videos on demand, shop at video malls, teleconference, bank from home and more. Time Warner/U.S. West and TCI/Bell Atlantic are weaving ESH webs for a 1998 debut in 25 cities.

FMV: full-motion video. An FMV cartridge or circuit board can upgrade CD and CD-ROM drives to play new video CDs that meet the digitally compressed, 30-frames-per-second movie standard. The picture quality of FMV approaches that of standard-play VHS tape, with program access features that are far better.

GPS: global positioning system. A hand-held navigation gizmo that receives transmissions from several Pentagon satellites, thus enabling users to plot their chart positions in latitude, longitude and altitude. The car version features LCD screens and a moving street map, which should be marked "you are lost here."

HDTV: high-definition television. The video standard of the future. Aside from delivering digital, multichannel sound and twice the picture clarity of current broadcast TV, HDTV will have a new, wide-angle picture format that has a ratio of 16:9 (similar to theatrical movie presentations). HDTV is targeted to debut with the broadcast of the 1996 Atlanta Olympics.

Hi-8: A high-end videotape format that produces sharp, vivid pictures with a horizontal resolution that measures 400 lines or better, compared with 250 for standard 8mm.

HX-Pro: A tape bias monitoring system developed by Bang & Olufsen and marketed by Dolby that allows you to record on analog tape at higher decibel levels, thus reducing tape hiss. Don't buy a cassette deck without it.

IDTV: improved definition television. A computerized line-doubling technique that improves the resolution of broadcast television.

ITAD: integrated telephone answering device. The hottest toy in phone land, ITADs combine a phone with a digital (tape-free) answering machine.

LCD: liquid crystal display. A flat-panel screen used for watches, laptop computers and TVs.

LD: laser disc. A 12-inch disc that contains analog video, two tracks of digital audio and two tracks of analog audio. Considered to be the best consumer

movie format currently available.

MD: minidisc. First recordable audio disc system for the consumer. The 2.5-inch discs have a recording time of up to 74 minutes. The names of the album, artist and song are displayed on the player. You also get instant access to tracks, great sound, durability and portability.

MD-Data: Looks like an audio minidisc, but it's actually a computer medium with a storage capacity equal to 100 floppy discs. Holds graphics and audio as well as computer data. MD-Data drives also play audio minidiscs.

MPC: multimedia personal computer. A standard for PCs built around the Windows operating system, with requirements in memory, sound and video capabilities. P.S.: If your MPC's central processing unit doesn't have a 386 or better, deep-six it.

MPEG: Moving Picture Image Expert Group. A consortium established by the International Organization for Standardization to set requirements for digital compression of video software. So far, the group has established the MPEG-1 standard for VHS-quality full-motion-video CDs and is at work on a superior MPEG-2 standard for CD-ROM and MDs.

MTS/SAP: multichannel television sound/second audio program. The dbx technology that compresses a stereo signal and secondary monaural channel at the TV transmission point. It is then decoded for full stereo reproduction, making switching or mixing possible.

PC: The generic term for IBM-compatible personal computers using Microsoft disc operating system (MS/DOS) software.

PCMCIA: Personal Computer Memory Card International Association. A mouthful either way, PCMCIA cards slip into notebook computers and PDAs to add software programs, extra storage, sound reproduction, fax and modem capabilities and more.

PDA: personal digital assistant. Also called personal communicators, PDAs are pen-based computers that serve as battery-powered private secretaries, reading your rotten handwriting, carrying out shorthand commands and sending faxes, e-mail and more.

Photo CD: A Kodak invention that allows you to store still pictures on CD-ROM. The 100-image discs can be viewed on most multimedia systems as well as on television-attachable photo CD players.

PIP: picture-in-picture. Great for people who want to be in two places at once, PIP is a special digital effect that floats a second TV image (from an additional tuner or external video source such as a VCR) in the corner of a television screen during normal viewing.

POP: picture-outside-picture. The ability of wide-screen 16:9 ratio TVs to show up to three additional pictures next to the conventional 4:3 ratio broadcast image.

PPV: pay-per-view. A business that sells video or live-event programming. Now a small factor in the cable industry, PPV will soar when phone companies are able to charge for TV show delivery as they do for local calls.

RBDS: radio broadcast data system. RBDS enables an FM station to broadcast text display (call letters, music formats, song titles), the correct time and emergency alert information to RBDS-equipped radios.

SCMS: serial copy management system. Circuitry built into all consumer digital recorders that allows you to make a digital copy of a source program, but prohibits you from making a copy of the copy. Bummer.

16:9 TV: New wide-screen televisions with movie-theater aspect ratios. The 16:9s are ideal for home theater presentation of "letterbox" movie discs and videotapes.

S-VHS: super-video home system. A VHS upgrade that records a sharper picture (400 lines of resolution, compared with 240 on VHS). The S-VHS VCRs can record and play both S-VHS and conventional VHS tapes.

3DO: A 32-bit interactive player for TV-based multimedia fun. Fast graphics microprocessor and double-speed CD-ROM drive pump programs with almost-three-dimensional, movie-like picture realism.

THX: Lucasfilm sound enforcement project named after director George Lucas' first feature film, *THX 1138*. It originally set performance criteria for cinema sound and is now applied to home theater systems. THX-licensed speakers, used with a decoder and amplification, incorporate the Dolby Pro Logic Surround sound process.

TVCR: A television and videocassette recorder combined in one sleek chassis. A single TV tuner is usually shared between the two components.

VANS: voice activated navigation system. A CD-based audio navigation system that offers directions in a human voice. Understands a variety of American dialects.

V-CD: video CD. A CD-ROM format conforming to the JVC and Philips standard for full-screen, full-motion-video presentation.

VCR: videocassette recorder. The great viewing emancipator of the television age.

VCR Plus: When programmed with a code number found in the TV listings, this wireless TV remote controller automatically signals a VCR to turn on, tune to the correct channel and commence recording. Also built into many video recorders.

VR: virtual reality. A computer-generated world with which you can interact by donning devices such as data gloves or a stereoscopic head-mounted display. Do not wear your virtual reality helmet while you're pushing the lawn mower.

W-VHS: wide-screen-video home system. An analog video recorder for HDTV that JVC recently introduced in Japan. It may arrive in the U.S. when our own HDTV system is up and running. W-VHS can also record two standard broadcast TV programs simultaneously on one tape.

"Please don't stop them . . . it reminds me of my honeymoon."

MEDIA (continued from page 18)

"The Denny case began like King's. To the D.A.'s office, the case became a message to the inner cities."

shotgun. And here, everyone already knows King is dangerous.

Moments before the tape starts, King throws off the cops in a burst of strength. (At 6'3", 230 pounds, King was substantially bigger than any of the officers.) Koon goes to the LAPD's next recommended level of force: a Taser stun gun. He fires once; King doesn't fall. Now the officers assume he is wired on PCP, since normally only the heavily drugged can take a Taser shot. (A drug screen found 0.19 percent blood-alcohol content, but no PCP.) Koon fires another Taser dart. This one downs King. And here the video starts to roll. Even federal and state prosecutors agree that the first half of the use of force was justified.

But if you watch only the worst moments, as Powell hammers King with "forward and reverse power strokes" of his baton, you see only out-of-context "highlights." That's why Hollywood directors and producers fight bitterly over who gets final cut.

After days of trying to make myself a virtual juror, I still wanted the cops to be guilty. But I started to have the stirrings of reasonable doubt.

Could I say that the jury was wrong about all four officers? Or that anyone else who has a doubt about the case is a racist? Two of the four cops never used a baton at all. One of them used it for only a few seconds. Alan Yochelson, one of the state prosecutors, admitted that this was a "close judgment call." I can't say I agreed with the entire Simi Valley verdict. Powell—who later joked about playing hardball with King, and who made the comment about "gorillas in the mist"—was clearly out of control. Koon, even though he never laid a hand on King, should have intervened.

But this was no game of torture. Certainly not for Briseno and Wind—both of whom were also tried twice. The entire ugly event was the product of stress, fear and the danger of the streets. And a murky view from across a highway tells only part of the story. Only a pundit of political correctness could have the arrogance to say, "I saw a portion of that tape. That's enough for me."

•

But what of Damian Williams, who beat all the heavy charges filed by the D.A., using the very tape that was supposed to be the smoking gun?

The Denny case began like King's. There were the outraged virtual eyewitnesses, the call for a lynching. To the D.A.'s office, the case became a message to the inner cities. Then came the upset verdict: Williams was guilty of simple mayhem.

Deputy district attorney Janet Moore, who headed the Williams prosecution, laid a good deal of the blame for the verdict on the trickery of Edirissa Mohammad Omar Faal, a key defense attorney. She castigated Faal for, among other things, introducing humor into the trial: "It is putting the emphasis on the wrong things. It is just so morally wrong to me. To be proud of that is just despicable."

Faal and I met in his posh offices overlooking Anaheim's suburban sprawl.

Trim and 39 years old, Faal came to southern California via barrister training in Inns of Court, London. He proudly recounted the strategy that saved Damian Williams from life behind bars: "When I watched the video, I saw rampant, random and indiscriminate acts of violence. These defendants did not deliberate before they engaged in the acts of violence. And the counts that carry mandatory life sentences require specific intent."

Faal pointed out that in the video tape, Williams does not move in for the kill when Denny struggles to his feet seconds after the brick lands. In fact, he jumps and cheers. If the jury was looking for a reasonable doubt about intent to kill, they had it in the VCR.

During the trial, Faal also called an expert witness who testified about the psychological effects of the riot, shown on the full 40 minutes of tape—a scene that

"Not only did she resign, but she sat on the photocopier and faxed her whatsit to a hundred of our subsidiaries."

could have come from the medieval ergot poisoning, when entire towns went wild with hallucinations.

"If the defense did one thing that really helped them out, it was to bring in the mob psychology defense," admitted deputy D.A. Moore. "A group contagion theory gave a jury that wanted to be lenient the hook it needed."

But the fact remains that on tape Damian Williams smacks Reginald Denny on the head with a brick. How did that leave any room for Williams' acquittal on assault with a deadly weapon (a result that Moore calls the "immaculate mayhem")?

Faal took full responsibility for the "disappearing brick": "Our theme was that the prosecution was more interested in filing charges to bring about certain penalties than in filing charges that corresponded with the crimes. We showed that the prosecution had ulterior motives to find symbols of the riots and use the defendants as scapegoats."

That the jury agreed is now history. Yet, when Faal and I discussed his victory, I shared some of Moore's indignation. At one point Faal told me: "There was a question about a tattoo on our client's arm. And we allowed our client to walk to the jury box and show them his arm. Some of them started holding his arm, turning it around. So there was that human touch.

"Later, a situation arose of whether or not our man had a gap in his front teeth. So again our client went to the jury. He displayed his teeth and the jurors started wanting him to smile. So he smiled at them, and then they started smiling back and laughing, and the more he smiled, the more the jurors laughed."

This was just the sort of ploy I had expected to find more often. "Listen," I said, "isn't there a contradiction between a factual defense and playing for jurors' emotions?"

Faal thought for a moment, then answered with a line that might also have characterized the L.A. officers' defense: "Everyone who sees that video is going to say that this was terrible. And no amount of argument will make the jurors acquit Damian Williams if they continue to think he's a monster. So we inject levity, we humanize Damian, we do all these things just to get to the level where we can persuade the jurors to give us a chance. Then we can focus on the hard-core facts."

Faal makes an important point. The power of video imagery to blind a jury, to let horror overtake justice, can be overwhelming. Photos of a victim's injuries are often deemed too prejudicial to show to a jury. Yet a video image also creates a visceral sense of horror that impairs an ability to be impartial. In both King's and Denny's cases, the issues of guilt, and degree of guilt, turned on intent, a purely subjective quantity that shows itself only after a careful assemblage of all the details. But horrifying images can force us to close our eyes.

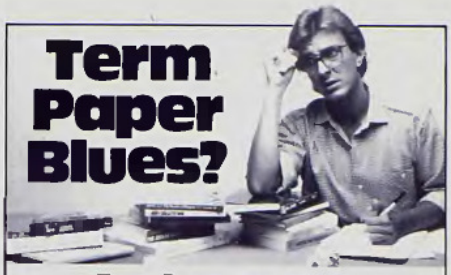
Prosecutors know this, of course. But videos change the rules in insidious ways. An incendiary video creates a political groundswell that prosecutors cannot resist. Being the political creatures they are, they snap into overkill. Not out of maliciousness, not out of pandering. Those are simply the same semirational forces that make hate crimes top the agenda one year, drug dealing priority number one the next and handguns our latest craze. The crimes don't get worse over time. But public perception does. And when a wrenching video sets public perception afire, how can elected officials remain cool?

•

We have entered the media justice age. It's not just Court TV, which at least shows us trials in all their boring, meticulous reality. Criminal cases can now be edited down to the breakneck speed of an MTV video. A video might seem impartial, but you might as well read only op-ed pages. That is why defense lawyers stand as our best protection. Sure, in the great majority of cases, defendants are guilty. Every criminal lawyer worthy of the name knows that fact. But for good reason, Perry Mason and Atticus Finch will always be national heroes. They stand up against the monolith of the system and society's prejudgments and fears. And with the proliferation of instant-replay crimes, we need voices calling for deliberation.

Attorney Harland Braun, who says his friends still question his ethics for getting officer Briseno off, told me he has to live with the stigma of political incorrectness. Yet he remains philosophical: "People say defense lawyers are not after the truth, that we're just into getting people off. That may be true in a microsystem. But when was the last time the government admitted it made a mistake? This is like an oil tanker. Once it has started in one direction, it's impossible to stop it. We're the check on that."

Indeed. History should remember King and Denny with misgiving. Misgiving not only for the larger social issues they symbolize but also for the bloodlust they inspired and the belief that being a virtual eyewitness makes us the same as a real jury. The news isn't at fault here. Neither is a public that responds viscerally to a nightmarish image. But moving images need to be seen carefully and closely before they reveal the crucial ingredient in proving guilt: criminal intent. And defense lawyers—sleazy and manipulative though they can be—are the thin gray line protecting us from the next video lynching.



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DENIS LEARY (continued from page 115)

"If you cut open a guy like a tree, what you'd find from the feet up to about mid-chest is just semen."

7.

PLAYBOY: Are the citizens of Worcester, Massachusetts relieved and delighted that Denis Leary has taken his show on the road?

LEARY: Some of them are. My brother and sister and one of my best friends, who married my sister, still live in the old neighborhood. You still end up late at night down at Breen's having a drink, talking and playing pool. You're not allowed in unless you know one of the guys who usually hangs around there. And then you can hang around after the place closes. It's an anchor. It's funny being as Irish as I was brought up to be. My parents came over on the boat in the early Fifties. I grew up in the Irish and black section of Worcester. It gives you perspective. There's a lot of fucking characters that you grow up with, run into, owe money to. They come into play later in life.

8.

PLAYBOY: You're an avid student of the human male. Have you reached any conclusions?

LEARY: Simple. If you cut open a guy like a tree, what you'd find from the feet up to about mid-chest is just semen. It's old semen mixed up with new semen and brand-new semen. The rest of a guy is usually beer and pieces of meat like hot dogs, roast beef and some chicken. And different statistics—Yaz hit 44 home runs in 1967 and stuff like that. That's pretty much it. If they tested men the way they should be tested, they'd find that even their blood is full of semen. There's a reason that healthy guys wake up in the morning with an erection. If God decides that every morning it should be tested to make sure it's working, it's obviously the most important part of the body. Every morning you start out behind in the game because all the blood that should be circulating up to your brain and giving you the power of thought is actually concentrated right there in your cock. That's why I'm a really bad morning person. I think that most guys are. We start the day fucking way behind.

9.

PLAYBOY: To paraphrase your own line, we've heard you knocking. Is Denis Leary just about to come in?

LEARY: Getting the right meetings. Meeting the right people. I'm 36 and it's happening for me late in life. I never got to make money during the stand-up comedy boom because at that time comedians dressed in suits. There were a lot of guys who were mimicking Jerry Seinfeld's middle-of-the-road comedy. He could work in front of any audience because he was clean and talked about the small things in life that all ages understand. I started to hear from club owners, "Don't say fuck." What do you mean don't say fuck? Don't say fuck! I wanted to get up in front of an audience and rant. I didn't want to do *The Tonight Show*. I didn't want to do Letterman's show. There's an easy way to do it, there's a hard way to do it. I didn't want to get pigeonholed. If I'd done a show like *Beverly Hills 90210* when I was 21, I'd be fucking dead. Because I would have hated the work and ended up in a Mercedes with a bag of crack and a gun, on top of a fucking drug detox thing. I know I'd be dead. Guaranteed. I turned down television shows when I was starving. But I don't regret that at all.

10.

PLAYBOY: You have done promotions for MTV and commercials for athletic shoes, and we've spotted your photo in ads for a clothing chain. Are the pitchman and the storyteller comfortable with each other?

LEARY: I didn't have to hold the products up. I didn't have to say the names of the products. And they were all limited runs, so I felt I could get in and get out without doing too much damage. Getting trapped in advertising is even worse than getting trapped in a television show. You get sucked up, and before you know it, when people see you, they say, "Hey, you're the Nike guy." That was my nightmare when I was doing it. But I had to take the money anyway. I had to pay the rent.

11.

PLAYBOY: Are you up to date on your student loan payments?

LEARY: Yeah. There was no question at this point that I had some money, so I paid them back. I lost them for a long time. And then, unfortunately, in the past year they called me. "Mr. Leary?" "Yes?" "This is Vinnie Burke from the collection agency." I remembered his name from years ago. No question they got me because I started to get known. If you're a dentist or a doctor, they know they're going to get it back. In a way, I was a better investment, because by the time I paid it back, the fucking interest was incredible compared with the original cost of the loan. They lost me for like ten years or something, but when they finally got me back, they had a nice fucking profit.

12.

PLAYBOY: Pardon us for asking, but have certain personal habits taken a toll on your hockey prowess?

LEARY: I've started to notice in the past couple of years. But it's like Mickey Mantle. Would he have hit more home runs if he'd stopped drinking and carousing? You start to hit a wall in your early 30s. Playing against 17- and 18-year-old Junior A kids doesn't count because of the age gap. But you start to notice that some of the guys in their late 20s can shift into this higher gear. I have the puck and I'm at the blue line and I'm coming up on a guy. I'm skating as hard as I can and I'm thinking: I've got this guy beat. Then all of a sudden he just shifts into high gear and he's right on top of me. Wait a minute! But you can always clutch and grab in hockey. A little trip. A little elbow.

13.

PLAYBOY: Some feminists accuse men of merely exchanging information instead of seriously discussing their feelings. Share your deepest thoughts with us.

LEARY: Guys like to watch other guys banging into one another and chasing balls and pucks, because when you're doing it you're usually with a bunch of other guys and you're staring at the action and you can pretend you're making eye contact. You talk to one another out of the corner of your mouth, but it's never what you actually want to talk about. It's "Yaz is having a great year, isn't he?" Which translates into: "I really like you, Bob. I really like spending time with you." "I really like you, too, Jim. I really like spending time with you. You're my best friend." It's all subtitles. "That second baseman sucks" reads "How's the wife and kids?"

14.

PLAYBOY: You've professed great admiration for Cindy Crawford. Are you distressed by the current fashion trend away from supermodel glamour and toward waifs in Sixties-style bell-bottoms?

LEARY: I didn't like bell-bottoms the first time. It's hard to believe they're back. I can remember when you couldn't even buy straight-legged pants. You had to buy small bells and then have them fucking pegged. Fortunately, when punk happened, there were black straight-legged pants again. Thank God. Cindy Crawford. Put Cindy Crawford in almost anything, and you go, "You know what? I never thought of it this way before, but baseball uniforms are really sexy."

15.

PLAYBOY: Do you follow the male instinct to find a place by trial and error, or do you cop out and ask directions?

LEARY: I'm not going to stop and ask for directions. Usually the only time I drive nowadays is in New York, and I know where I'm going. I had a four-wheel-drive for a couple of months. I never got to drive it. It got ripped off. I'm going to buy a cab. No meter. I won't pick anybody up. They're the best vehicles, because everybody gets the fuck out of your way.

16.

PLAYBOY: Since you often ride in New York cabs, and many are driven by recent immigrants, do you find cabbies ask you for directions?

LEARY: Getting into a cab in New York is still the greatest experience in the world. Thrilling. Scary. Frightening. I got into a cab with this driver a couple of months ago. The name on the license was John O'Connor. No teeth. Smoking a pipe. Three miracles in one: American, Irish and smoking. A commercial came on the radio with Tracey Ullman doing an American accent. He says, "That fuckin' Tracey Ullman, she's a horror." What? I thought. According to the demographics this guy shouldn't even know who Tracey Ullman is. And he goes on, "I watched her TV show. Some of the stuff she does is pretty funny, but with American accents she's always one or two syllables off." And he goes, "I'll tell you something. I went to see her and Morgan Freeman in *Taming of the Shrew* in the park. That Morgan Freeman, I'll tell you, technically great actor, emotionally great actor. But I don't want to go see Shakespeare in the Park and see a fuckin' TV actress." Who is this guy John O'Connor? From Queens? Brooklyn maybe. I just had this great picture of him sitting in Central Park with a quart of Miller in a paper bag, smoking a butt, watching Shakespeare and enjoying Morgan Freeman every time he opens his mouth. You don't get these conversations anymore in cabs, and if you do, you have to really cherish them.

17.

PLAYBOY: As a keen observer of the Irish in America, do you have your own take on the Kennedys?

LEARY: I've said a lot of nasty shit and funny shit about Teddy Kennedy. But I've never made fun of him just to make fun of him. I always used to get pissed off when comics would just write jokes based on the fact that he was down so you might as well kick him. He's ours. I've always admired Teddy Kennedy, even in the Eighties when he was the butt of jokes. I could see—because I was voting in that district—how his power as a senator directly affected people's lives. Whatever you say about him, he's still for the working class and for health needs. So I've always had respect for him. The Kennedys embody the great elements of the Irish personality and their politics—the idea of knocking down people you need to get out of the way as well as the ability to compromise on certain levels. But they also have liberal ideas about helping people. And that pure stubborn element. But they also got caught in that huge fucking tragic element of Irish history.

18.

PLAYBOY: Tell us something surprising about the Irish.

LEARY: The real Irish colleen has jet-black hair. It goes back to sailors coming ashore from the Spanish armada. People think about the Irish colleen and the Irish guy as being red-haired. Irish guys have mostly pink or translucent skin. It's not even white. It can be white at certain times of the day. But when you first wake up you're see-through and you can actually be a pink guy. So, of course, if you get into a fight, you're going to bleed immediately. All the great Irish fighters were bleeders.

19.

PLAYBOY: Do the Irish really have a taste for corned beef?

LEARY: Not really. But the idea is right: boiled food. Boil the shit out of it. Back in the days of the potato famine, when they had bad potatoes, the idea was that if you boiled them until you couldn't boil them any more, then all disease would be taken out. So you could eat a bad potato because you'd basically cured it in the pot. When you finally get Italians involved in your life or in your family—my brother married an Italian girl—you realize, "Jesus Christ, food can taste good! You don't have to boil it. You can actually enjoy it!" That's one of those problems at Irish–Italian weddings. All the Irish guys end up over at the Italian tables going, "I'll have some more of that. . . ." And as soon as the food shows up we're all asking, "Do you have any sisters or cousins?" The Italians have all the good food. And we have all the good jokes.

20.

PLAYBOY: Can you put the word fuck—which you use with great frequency—in the context of popular discourse?

LEARY: It's a word of action. It's a word of description. It's a word of—you know, it's an object. It's, "That fuck." It's a person. It's everything. I think it's the only word that functions as an adjective, noun, adverb and expletive. It may be the best word in the English language. The most powerful. The most oblique, depending on the moments you use it. I don't think there's an equivalent of fuck in any language. There isn't a Gaelic equivalent, though there's a Gaelic word for asshole. I'm happy that people still find it offensive, because it retains its power. All the words—like suck, which the censors passed for network television—will eventually pass through. Except for fuck. It's a fucking great word.

"Meaning no disrespect, Your Honor, but you're working too close to the mike."

baseball preview (continued from page 118)

"Purists are up in arms over the prospect of more playoffs. But the best case against it died long ago."

Bonds and Deion Sanders bringing flash to the diamond while the Rocks and Fish get rich by losing colorfully, the game gets livelier.

Congrats also to the San Diego Padres, who had the foresight to buy a huge tarp that will cover 13,000 seats at Jack Murphy Stadium, so that the sight of so many empties won't be quite so ugly. The only better move would be a bigger tarp to cover the whole park.

San Diego surrendered too soon. Revenue sharing, the owners' latest idea to fix a game that doesn't need fixing, is coming. Not in the form they smugly announced in January—that would require a salary cap approved by the players' association, the likely response of which is "fat chance." But in some fashion the rich clubs will soon subsidize the poor.

To do so they must first increase the kitty. (The owners may have undiscovered virtues, but philanthropy ain't among them.) That means realignment: three divisions per league, a new round of playoffs to sell to TV.

Purists are up in arms over the prospect of more playoffs. The wild-carding of October (and soon, November), they say, will rob the regular season of its meaning. Of course, they're right. But the best case against it died long ago.

The regular season is long because baseball is the chanciest major sport. Unlike the NFL, where the best teams invariably beat up on the worst, baseball's Flushing Mets or Porto-San Diego Padres have a nearly even chance against the Braves in any single game. Over 162 games, though, the bad hops and bloopers that decide single games even out, leaving the cream on top.

Then comes the postseason, where short series restore the role of chance. The shorter the series that follows the season, the greater the role of luck. The game gets more like roulette, and while roulette is exciting, nobody argues after five or seven unpredictable hops that red or black is more "deserving." If traditionalists want to see champagne spewed on only the most deserving teams, they are correct to oppose a new tier of playoffs. But, in order to be consistent, they should also decry the World Series.

Since 1903 the fall classic has been the focus of the game's grand tradition, the showcase for Ruth and Gehrig and a hundred other heroes. Last year's regular season clearly identified the two best teams, the Braves and the Giants. Neither made the World Series. Yet few people moaned when the fourth-best club beat the third-best in the Series. We'll all soon be used to a third round of postseason luckoffs. Opposition to realignment will be remembered, if at all, as a blip in baseball history. It is a misunderstanding of the postseason's function, which is to make October unforgettable.

There is nothing wrong with baseball. Grumbling about the crumbling state of the game is as old as second-guessing managers (yes, Fregosi was nuts to let Mitch pitch), but so is another sure thing: No season was ever remotely like the one to come.

Check the coming attractions:

- Juan "Igor" Gonzalez, 24 years old, clubs 40-plus homers for the third straight season—this time in the Rangers' gleaming new stadium, which they call, simply, the Ballpark.
- Bonds poses at the plate, his jewelry asparkle, as another homer adds luster to his claim to be the best ever.
- Cal Ripken, Jr., the new Iron Horse, lugs his glove to shortstop 162 times.
- Ripken's Orioles bring a pennant to Camden Yards, the greatest place to play or watch a game since Wrigley and Fenway set the standard forever.
- Jim Abbott, born with no right hand, switches his glove from arm to arm as a bunt comes his way, tossing to first on his way to a 20-win season.
- A batting coach's son wins an MVP award. Not Bonds, but Griffey; Ken, Jr. has hit 132 big league homers and he's younger than Mike Piazza and Tim Salmon, the 1993 Rookies of the Year.
- Deion Sanders switches to warp speed as he rounds second base, legging out another triple. A Sanders triple is the game's most thrilling play. There will be more of them now that the NFL hero is playing every day for the Braves. Which means that when Atlanta tests its luck again this fall, we'll hear all about the secret of his success: a pair of lucky green undershorts decorated with dollar signs.

Purists say modern baseball is all about money. I say it's luck and fun. Maybe we can agree on the subject of Sanders' lucky boxers. Whether the shorts represent money or luck, they are liable to mean victory when he lands on them this fall, scoring the winning run in a fourth straight great World Series.

Of course, that's only a guess. Anyone who says he or she can scope the weird doings to come is bluffing. Ask Mitch Williams, who thought he would jam Carter and invented the flider instead.

Or ask Deion. His future's as golden as the dollar sign he wears around his neck, but in the thick of an 0-for-26 slump he summed up the trickiest game:

"Baseball toys with your mind."

They lost again. They were then (and still are) the finest collection of talent in the game, hampered only by a bullpen that stumbles in October. Rest assured that the **Braves** will overcome that flaw. They signed Gregg Olson, and have future closer Mark Wohlers on hand in case Olson's elbow pings. Plus they have steady Greg McMichael and erratic lefties Mike Stanton and Kent Mercker. When you're Atlanta your options are endless.

Nobody would be worried about the Atlanta bullpen if a hundred small misfortunes hadn't snowballed on the Braves three postseasons in a row. We'd all be saying how lucky we are to see this baseball machine in action six times a week on TBS. But we should be saying that anyway. Atlanta is brilliant and rich, a combination that in a rational pastime could have given the Braves four in a row this season. Instead they'll settle for one-for-four.

Atlanta is rich enough to pay Fred McGriff, the probable 1994 NL MVP, and smart enough to have gotten him for three of the lesser lights in their stellar farm system. They were scoring four runs per game before McGriff showed up; they plated almost six per game thereafter. Atlanta is also rich enough and smart enough to assemble a pitching staff that notched a world-leading 3.14 ERA while working half the time at Fulton County, the onetime "Launching Pad." Maddux, Glavine, Avery, Smoltz: The front four won 75 games. If your fifth starter and five other guys can hunt down 25 to 30 more wins, you can repel a charge as monumental as the 1993 Giants' 103-win campaign. With Pete Smith banished to the Mets, the new fifth starter might be Mercker, who is capable of 15 wins of his own. Or it could be 20-year-old Hawatha Terrell Wade (Hawatha isn't a nickname), who blew away 208 minor-league hitters in 158 innings.

Deion Sanders leads off. Now 26, Sanders is about to be a star in the more

demanding of his two sports. He sets the table for Jeff Blauser (.305, 15 homers), Ron Gant (36 homers, 117 RBIs), McGriff (37 homers, 101 RBIs), David Justice (40 homers, 120 RBIs), Terry Pendleton (84 RBIs after a hideous start), Rookie of the Year frontrunner Javy Lopez and solid second baseman Mark Lemke. Offenses don't get much better than that. Gant broke his leg in a dumb winter accident: dirt biking a week after signing a huge new contract. He may be out till midseason, but young Tony Tarasco is a gifted understudy. Should Tarasco stumble, Ryan Klesko—the rookie slugger San Diego wanted for McGriff—might play left field. And for infield, there is shortstop Chipper Jones, the bluest blue-chipper of all. Jones, 22, has an iffy glove but a superconducting Louisville Slugger. If there's any justice in baseball, Atlanta gets a happy ending this time.

Felipe Alou's **Expos** have also been close but cigarless lately. They might be the pick in another division. Marquis Grissom is an ideal center fielder. Brittle star Larry Walker has power, speed and a cannon in right. Felipe's son Moises and/or rookie Rondell White complete a dazzling outfield. Ace Dennis Martinez is gone but Ken Hill, Jeff Fassero, Pedro Martinez, Kirk Rueter and kid lefties Joey Eischen and Gabe White can hold the fort until John Wetteland storms in to save the game. And now comes 6'4", 220-pound first base banger Cliff Floyd, 21, to vie with White and Atlanta's Lopez for rookie honors. The Spos are a comer, but they seem to keep coming and coming and never quite arriving. Maybe next year.

The **Phillies** got famous last fall, largely because they stayed healthy. But all their stars are fragile, which probably means a return to the middle of the pack. With Williams' late-inning roller coaster a wild thing of the past, GM Lee Thomas wisely gambled $850,000 on Norm Charlton's delicate left wing. If that doesn't work out, Fregosi may try a committee bullpen. The pen will be fine eventually, with farm arm Ricky Bottalico preserving the leads that a league-best attack provides. The 1993 Phils scored 69 more runs than anyone else in the NL. But there were too many near-career years (most of the lineup) or illusions (like rookie shortstop Kevin Stocker's .324 average) to make a rerun likely.

Florida's **Marlins** beat the Dodgers on opening day and overachieved for three months, then wilted. Orestes Destrade, who used to hit like Cecil Fielder in Japan, hit like Eric Karros in the NL. Benito Santiago, once the majors' top receiver, was the same cipher the Padres gave up on. Leadoff man Chuck Carr, left fielder Jeff Conine, third-baseman-turned-outfielder Gary Sheffield and a thousand pitching prospects are the guys the smart Marlins are using to build a contender.

As Casey Stengel said, "The only thing worse than a **Mets** game is a Mets doubleheader." David Letterman has beaten the stupid Mets tricks to death, so I'll only note that Gooden is a better than average starter; Bret Saberhagen will bring some useful kids in trade; Jeff Kent, Jeromy Burnitz and Ryan Thompson are semi-stars in the making; and if the Mets fail to trade Bobby Bonilla—after jumping the gun and signing him when a year's wait might have brought Bonds to New York—and he ends up at third base at Shea, they deserve to be kicked when they're down.

National CENTRAL League

After four years of Lee Smith's 92-mph fastballs, the **Cardinals** have their best team this decade and no Lee to save the 90-plus leads they should take into the ninth. It won't matter if Mike Perez, who inherits the closer's role, can match the quality of his tough performances as Smith's setup man. The rotation is a bunch of misers who annually give the fewest free passes in the majors. Led by Bob Tewksbury, who walked only 20 men in 214 innings, St. Louis starters keep the Cards in games by keeping men off base. Starter Donovan Osborne is hurt, but Rene Arocha, Rheal Cormier and Allen Watson are bound to improve on their 24–21 record of a year ago, perhaps with support from 21-year-old Brian "The Maglie" Barber.

The Cards still steal—second in the NL in 1993—but can now go deep themselves. Their 118 homers were only 12th in the league, but it was the most the Redbirds had hit in 20 years. Mark Whiten, whom they stole from the Indians two winters ago, led them with 25 homers, including four in one night. He grabbed headlines from the club's true star, Gregg Jefferies, who left his glove troubles at first base and hit .342 with 16 homers, 83 RBIs and 46 bags. General manager Dal Maxvill wants to deal a second baseman but otherwise plans to stick with his lineup: outfielders Whiten, Bernard Gilkey (.305 with a surprising 16 homers) and Ray Lankford (a surprisingly listless .238); an infield of Jefferies, Luis Alicea or Geronimo Pena at second, 100-RBI man Todd Zeile at third and eternal shortstop Ozzie Smith (.288, 21 steals); plus sturdy backstop Tom Pagnozzi.

This leaves manager Joe Torre the pleasant task of finding room for impending star Brian Jordan. Like his former NFL teammate Deion Sanders (both were defensive backs for the Falcons), Jordan is due for a breakout season. He's 27, the age Bill James says is when hitters are at their prime. In 1993 Jordan batted .375 in the minors, .309 with ten homers in the bigs. For now he's a fourth outfielder, but by fall he should join Jefferies and Lankford in a lineup that helps the Cards spray suds—Bud suds, please, not champagne—in their

"You can't talk to him since he did the Letterman show."

Busch Stadium locker room.

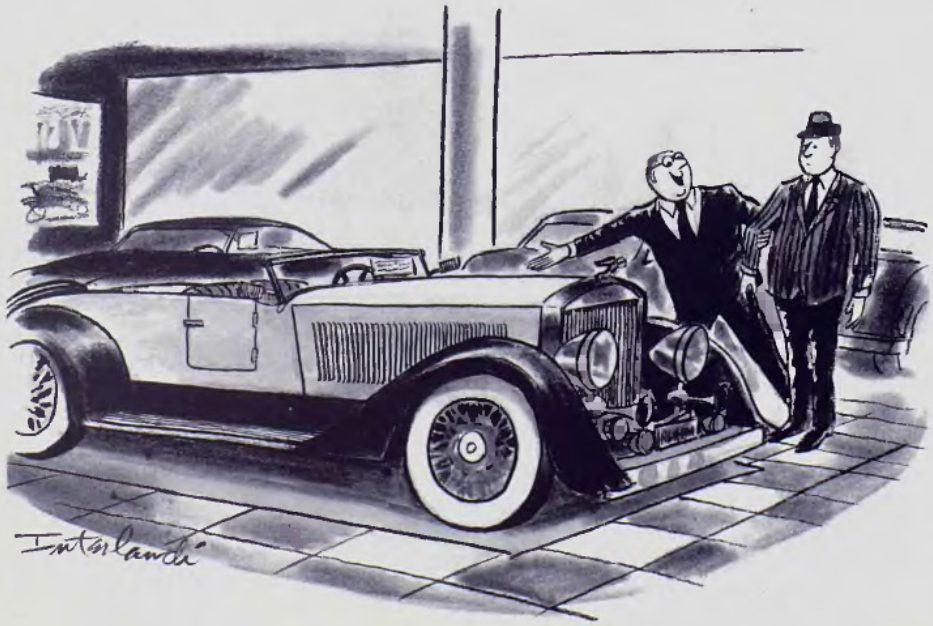
The **Astros** quit too soon on intermittent slugger Eric Anthony, trading him for a midget pinch-hitter and a long-shot pitcher. They lost free agent Mark Portugal's 18 wins, spent the winter shopping Pete Harnisch (16–9, 2.98) and acquired Mitch Williams to be their closer (opener?). Still, by keeping Harnisch, Doug Drabek and Greg Swindell to go with young Domingo Jean, Houston could have the Central's top rotation. Third baseman Ken Caminiti and outfielder Steve Finley are also on new GM Bob Watson's trading block. Should they depart, there'll be space for primo prospects Phil Nevin and James Mouton alongside Jeff Bagwell (.320, 20 homers), Craig Biggio (.287, 21 homers), Luis Gonzalez (.300, 15 homers) and the ripening talent of shortstop Andujar Cedeno. Watson seems determined to juggle a roster that wasn't bad in the first place; if he can refrain from making more rookie mistakes like the Anthony trade, the new-look Astros can make a run at the NL wild-card slot.

Following last year's dog and Tony show, what tabloid travails are in store for the **Reds**? Maybe winning a lot more games than they did in 1993, when everybody got hurt and Cincinnati finished 30 games behind the Giants, who didn't even win the NL West. But without the Giants and Braves around, Marge Schott's club has a real shot at glory in the Central. Even in partial seasons Barry Larkin batted .315, Bobby Kelly .319. Both were All-Stars. Kevin Mitchell clouted 19 homers and had 64 RBIs in little more than half a year. Starter Jose Rijo's slippery slider helped him go 14–9 with a 2.48 ERA, even with the pen blowing half a dozen of his wins. Why call Cincy the sleeper of 1994? Because the Reds were as hurt as the Phillies were healthy in 1993. Because a downy-cheeked third base platoon, Willie Greene and Tim Costo, may be better than Sabo was. Because error-prone GM Jim Bowden hit a homer when he sent Seattle a pair of deuces for potential ace Erik Hanson and second baseman Bret Boone, and because Rijo and Larkin deserve fortune's favor.

A healthy Shawon Dunston would give the **Cubs** a surplus at short, a rare asset in any league. Closer Randy Myers (a league-record 53 saves) and catcher Rick Wilkins (.303, 30 homers) are coming off eye-popping years. But the rotation is a mess, there are too many substars jostling for time in the outfield and Chicago hitters still don't get on base enough to make Wrigley Field work in their favor. But you can't win with a couple of famous infielders and no starting pitching.

On the other hand, last year I said Myers was finished.

The **Pirates** expected knuckleballer Tim Wakefield to be their ace. He wobbled his way to a 6–11, 5.61 season. The club has no money: Jim Leyland may be the league's smartest manager, but his cupboard is bare. Veterans Andy Van Slyke and Jay Bell can play. They each hit .310, combining for 17 homers and 101 RBIs—a strong season for an individual. Second-year men Carlos Garcia, Al Martin and Kevin Young can play a little, too. That's about it in nearly empty Three Rivers Stadium. Leyland, who was trying to quit smoking when he had Bonds, Bonilla and Drabek, will have to chain-sneak cigs in the dugout.



"Know what this car says? 'You're one helluva screw.'"

National WEST League

Pity the valiant **Giants.** Nose-to-nose with Atlanta on the season's last afternoon, they lost game 162 to the hated Dodgers—a payback for San Francisco's last-game knockout of Los Angeles in 1991—and watched the playoffs on TV. Now they're doomed to a tedious new year. Since the new NL West consists of SF and three furballs, the Giants can probably sleepwalk to the West title. Their off-season improvement seems like overkill: By signing hurlers Mark Portugal and Steve Frey and re-inking Matt Williams and Robby Thompson in addition to the nearly $40 million they still must pay Barry Bonds, owner Peter Magowan and GM Bob Quinn topped the $100 million Magowan paid for the franchise a year and a half ago. Their idea is to kick some postseason butt. They may well do it with the firepower of league MVP Bonds (.336, 46 homers, 123 RBIs), third baseman Matt Williams (.294, 38, 110) and second baseman Thompson (.312, 19, 65), plus a terrific defense that also features catcher Kirt Manwaring and center fielder Darren Lewis.

Number one starter Billy Swift is hardheaded; he didn't miss a start after a line drive caromed off his noggin for a ground-rule double a few years back. In 1993 he used his head and a brilliant arsenal of pitches to go 21–8 with a 2.82 ERA. John Burkett (22–7), 18-game winner Portugal and rookie Salomon Torres complete an all-righty front four. Lefties Bud Black and Trevor Wilson will wrestle for the five slot. Middle relief is in the sure hands of Mike Jackson and lefties Frey and Kevin Rogers, who set the stage for the untouchable split-finger fastball of Rod Beck. The fierce Beck saved 48 games, whiffing 86 and allowing just 70 base runners in 79 innings. With Eck on the ropes, he is now the game's premiere reliever.

Bonds, of course, is baseball's one superduperstar. He crassly failed to show up to claim his MVP trophy (his godfather, Willie Mays, ran that errand)—a show of attitude that won't help his chances in next year's voting. But for each of his failings there is at least one virtue. Remember how important 30–30

feats are to Bonds? Last fall, long after his 30th homer, he had 29 steals with more than a week to go. In the fires of a pennant race, there were no good chances to steal. He put his ego on hold, stayed at first and finished 46–29.

Whether you like, envy or loathe Bonds, you're sure to see him in the 1994 playoffs.

Tommy Lasorda's happy-talk **Dodgers** would have had no shot in the old West. In this reconstituted division, however, they could claim a wild-card berth or even a title if the Giants collapse. Lasorda's batting order starts with speed and batting average in Brett Butler and Delino DeShields. Then comes power from the Popeye forearms of Rookie of the Year Mike Piazza (.318, 35 homers, 112 RBIs—the best year ever for a Los Angeles hitter), Eric Karros (23 homers, 80 RBIs) and maybe even Darryl Strawberry, who says his back and personality are finally healed. Shortstop Jose Offerman and kid outfielders Billy Ashley, Raul Mondesi and Henry Rodriguez add to the attack.

There's nothing too wrong with a rotation of Orel Hershiser, Tom Candiotti, Ramon Martinez, Pedro Astacio and Kevin Gross, though they're all right-handed—a state of affairs that leads the Dodgers to audition any lefty with a pulse. Jim Gott, who saved 25, is the bullpen incumbent. A healthy Todd Worrell or million-dollar bonus tot Darren Dreifort could close as well. And then there's Park Chan Ho, the second Korean player ever to sign with a major-league team. The Dodgers say Park has a 99 mph fastball, but they're being modest. Look for him next year, when L.A. fans will start displaying HO HO HO signs to mark his Ks.

Pity the **Rockies**, too. With more fans than any other ballclub ever—giving Colorado a bursting bankroll and a chance to build for the late Nineties—Denver's darlings have chosen to overspend on veterans who might help them finish second for a year or two. Their Weiss-Girardi-Bichette-Galarraga-Hojo-Burks-Hayes-Mejia batting order looks sort of pyrotechnic, but buying it in a futile effort to contend now merely assures a decade of diminishing returns. Soon Colorado's pound of offense will fade and require a ton of cure.

The **Padres** signed ace Andy Benes in hopes of trading him for cheap prospects. They signed Bip Roberts, a blip of a second baseman, to keep Tony Gwynn (.358) and Phil Plantier (34 homers, 100 RBIs) from being the only Pads who earned their pinstripes. Gwynn proves that big-time ballplayers aren't always selfish. By closing his career in San Diego he'll set a big league example for a team that would be the favorite in the Little League World Series.

Three smart moves make Baltimore the favorite in baseball's heavyweight division. The **Orioles** signed Rafael Palmeiro to shoot line drives at the warehouse beyond the right field wall at Camden Yards. They signed Sid Fernandez to bolster the rotation behind Mike Mussina and Ben McDonald; he'll boggle AL hitters with his tricky delivery. They signed hardheaded Chris Sabo to play third; he'll double the production at that position. The O's rotation now features the league's top 1-2-3 punch. Ultraprospect Jeffrey Hammonds completes a sterling outfield. With Palmeiro, Mark McLemore, Sabo and Ripken on the infield, with more than 3 million fans making Baltimore nights an exercise in moonlight madness, a club that has finished third twice in a row can take two steps forward.

While writing checks to his three free agents, however, GM Roland Hemond nearly lost his bullpen. He failed to re-sign closer Gregg Olson, whose elbow worried Hemond. Other clubs lined up to offer Olson far more than it would have cost the O's to keep him. Hemond responded by writing another big check. (Some of this cash comes from Baltimore's new owners group, which includes movie maker Barry Levinson, writer Tom Clancy and sportscaster Jim McKay.) He signed elderly Lee Smith—the game's all-time save leader—who'll be ably supported by Alan Mills and lefty smoker Brad Pennington. When Ripken surpasses Gehrig's longevity record in the summer of 1995, there ought to be a crisp new pennant flying at the Yards.

The House Ruth Built has been cleaned up for a run at the flag the **Yankees** used to claim simply by throwing their pinstripes on the field. George Steinbrenner talks about moving the Yanks to New Jersey—his latest obscenity—but this year his club might turn the Bronx into Fun City. New York has improved each year this decade. There's nowhere left to go but to serious contention for the Bombers, who led the majors in hitting last year. Wade Boggs, Don Mattingly, Danny Tartabull and Paul O'Neill are nobody's murderers row, but they combined to score and

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drive in more runs than the entire Florida Marlins roster scored. Catcher Mike Stanley came from nowhere (24 homers in seven years) to bat .305 with 26 homers. Bernie Williams chips in with speed and a little more pop, and the club took a sharp gamble by signing basher Sam Horn to a minor-league contract. But was trading kid pitcher Domingo Jean brave or foolhardy? The return was Xavier Hernandez, one of the majors' better setup men. He'll stabilize a bullpen that treated save opportunities like kryptonite. The trouble lies in getting to him. After Abbott, Terry Mulholland, Melido Perez and Jimmy Key, the starting staff could use someone like Jean. An aging bunch at the crest of its latest surge, the Yanks must win this year. If they don't, George may replace the mythic NY on their caps with NJ. That will be one of the signs foretelling Armageddon.

You know all about the **Blue Jays.** They had the top three hitters in the league, the first time that's happened in 100 years. They had Series megamen Joe Carter, Paul Molitor and Roberto Alomar, plus the world's finest defensive center fielder, Devon White, and shortstop Tony Fernandez. Fernandez was finished when he batted .225 for the Mets, until he rejoined the Jays and mystically hit .306 (.326 in the postseason). They dumped Tom Henke, one of the league's top closers, and replaced him with Duane Ward, the best. They didn't have a lot of starting pitching after Juan Guzman and Pat Hentgen. All they did was win and win. But now it ends. Put them in the AL West and they win by 20 games. In the hard-bitten East the combination of skill and fortune that forged their Series rings is about to run out. Father Time frowns on clubs with aging stars—look what happened in Oakland.

The **Red Sox,** too, might run away with the new West. They might even have won the Central, but the East is where somebody good finishes fourth. Already an ancient club, Boston signed leadoff man Otis Nixon, 35, and catcher Dave Valle, 33. Not that those are rotten choices: Nixon's speed is just what they craved; Valle is ten times Tony Pena, whom he replaces. But Roger Clemens has started to show his age. Wizened starters Frank Viola and Danny Darwin can't be counted on again. Outfielder Mike Greenwell may be gone if Boston finds a gullible taker. He hit a soft .315 and demanded multimillions for it. What the fraying Sox need is more kids like bopper Mo Vaughn (.297, 29 homers, 101 RBIs in his first full season) and rookie starter Aaron Sele (15–4 in AAA and the bigs).

Rob Deer takes his billion strikeouts east, far east, to fan all Japan. Mickey Tettleton, Deer's rival in whiffery, may be gone by opening day. Still, Sparky Anderson's swinging **Tigers** will give you a bang for your buck and cool you on hot nights with the breeze off their bats. Detroit's lineup—save for the underappreciated Travis Fryman—averages 33 years old. Bill Gullickson deserves a medal for going 47–31 over three years while being one of the game's top run giver-uppers,

the casey awards

Once again, let us pay tribute to Charles Dillon Stengel, the legendary figure behind the Casey Awards, who said, "If we're going to win the pennant, we've got to stop thinking we're as good as we think we are."

This year's honors go to:

Real-Life Crash Davis Award: In a critical NLCS moment, Phillies' catcher Darren Daulton went out to the mound to tell his pitcher, "The beer is on ice." After Mitch Williams served up the homer that lost the World Series, Daulton patted Williams and said, "All year I've been telling hitters what's coming. Someone finally believed me."

Don't Know Much About Geography (or Citizenship) Award goes to Lenny Dykstra, for the quotes of the year. On a European goodwill tour sponsored by Major League Baseball, Lenny asked, "Now Paris is France but London, that's just London, right?" Back home Dykstra was cussing his ass off in a restaurant when a state legislator politely asked him to hold it down. Lenny's reply: "I'm going to drop you, dude!"

Yer Out Cold Award: Poor umpire Terry Tata made a rare bad call when he met a woman in a hotel bar. They went to his room. They opened a bottle of wine. She slipped Terry a mickey finn and stole his watch and World Series rings.

Three Cheers and a Farewell Noogie Award: Nolan Ryan's finale wasn't worthy of him, but his stats still defy description. One of them came up last summer when Houston's Darryl Kile threw a no-hitter. That gave the Astros nine no-hitters for the past 32 years, the most in the majors. The Dodgers are second with eight. Ryan is third with seven.

El Stinko Award for Men's Toiletry goes to the Flushing Mets and Porto-San Diego Padres, who pulled off the most stunning feats of 1993: preventing the Rockies and Marlins from finishing last.

Leggo My Ego Award is presented to Barry Bonds, whose team win-loss record in the Nineties is 392–256, 136 games over .500. His 1990–1992 Pirates and 1993 Giants have been 24 games better than the Blue Jays in those four years.

Rickey Don't Lose That Number Award: Rickey Henderson bought his favorite number from a teammate for $25,000 after the A's traded him to Toronto. It didn't help. Henderson, who had already missed games due to cold feet—an ice pack froze his toes—tiptoed through the stretch and wasn't a factor for the Jays. Then he signed with the A's again. Toronto's ransom for two months of lousy Rickey: rookie Steve Karsay, now Oakland's best pitcher.

The Babe (Pause for 156 Games) Ruth Award goes to Eric Young, a puny Colorado speedster who hit three homers all year—one in the Rockies' gala home opener and two in their final home game.

Batting First and Playing Dangerfield Award: Luckless hit-machine Scott Pose hit .342 in 1992, winning the AA Southern League's batting title, but did not make the top ten prospects in a poll of league managers. Claimed by Florida when the Reds didn't protect him in the expansion draft, Pose beat Chuck Carr out of a job on opening day. Then he slumped for two weeks. The Marlins sent him to the minors; he resumed pounding out hits. In the Arizona winter league he hit .434—winning another batting title—but was not among the top ten prospects in a *Baseball America* poll. Now 27, Pose is running out of time. Casey says somebody should give him a chance.

Wonderstatement of the Year Award: The trophy goes to Braves farmhand Wonderful Terrific Mons III, whose optimistic great-grandpa could have told you that Wonderful would someday replace Rouglas Odor as king of the minor leagues' all-name team.

—KEVIN COOK

but his age and fastball are now both about 60.

American CENTRAL League

After smoking to a 49–29 record in the second half of 1993 only to flame out in the playoffs, the **White Sox** return to dominate the Central. Too bad this team keeps getting distracted by sideshows. Last spring it was Bo Jackson's hip. So Frank Thomas used his big hurtful swing to hit .317 with 41 homers and 128 RBIs, slugging .607 (slugging percentages over .600 are Ruthian). But then his .353 postseason was lost amid Air Michael's retirement, the news of which was leaked during an ALCS game at Comiskey. Not content with that, Jordan may try to eclipse the spring training sun in his attempt to join the Sox.

Forget Dare Jordan. He has as much chance of actually making the club as does Madonna, who has more baseball experience. Focus on Thomas and Chicago's young pitchers. Even if owner Jerry Reinsdorf refuses to pay Jack McDowell $6.5 mil a year and deals him instead, the Sox are dangerously armed. Wilson Alvarez, 24, fulfilled his promise last season and has a decade left in his left arm. Alex Fernandez, 24, ditto in his right. Late-maturing closer Roberto Hernandez, 29, saved 38 games a year ago and ought to add 10 more to that total this year. This wondrous crew has been overshadowed by Black Jack (42–20 over two years). There's also the what's-in-a-name similarity of Alvarez, Fernandez and Hernandez, which may confuse some fans. Fortunately for the Sox, they confuse batters, too.

In a full season Jason Bere, 23, should win more than 12 games. If McDowell departs or anyone else falters, manager Gene Lamont can call on any of three rookie starters who are almost as precocious as Bere.

With that much pitching Chicago could win with an attack of Thomas and eight dwarfs. In fact, there are only two in the lineup: 5'8" Tim Raines and 5'8" Joey Cora, who hit a combined .284 with 170 runs and 41 steals. Center fielder Lance Johnson batted .311, swiped 35 more and was thrown out just seven times. Robin Ventura played a flawless third and supported Thomas with 22

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homers and 94 RBIs; he earned his new nickname, the Little Hurt, by losing a brawl to Nolan Ryan. Beside him, Ozzie Guillen is steady at short. Ron Karkovice is the only catcher in either league who nails more than half the runners who try to steal on him. Now add DH Julio Franco (.289, 14 homers, 84 RBIs for Texas) to bat behind Thomas. And outfielder Darrin Jackson, a good bat and great glove, will prove to be a wise signing.

Weaknesses? It won't help the Sox to have a basketball player screwing around in their batting cage, stealing their thunder. And it hurts their feelings that they sell fewer tickets than the uptown Cubs. Both troubles will end soon.

The **Indians** are potentially fab up the middle with recuperating catcher Sandy Alomar, Jr., second baseman Carlos Baerga, shortstop Omar Vizquel and center fielder Kenny Lofton. On the flanks, first baseman Paul Sorrento quietly hits 15 to 20 homers a year, while Jim Thome may bat .300 in his first full year. Albert Belle, who socked 38 homers and drove in 129 runs, now gets some protection from Eddie Murray. The strong, silent Murray went deep 27 times and drove in 100 for the Mets. Murray's partner in free-agent banking, Dennis Martinez, has to win 40 games to bail out a rotation that capsizes after him. The bullpen can assemble a quorum but needs a chairman. The reason to think this Tribe can outrun all but Chicago is that Belle, Lofton, Vizquel, Thome, rookie Manny Ramirez and particularly Baerga are glorious young talents. After four decades in the dumps, Cleveland is due for a boost.

The royalest of **Royals**, George Brett, singled in his last at bat for hit number 3154. In the post-Brett era Kansas City hopes Vince Coleman can get about 154 hits and ignite an offense that often retired early. Coleman may have regressed in his Mets years—pulling his hamstring hourly, smacking Doc Gooden with a nine iron, tossing a small explosive at Dodger fans—but he's paid his debt to society. He did 200 hours of community service, helping clean up Malibu after last fall's brushfires. He is also exactly what KC needed. Vince can challenge Lofton for the league lead in steals. Felix Jose and Gary Gaetti, both sure to top their 1993 numbers, join catcher Mike Macfarlane (20 homers) and center fielder Brian McRae, the manager's son (.282, 12 homers, 69 RBIs, 23 bags) in a lineup that's bound to leap past its league-low total of 675 runs. Unfortunately for skipper Hal McRae, the rotation is Appier and Cone and reach for the phone. Unless GM Herk Robinson finds a starter or two (no easy task in the current seller's market), the Royals are doomed to lose sight of the Sox in May.

The **Twins** are out of money. Kirby Puckett and Kent Hrbek broke the bank years ago, and in small-market Minnesota there's nothing left for anybody else. Catcher Brian Harper, the club's only .300 hitter, cost too much and is replaced by rookie Matt Walbeck, whose virtue is that he makes the minimum wage. Even surefire closer Rick Aguilera, who makes modest millions, is trade bait. The lone bright spot among the starters is Kevin Tapani, whose 12–15 record disguised a terrific 9–4 second half. The light in the tunnel is revenue sharing, but until it arrives the Twins will have to hope Milwaukee keeps them on the cellar steps.

After making a heady run at the AL East flag in 1992, the **Brewers** dropped to 69–93 last year. Greg Vaughn's 30 homers were part of a lonely MVP performance. Darryl Hamilton, John Jaha, Brian Harper and rookie Matt Mieske are strong hitters, but the pitching is unrelieved horror. With Robin Yount's retirement, Milwaukee's marquee attraction is Gus the Wonder Dog, who chases birds off the field between innings.

The Seattle sound is a sigh of relief. With the White Sox gone to the Central Division, Ken Griffey, Jr., and Randy Johnson can lead the **Mariners** to nirvana. Only 24, Junior is a man Barry Bonds says might be "better than me." Almost as striking as Griffey's eight-game homer streak last summer—the third such streak ever—was the scale of those blasts. They averaged more than 400 feet. He finished at .309 with 45 homers, 109 RBIs and a Gold Glove for his quick feats in center. His supporting cast includes 1992 batting champ Edgar Martinez, now back at third base after surgery, slugging outfielder Jay Buhner, first baseman Tino Martinez and ex-Astro Eric Anthony, who connects far less often than Junior, but can hit them just as far. And add multitalent Jay Buhner—unless he's traded to fill some of the holes GM Woody Woodward dug during a strange round of off-season moves.

The Mariners led the AL in fielding in

1993. They were the best in the game up the middle: catcher Dave Valle, Omar Vizquel and Bret Boone in the pivot, Griffey in center. So GM Woody Woodward dumped all but Griffey. The backstop is now rookie Dan Wilson, who can't throw or hit. The new double play combo is (as a radio announcer said of the 1993 Mets) "just guys who are out there," which won't help manager Lou Piniella's top-heavy pitching staff.

Ace Randy Johnson, at 6'10" the majors' tallest man, doesn't need fielders: He struck out 308 to finish a godly 112 Ks ahead of league runner-up Mark Langston, for whom he was traded five years ago. Johnson completed ten games, allowing four hits or fewer in half of them. Nolan Ryan, who became his mentor last year, calls Johnson the pitcher of the Nineties. Johnson's Drysdale is Chris Bosio. He had a rugged year: Last spring Bosio learned that an impostor living in his off-season home had run up a mess of bills, crashed his motorcycle and stolen his fax machine. Bosio tossed a no-hitter at Boston, only to collide with a base runner in his next start, breaking his collarbone. He's back to improve on his 9–9 record. Unimposing Greg Hibbard, Dave Fleming and Roger Salkeld fill out the rotation. Woodward thinks bullpen prospect Bobby Ayala, acquired from the Reds, can be a closer. But Ayala had a 5.60 ERA for Cincinnati. At least it was better than his 5.67 in the minors.

Any team in the West could win it or finish last. Seattle gets the call because of Junior and Johnson, the league's transcendent talents.

First to worst to first? Only the Athletics can do it this season. At least they can't finish seventh, as they did in a hamstring-popping, shoulder-sagging, foot-freezing 1993, when Tony LaRussa used 149 different lineups in 162 games.

Having re-signed Rickey Henderson, who recovered from an ice-pack-frozen foot to score 114 runs for the A's and Jays, Oakland returns with a lineup that should be the division's most dangerous. But starters Bobby Witt, Bob Welch and Ron Darling are a combined 100 years old, while their protégés, Todd Van Poppel and Steve Karsay, are unproven. A bullpen starring the aging Eck and Dave Righetti boasts 527 saves and has a good shot at 528. But if the club is out of the race in August, GM Sandy Alderson will dismantle it and look to 1996. The best reason to think the A's can rebound is that nobody west of Chicago has much pitching. Passable pitching, plus some fireworks from Rickey, Ruben Sierra and Mark McGwire, would rule this division of underachievers.

Lots of folks love the Rangers, whose lone star is the great Juan Gonzalez. He cranks 40-plus homers a year with bat speed that bends his bat like a golf club. Yes, there's also Will Clark's sweet stroke, Ivan Rodriguez behind the plate and Dean Palmer at third. But Clark isn't the hitter Rafael Palmeiro is. Pudge Rodriguez has hit just 21 homers in 1173 big league at bats. Although Palmer has power and a mighty throwing arm, over the past two years he has also been the strikeout king of America. Jose Canseco, once considered the game's top power-speed combination, hit ten homers last season. He has stolen 12 bases since 1991 while being thrown out 13 times. Texas has a strong batting order and a fine old closer, Tom Henke. Still, after the sparkling Kevin Brown the staff is just guys who go out there. The Rangers could run away with the division if the pitchers shock the world and baby shortstop Benji Gil grows up fast in the Ballpark's rookie year. It won't happen. Even in the new, depressed West you can't win with three home-run hitters and two good arms.

During January's earthquake the scoreboard at Anaheim Stadium toppled, smashing about a thousand upper-deck seats. Since the team bus crashed in May 1992, the Angels have been a star-crossed club. California bet wrong about closer Bryan Harvey's health, lost him and spent the past winter trying to convince a lesser hurler, Gregg Olson, to take a million more than they would have paid Harvey. Now Rookie of the Year Tim Salmon, center fielder Chad Curtis, ticket seller Bo Jackson and slick-mitt first baseman J. T. Snow support a rotation that should be solid enough—until the Angels trade Langston and Chuck Finley for cheap guys. Then skipper Buck Rodgers may be forced to hope for earthquakes in Oakland, Seattle and Texas.

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AUTOMATIC ACTION

Want a 35mm camera that offers the convenience of a point-and-shoot with the body and picture quality of a single-lens reflex? Then check out the new high-end automatics from top camera makers Konica, Contax, Rollei, Nikon and Canon. Designed with a kind of retro look on the outside, these palm-size models offer features previously found only in top-shelf SLRs—at top-shelf prices, of course. The bodies, for example, are made of ultratough metal (such as titanium) instead of plastic; lenses also have been upgraded from plastic to SLR-quality glass. What's more, some new models, including the Konica Hexar and the Nikon 35Ti, let you switch from automatic to manual modes for greater creative control.

Top left: Konica's Hexar has an f2.0 lens and an LCD panel, $1200. Top right: Contax' gold-finished titanium-bodied automatic 35mm camera has a Zeiss f2.8/38mm lens, $1730. Center: Made of die-cast aluminum, the Rollei 35 Classic features manual exposure metering and a collapsible Zeiss Sonnar f2.8/40mm lens, $1900. Bottom left: Nikon's 35Ti features a collapsible f2.8 lens and an analog display, $1120. Bottom right: The Canon Sure Shot Z115 Caption has an f3.6–8.5 zoom lens and seven shooting modes, including portrait, night and action, $520.

JAMES IMBROGNO

Where & How to Buy on page 141.

© PAUL NATKIN/PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Kings of the Hill

Rappers CYPRESS HILL have not only hit it big on the charts with *Black Sunday* going platinum, but the trio's marijuana logo merchandise took in more than $2 million last year alone. We call that going to pot.

© WERNER W. POLLEINER

Cross Her Heart

DOREEN BOSLEY has graced TV's *Baywatch*, appeared in calendars and a poster and is working on a music video for a band called Flesh Devils. Yes to flesh.

JOHN PASCHALIS/CELEBRITY PHOTO

Chen's a Definite 10

Actress JOAN CHEN played an aging mother in Oliver Stone's *Heaven and Earth*. Now she's playing Matt Dillon's lover in *Golden Gate*. In between she co-starred with Steven Seagal in *On Deadly Ground*. Busy professionally, on the social front she's just peeking through.

© STEVE DOUBLE/RETNA

Loose Lips Let Rip

Citing the Marquis de Sade as an influence, THERAPY? breaks out a new LP, *Troublegum*, a national tour and a single, *Nowhere*. Vocalist Andy Cairns salutes rock's sharp edges.

© WERNER W. POLLEMER

Where the Sheet Meets

Model and actress TRACY RICHER appeared on film with Danny Glover in *Angels in the Outfield* and in *American Me* with Edward James Olmos. Also featured in the 1994 Miss Playtime Reno calendar, Tracy is picture perfect.

Covering Some of Her Bases

Check out the titles of LORI JO's features: *Bikini Summer, Lost Island, Sunset Strip*. Makes you want to go to the video store. You can also find her in PLAYBOY's *Bathing Beauties, Girls of Summer* and *Book of Lingerie*. Makes you want to go to the newsstand, too.

MICHAEL LYNNE

© KEN SETTLE

The Real Deal

JANET JACKSON has again proved her strength and talent with a high-energy concert tour and 5 million LPs sold. Here she rests on her laurels.

THE WAY WE WERE

From American elms, the Automat and balsa wood model airplanes to vinyl records, wedding-night virgins and white gloves, Chronicle Books' oversized softcover *Going Going Gone*, by Susan Jonas and Marilyn Nissenson, is a bittersweet written and visual look at vanishing Americana. Good riddance to DDT, girdles, men's garters and the draft, but we wish that drive-in movies, enclosed telephone booths, soda fountains and women's stockings weren't fading from our lives. The same goes for baseball players who stay with one team and the smell of burning leaves. Price: $18.95.

STEVE ROSWICK

ARMCHAIR TRAVELING

Combine Trivial Pursuit and Monopoly and you get Travel Buff, a board game for sofa vagabonds who know (or think they know) the best Parisian restaurants and the most secluded South Pacific beaches. Money, luck and knowledge are important elements in the game—just like in real life—so even if your personal wanderings ended in Bayonne, New Jersey, you still can win. Price: $34.95, postpaid, from Intellectual Technologies Inc. at 800-241-7600.

HOT FOR JANE AND AVA

Want to know where to find North America's most romantic hotels and motels, naughtiest novelty shops, hottest nude beaches and resorts, wildest gentlemen's clubs and all kinds of other kinky places and services? Sure you do. So check out *Hot Spots*, an adults-only pocket-size guide and datebook by Ava Cadell and Jane Hamilton that will open doors from Hawaii to Maine. You also get an erotic daily calendar with room for notes (May 1, for example, is "feather massage day") and little drawings each depicting a "position of the week." (Don't try the San Antonio Shaker or the Nebraska Nookie if you have back problems.) Call Hot Spots Publishing in North Hollywood at 800-424-8697 to order a copy for $11.95, postpaid.

DARREN THOMPSON

WINING AND DINING WITH THE WILD BUNCH

Restaurateurs on both coasts are going whole hog, so to speak. In Manhattan, the Harley-Davidson Café has opened on the southeast corner of Sixth Avenue and 56th Street. Harley memorabilia such as an original 1903 motorcycle and photographs of famous stars and their bikes are combined with special effects, including a motion-sensing grate that emits smoke and lights from below as patrons enter. The food is tasty American fare. In West Hollywood, the Thunder Roadhouse at 8363 Sunset Boulevard pays homage to both Harley and Indian motorcycles in a Forties-style diner with motorcycle seats at the counter and bike stuff galore.

LOOKS FISHY TO US

Fishkel and Seabert give the See-Sea TV Aquarium "two fins up," says Right Brain Enterprises (Edmonton, Alberta T6E 2X1), a company that sells it for $23, postpaid. When you play this 60-minute VHS videotape there are no dead fish, no filter and no cleaning, just the music of Mozart and Handel as saltwater beauties drift within the bounds of their new home—your TV screen. Have a whale of a time.

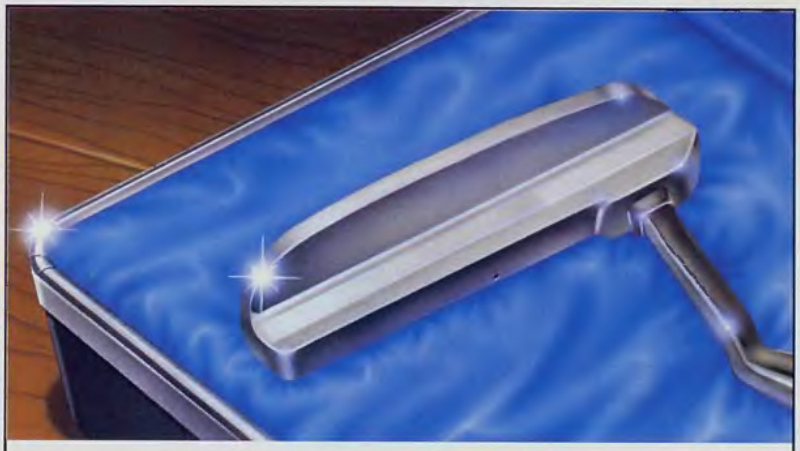
DAN CLYNE

LABEL THESE SPICY

"Hot sauces are the bungee-jumping of the culinary world," says Jennifer Trainer Thompson, whose lust for incendiary condiments has driven her to collect more than 350 different bottlings. Now Celestial Arts in Berkeley, California is offering a 36″ x 24″ poster showcasing 125 of Thompson's favorite sauces, including Mad Dog Liquid Fire, Three Banditos salsa, Pee Wee's Cajun Cayenne Juice and Dave's Insanity Sauce. (The last is one of the hottest sauces in the universe.) The poster is the perfect way to spice up a kitchen. Price: $18.50, postpaid. Call 800-841-2665.

DIAMONDS AND MM

The world's first licensed Marilyn Monroe trading cards are now on the market. If owning 111 images of MM isn't reason enough to start buying the nine-card packs that sell for about $1.40 each, the manufacturer, Sports Time Card Co., is also including at random a girl's best friend—special cards that can be redeemed for brilliant-cut round diamonds. Call 800-2MONROE for information on store locations.



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O CANADA

From May 20 until the end of October, the Seagram Museum at 57 Erb Street West in Waterloo, Ontario will host 200 Years of Tradition—The Story of Canadian Whisky. Audio arguments by writers, politicians and priests for and against temperance, vintage ads and bottles, a history of liquor smuggling, photos of the opulent wood-paneled interiors of Victorian distillery owners' digs and an explanation of how Canadian is made are just some of the free exhibits. Call 519-885-1857 for the show's hours. And you thought the Toronto Maple Leafs were exciting.

NEXT MONTH

FIERY FEMMES

INTERNET JUNKIE

KEROUAC'S BEAT

PLAYMATE FRENZY

BEAT—WHEN YOU'RE 17, LIFE JUST DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN A BENZEDRINE BUZZ, A WILLING NYMPHET AND A NIGHT ON JACK KEROUAC'S COUCH—FICTION BY **T. CORAGHESSAN BOYLE**

GARTH BROOKS—CAN A COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN OKIE CLAIM THE TITLE OF KING OF POP? THE CROSSOVER PHENOMENON TALKS ABOUT THE FLAP OVER USED CDS, WHY HE LOVES WOMEN AND THE MYSTERY OF FAME IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **STEVE POND**

THE INSIDE GAME—IN THE WORLD OF PRO BASKETBALL, THE REAL GAME BEGINS OFF-COURT WITH THE POWER BROKERS WHO TURN PLAYERS INTO STARS AND MAKE BIG BUCKS IN THE PROCESS—BY **JEFF COPLON**

FRED WARD'S ROLES HAVE BOUNCED FROM GUS GRISSOM (*THE RIGHT STUFF*) TO HENRY MILLER (*HENRY AND JUNE*) AND INCLUDED FEATURED PARTS IN *THE PLAYER* AND *SHORT CUTS*. THE BOXER AND FORMER LUMBERJACK AND TOPSIDE RIGGER IS NOT EXACTLY YOUR TYPICAL LEADING MAN. **DAVID RENSIN** GIVES HIM THE ONCE-OVER IN A RUGGED 20 QUESTIONS

OLIVER'S TWIST—**OLLIE NORTH** WANTS TO BE A U.S. SENATOR AND HAS WRAPPED HIMSELF IN THE FLAG AND HIS MARINE CORPS UNIFORM. **DAVID HACKWORTH** SAYS NORTH HAS BETRAYED SACRED VALUES (AND LAWS) AND IS THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN AMERICA

DOWN TO THE SEA IN KAYAKS—FOR ADVENTURE WITH A CIVILIZED TOUCH, NOTHING BEATS THE SEA KAYAK, THE ULTIMATE PLEASURE CRAFT FOR GETTING THERE QUICKLY, QUIETLY AND WITH THE WINE ALREADY CHILLED—TRAVEL BY **ART THIEL**

CONFESSIONS OF AN INTERNET JUNKIE—GLUED TO HER MONITOR THROUGH THE NIGHT, THIS COMPUTER ADDICT FORSAKES EVERYTHING FOR THE CULTURE OF THE TERMINALLY CONNECTED—BY **J. C. HERZ**

NEW AGE JUSTICE—JUST DESERTS IN THE AGE OF IMPACT ACCOUNTABILITY. A TRIBUTE TO THE LAWYERS OF DEFENDANTS WHO DO THE CRIME BUT NOT THE TIME

SMART DRUGS—ARE THEY REALLY TURBOCHARGERS FOR THE BRAIN, OR ARE THEY HIGH-OCTANE PLACEBOS? **JON KRAKAUER** PUTS THEM TO THE TEST

PLUS: THOSE HOT LADY FIRE FIGHTERS, PREDICTIONS FOR THE YEAR 2000, COOL SWIMWEAR, THE SECRETS OF BARBECUE, AND—DRUMROLL, PLEASE—**PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR**

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(yes, it's real gold.)

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